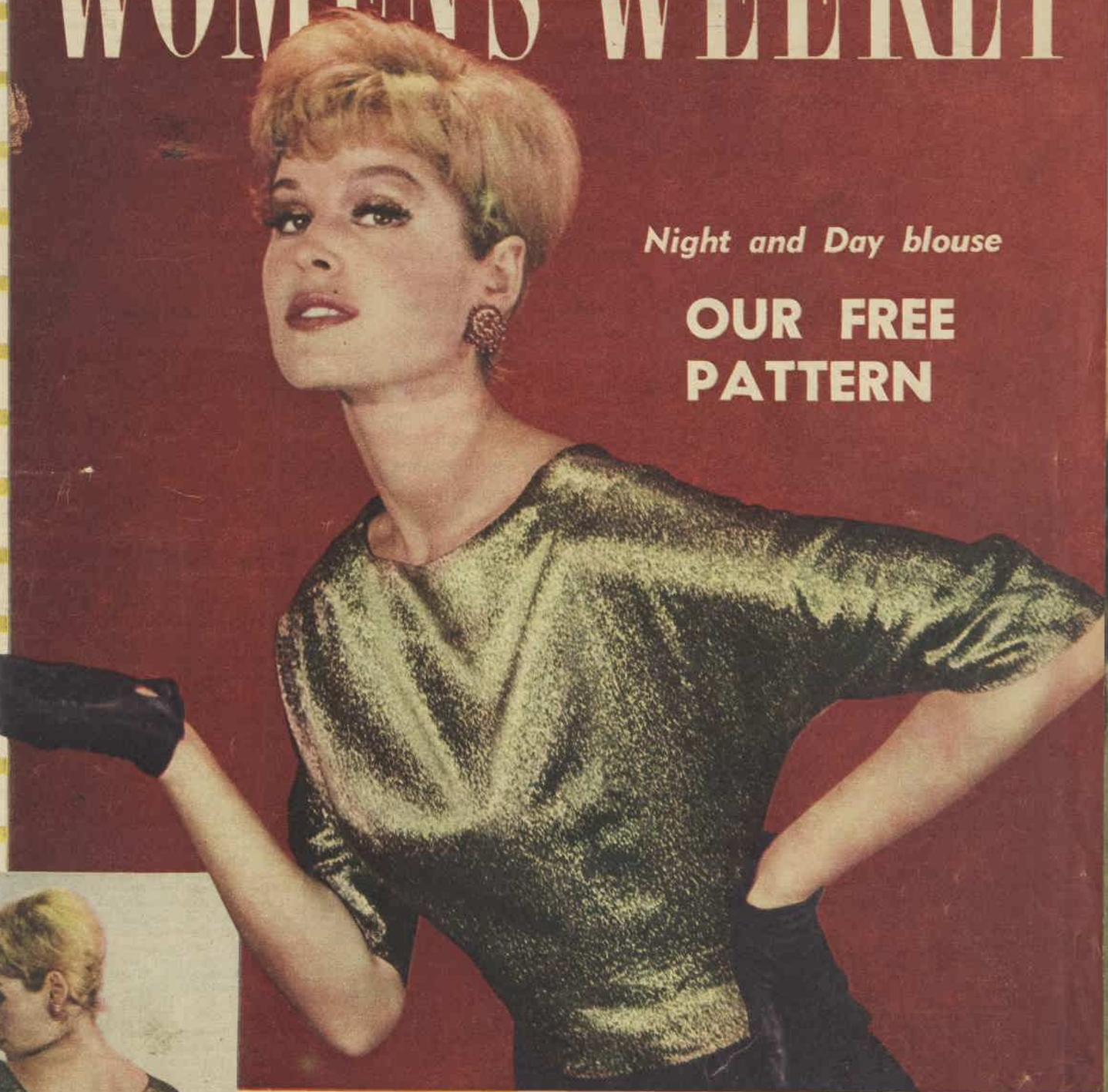
November 22, 1961

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week



Night and Day blouse

OUR FREE PATTERN

How to obtain: **Ready-cut tissue pattern,** page 23

Would you marry a man 12 years younger? Page 53

Christmas trees and gifts to make, 6 pages

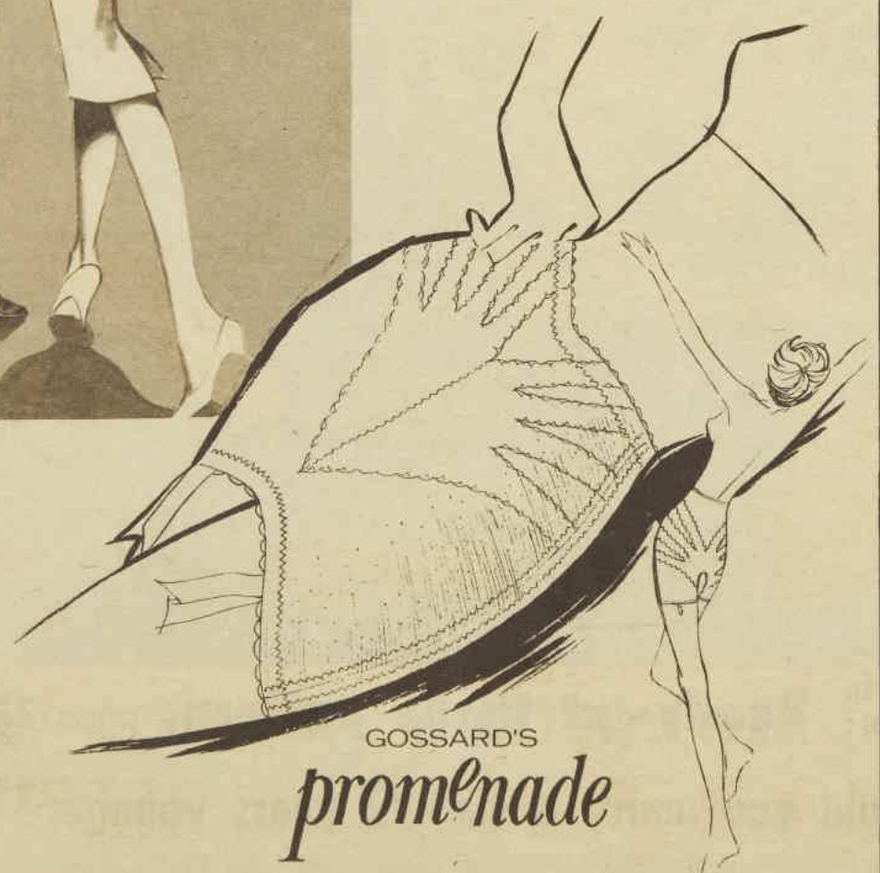
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925861

be SLIM, TRIM and TERRIFIC in GOSSARD'S

promenade

THE GIRDLE THAT COVERS AND CONTROLS *MORE* PROBLEM AREAS THAN *ANY* OTHER!

Promenade's the quick, comfortable way to trim a size, look pounds lighter . . . without boning. 16 persuasive inner rays of elastic radiate upward to lift you up and in . . . take inches off front and back, make a mere slip of hips. Emphasize newest fashions with a slender shape — make Promenade **your** slimming secret. Promenade comes in medium and long girdles, both waist length and Hi-Top, also in a matching pantie. Available in a complete range of regular sizes. Prices from 99/-



GOSSARD'S promenade

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO. (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4085WW, G.P.O. Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O. Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O. Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

NOVEMBER 22, 1961 Vol. 29, No. 25

CONTENTS

Special Features

Night and Day Blouse to Make from Free Pattern . 22, 23
CHRISTMAS SECTION:
Novel Trees to Make . . . 33-37
Gifts from the Kitchen—Biscuits and Sweets . 38-40
Gifts to Sew . . . 43

Fiction

Day of Fear, *Lionel Davidson* . . . 25
The Night Horse, *Valerie Watkinson* . . . 26, 27
First Baby, *Paddy Ford* . . . 29
The Judas Tree (Serial, Part 2), *A. J. Cronin* . . . 31

Regular Features

It Seems to Me, *Dorothy Drain* . . . 12
Worth Reporting . . . 14
Your Bookshelf . . . 14
Social . . . 17
Letter Box . . . 24
Ross Campbell . . . 34
Australian Nature . . . 47
Stars . . . 70
Mandrake . . . 72
Crossword . . . 73

Home and Family

Prize Recipes . . . 41
Transfers . . . 41
Cookery Course . . . 48
Home Plans . . . 50
Would You Marry a Man 12 Years Younger? . . . 53
Help Your Child Express Himself . . . 54
At Home *with Margaret Sydney* . . . 55
Gardening . . . 57

Entertainment

Television Parade . . . 19
Films . . . 19
TV Color — "Gunsmoke" . . . 21

Fashion

Candy Hardy — Shirtdress to Buy . . . 42
Fashion Frocks . . . 65
Fashion Patterns . . . 73

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Our children's sewing feature (October 25 issue), in which we showed how to convert Dad's cast-offs into clothes for the young, brought us many other useful suggestions.

ONE MOTHER of six, Mrs. Sylvia Pitts, of Briar Hill, Vic., who has been remaking old clothes for 35 years, now remakes old evening frocks into party frocks for her little granddaughters.

Another mother of six, Mrs. P. Gray, of Glenlyon, Vic., made four playsuits for her two- to eight-year-olds out of a full skirt, and a swimsuit and dress for her four- to ten-year-olds from her teenage daughter's matador pants.

Many letters are personal thanks to Lucille Rivers for her children's sewing advice — which came from her recently published book, "The Better Homes and Gardens Sewing Book" (Meredith Publishing Co.).

"Lucille Rivers' suggestions are so practical and helpful," says Mrs. R. Perriman, of Mooroolbark, Vic.

"From her television demonstrations I learnt a great deal. My mother, who is 95, wouldn't have missed them for anything."

Our cover

● Pretty Sydney model Kaia Stanford shows the front and back view of the after-dark version of our Free Pattern blouse, made in gold lame. Instructions for making and how to obtain the Free Pattern are given on pages 22 and 23. Picture by staff photographer Adelie Hurley.

VALERIE WATKINSON, author of our dramatic short story "The Night Horse" (pages 26, 27), has had a busy six months.

She has been typing hard to finish her first novel for a literary contest.

"I'd never have done it if it hadn't been for my husband, Keith," she told us. "He's been wonderful, helping with the housework and the children."

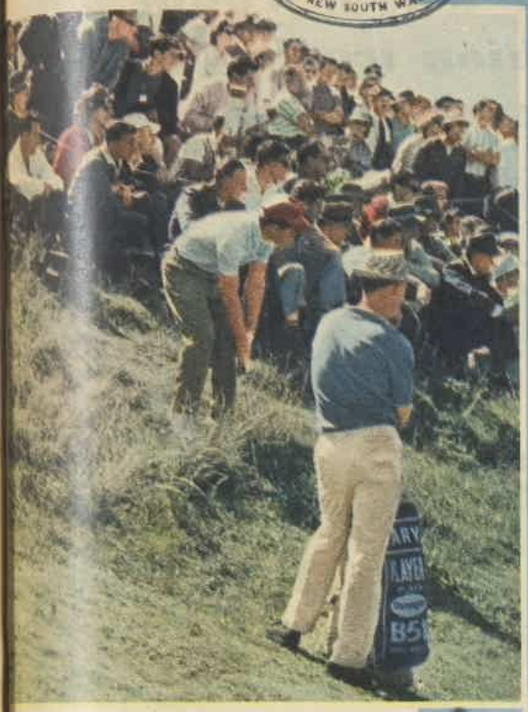
Valerie is Mrs. Keith Elliston, of Caringbah, a Sydney suburb, mother of two sons, Mark, aged 8, and Brett, 4.

● If you are planning to send the Weekly as a Christmas gift to relatives and friends, subscription rates are:
For six months: Australia, £1/14/6; New Guinea, £2/3/6; New Zealand and Fiji, £2/6/6; British Dominions, £2/11/6; Foreign, £3/5/6. For 12 months: Australia, £3/9/-; New Guinea, £4/7/-; N.Z. and Fiji, £4/13/-; British Dominions, £5/3/-; Foreign, £6/11/-.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925862

GARY'S A PLAYER TO REMEMBER

PUBLIC LIBRARY
16 NOV 1961
OF NEW SOUTH WALES



GARY PLAYER, winner of the recent W. D. and H. O. Wills £3000 Golf Classic in Sydney, pictured during play at The Lakes course. A large gallery (above) watches him. Player (right) has changed into another outfit from his vast golfing wardrobe. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

SOUTH AFRICA'S Gary Player, who hopes golf will make him a millionaire by the time he's 30, is a hot favorite for the Australian Open Championship to be played in Melbourne from November 23 to 25.

Player, who at 25 has already made more money out of golf than anyone else has at his age, increased his stocks during the recent Wills £3000 Golf Classic, which he won before a large and enthusiastic gallery at The Lakes course, Sydney.

The formidable field for the Classic included four British Open Champions — Player, the winner of this year's Masters Tournament in the U.S.; America's Arnold Palmer; and Australia's Peter Thomson and Kel Nagle.

After his victory Player flew to Japan, but he'll return for the Australian Open. Married in 1957, Player and his wife have two children.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925863

Every woman knows that Three Flowers is a truly luxurious and fragrant talcum. It's *super*-fine... *super*-absorbent and gorgeously feminine. That's why, when you give Three Flowers Talcum this Christmas, she'll appreciate your gift as a very special one. *Decide now . . . this Christmas give Three Flowers Talcum!*

Three Flowers—gaily wrapped and ready for tree or stocking ONLY 3/3

IDEA! Give her Three Flowers in the new large size—it's three times larger and she'll appreciate your gift that much longer! ONLY 6/11

Three Flowers Talcum

TF113-143

Hundreds of the most glamorous girls in N.S.W. have their eyes on a title which would put the fashion world at the feet of the winner . . .

1952 ***Model of the Year Valerie May was that year's busiest model in Sydney. Today she is Mrs. Brian Lumsden, of Randwick, pictured (below) with her children. She hostesses a TV show, models, comperes parades.***

● Every year at Sydney's Models and Mannequins' Ball a girl becomes 'Model of the Year.'

AND throughout the year hundreds of young Sydney models work really hard for the honor and glory of being, for a year, top model in New South Wales.

(The 1961 winner is to be announced during this year's ball at Chevron Hilton on November 17.)

There's no prize attached to the award, only a trophy, but it means that one girl is recognised as the most outstanding model in her field.

"The girl chosen as Model of the Year is not always the most beautiful," said Pat Woodley, former model and now director of a leading Sydney model agency.

"There are lots of things taken into consideration. For instance, she must be enthusiastic about her job and pleasant to work with.

"Then, too, to qualify for the award they must have done an enormous amount of work throughout the year."

In past years the top model was chosen by a panel of leading photographers.

But this year the ball committee has decided to have a system of voting slips.

"It's a much fairer way of doing things," said photographer Laurie le Guzy.

"We've sent slips to fashion magazines, advertising agencies, and other people who use models throughout the year. It gives us a better idea of what everyone thinks."

After the big night, and the Model of the Year has been named . . . what then?

"Well, the award is certainly good for prestige," the 1952 Model of the Year, Valerie May, said recently. **"The girls often find that they're asked to do a lot more work.**

"Then some of them, like Jeanette Elphick (now Hollywood actress Victoria Shaw and Mrs. Roger Smith), Jean Newington, and Margo McKendry, go on to bigger and better things, and there's no doubt winning the trophy helped them on the way."

Through talent and personality these girls have succeeded in careers overseas.

And the girls who have married have succeeded in combining their careers with marriage and motherhood.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925864

Who will be the "Model of Year"?

1953 *winner was Sydney's Jeanette Elphick (above), the most photographed model in Australia. She soon became Hollywood actress Victoria Shaw, married TV star Roger Smith. A devoted mother (right), she now has two children and is expecting her third soon.*

1955 *was the year of victory for Jean Newington (above), the Bondi Junction girl who in those days typified the fresh-faced Australian teenager. Now she's one of the world's top-paid models and has been transformed into an ultra-sophisticated high-fashion model (above, left). After conquering the Paris fashion world, she's now working in New York—but will be home briefly for Christmas.*

1956 *top model June Massey (above) was one of Sydney's leading mannequins, who later went to London, where she was an immediate success. Now, as Mrs. George Viles, with a 14-month-old daughter, Leisa (pictured with her at left), she's more glamorous than ever. She still does a lot of modelling.*

1957 *Model of the Year in New South Wales was Margo McKendry (above). Now in New York, Margo (left) is one of the world's top-paid models. Like Jean Newington, she has changed from a teenager into a svelte and sophisticated couture model. And, like Jean, Margo also plans to come home for Christmas.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925865

Naturally no stickiness, no lacquered look — just the gentle control of *Gossamer*

Just a whisper spray of **Gossamer** is all you ever need to keep your hair style set with soft perfection. With **Gossamer** you need never over-spray.

Gossamer goes much further than other sprays because it is so much more effective.

Gossamer contains Lanolin Esters to protect your hair and enhance its natural beauty.

GOSSAMER INVISIBLE NET for hard-to-hold hair and hard-to-hold hair styles • GOSSAMER SUPERSOFT for easy-to-manage hair and casual hair styles.

Gossamer comes in three sizes: Purse size, Regular, and large Salon size.

ST 183/61

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925866

Your clothes

● Do you know that your clothes can, at a glance, tell the kind of person you are? Here is a light-hearted guide to character-spotting, garment by garment . . .

show your personality

● It's never an accident that you choose a red hat instead of a black one, and every time you dress, for whatever occasion, you are putting your character on record for all to see.

HOW, then, can you read the subtle language of clothes and how much can it tell you? Quite a lot once you get going, and for beginners I offer this light-hearted guide to character-spotting by clothes.

Why not start by trying to place yourself?

Are you, perhaps, the girl who wears clothes that are defiant and makes no pretence at elegance, neatness, grace, prettiness, or even mere suitability?

She often settles for one basic disguise — say, that of the beatnik — and goes resolutely but not cheerfully to parties, to town in a sloppy sweater and tight trousers, carefully letting her long hair fall untidily around her face.

She often has one battered car-coat from which she is rarely parted and which looks as though it might have once been owned by a man who called and suddenly found he had to leave in a hurry.

She wears little or no make-up and peers at the world suspiciously through her locks of hair.

Those who know this girl well may come to suspect she is concealing a jumbo-sized lack of self-confidence under a take-it-or-leave-it aggressive front. Maybe she has a prettier sister or one of those young mothers of supercharm about whom everyone has always said, "You'd never take them for mother and daughter."

And so she decides, early on, to get by on intellect, or force of personality, or by quelling the world with an evil glare, or simply by moving into an attacking position before anyone else has even thought of a quarrel.

If this sounds like you, then you are **The Girl Who Won't Try.** Love, in the person of some tidy-minded, kind-hearted, and fairly resilient fellow, can often very astonishingly turn her into the next type.

This girl can take a new fashion or leave it alone, and mostly she leaves it alone and settles for her traditional uniform, involving a neat tight-belted waist at waist level, a good deal of petticoat, a brief full skirt, the kind of heels that catch in gratings, and a cheerily revealing bodice.

She will often stick to long (but always shining) hair though all around her women are close-cropped.

If you catch her off guard around the house in the early morning, you may find that to please herself she will be covered up from chin to ankle in a pair of jeans and a sloppy (very clean) shirt. For public appearances you never find her looking less than her best and at any time of the day she gives the impression of having just stepped out of a good, brisk shower.

This is the girl who dresses for men, or more often for one man in particular. She is good-hearted, resourceful, tidy and organised about housekeeping, and more than willing to leave the problems of emancipation to others more suited to it than herself. She is **The Girl in the Sweetheart Neckline.**

Next we have the girl who, if ropes of beads are in, will wear them by the hundred-weight down to the knee. If a low-waisted "chiffon nothing" is newest, she'll be in one, though everything about her shouts for a sensible shirt-waister with plenty of sleeve.

She has frequent moments of wildness and has lived to regret every pound she paid for a too-expensive black cocktail dress that needed Dietrich inside it and a frilly number in broderie anglaise that looked almost natural on Bardot.

Sometimes she gets everything absolutely right for an important lunch date and then compulsively wrecks a perfectly good linen suit by adding a little cocktail hat dizzily sprinkled with sequins and black velvet butterflies.

If the current face involves green skin and brown mouth, she makes a gallant shot at it for at least a week before putting all the little pots and boxes away at the back of a drawer in an effort to forget the whole horrid experiment.

She has made quite a few major errors with red hair, black hair, and blond streaks over the right eyebrow.

This is the girl who is eager to please, at the same time being plagued by grave doubts about exactly who and what she is and whether anyone else can actually see her at all. She is, of course, **The Girl Who Tries Too Hard.**

Sometimes a good, sensible sort of man can convince her he loves her for her steady character, which often exists, and she subsides with everlasting thankfulness into a shirtwaister, with one plain black dress for evenings.

At the other extreme there's the girl who dresses just like all the other girls and they all dress just like Mummy. This means twin-sets and skirts for winter, silk dresses with a floral pattern for summer, and a really good handbag.

Between the ages of seventeen and seventy she never really looks any different, and her pearls and good diamond clip are real beyond any doubt. She is already set in her ways at six years old.

This is the girl who has inherited her thoughts, attitudes, prejudices, and tastes, as well as her jewels and her loud, clear word of command to waiters, dogs, and horses, without any questioning.

She has no personal anxieties but does in fact sometimes worry herself to tears about very old dogs.

She knows a great many men and eventually marries one of them without being quite sure why she chose him. She is, nevertheless, **The Girl Who is Perfectly Sure of Her Place in the World.**

Or are you more like the girl who goes early in life for something nice, fresh, and simple, like a good plain linen dress or suit, and sticks to it through all occasions, sometimes adding small pearl earrings if things are especially grand?

She is the only girl in the world who will turn up to a "don't change" evening taking the hostess' word for it and not care a button.

She is often entirely unaware of her own looks and sometimes one has the disturbing suspicion that something arrested this type of girl at about the age of twelve — but it is clear to all that this was a fortunate and splendidly adjusted age at which to stop.

She is a joy to have around, since she is usually untroubled by inner conflicts and counts on the world to love her for what she is — **The Girl Who Aims at Comfort.**

Quite different — the girl who aims for comfort by wearing an uncluttered sheath dress with one simple zip all the way down the back, stiletto heels, and, as far as the eye can guess, little else except mascara.

If you find her personality obscure, the fault is entirely on your side.

She, too, is a simple girl in her way — purposeful, commendably frank and generous, and she believes we only live once: **The Direct Approach Girl.**

The next girl suddenly and on the spur of the desperate moment buys a dress that suited her ten years back and wears her hair in a reckless Alice band. When depressed, she settles for defiantly conservative suits, glum hats, and the overall look of a carelessly tied parcel.

When her nerve breaks altogether, she will pile detail on detail — chandelier earrings, a stole and a veil and openwork mesh gloves, a tapestry handbag and any number of little charm bracelets and lapel brooches.

This girl is at odds with herself and lives in a chronic state of nervous indecision, enlivened by bursts of uncontrolled joy, which leave an aftermath of depression.

Sometimes she is someone who touched a peak of sudden, astonishing, and unexpected beauty around 17 and never dared to look a mirror squarely in the eye again. She is **The Girl Who Always Gets Her Age Wrong.**

Or could you be the girl who looks just like the chairman's perfect private secretary, capable, discreet, and faintly formidable — yet is also mysteriously gentle and understanding?

This girl dresses anonymously and faultlessly in a sort of protective coloring so understated that you look at her twice to see if there isn't a catch in it.

She wears good antique jewellery, and not much of it, and her nails are short and well kept.

She would rather put money into the plainest good fabric coat than an inexpensive fur and her shoes are always cleaned and unworn at the heel.

She looks as if she were born this way, but in fact puts in a world of work and study to achieve what she wants.

She is the one who is hardest of all to analyse and often the biggest and most dangerous surprise. Few ordinary men could live up to her, which may be the message she is gently transmitting.

She is sometimes a highly strung perfectionist who takes comfort in her own high standards. She is uncommunicative about herself, efficient, calm in other people's crises, and apparently manages to avoid them herself.

She is, of course, **The Girl Who Plays Safe.** Some man usually turns up who simply can't understand what it is about her that appears to frighten everyone else.

By SIRIOL HUGH JONES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925867

even One fly means trouble!

prevent that trouble with Mortein

One fly can contaminate anything it touches with as many as 5,000,000 germs . . . germs of such dangerous diseases as Hepatitis, Gastro-enteritis, Poliomyelitis and Typhoid. Protect your family from disease-carrying flies with Mortein Pressure*Pak. Economical, safe and powerful, Mortein Pressure*Pak kills flies swiftly and surely. Only 3 or 4 seconds spraying is required in each room and Mortein Pressure*Pak is safe to spray even near food.

When you're on a good thing – stick to it!

ST282-61

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925868

"Auntie Ol's" hospital was like home

She has 65 nieces and nephews

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD, staff reporter

● Almost everyone on Sydney's North Shore line remembers Matron Olive McIntosh, of "Dalcross" Hospital, Killara. No one could forget her recent farewell party.

THERE were kisses and tears and sponge cakes for tea that afternoon in St. Martin's Parish Hall. There were five hundred people, who'd collected £500.

And receiving them was Matron McIntosh, saying again and again, "Isn't it wonderful" and "I've kissed everyone a dozen times. I don't recognise them out of their nightdresses."

After 41 years' service she had sold her "Dalcross" Hospital. She and most of the staff had retired. The cows and fowls which had also worked well for the patients had been sold.

But the party wasn't sad. Everyone, it seemed, had some happy personal story to tell of their matron, or the McIntoshes, or "Dalcross."

When Matron was a girl there'd been 11 McIntosh children at the family home, called "Dalcross," in Pymble.

Since qualifying as a maternity nurse, she'd bought and run two "Dalcross" hospitals.

The first, begun just after World War I in two houses near Pymble station, soon grew too big for its 12 beds.

The second, purchased 41 years ago at Killara and run by Matron McIntosh and Sister L. Oldfield, was registered for 18 beds. It grew, too, and gave up taking maternity cases about 25 years ago, becoming a general hospital.

Everyone's aunt

"'Dalcross' was a little bit of all of us," said 26-year-old Susan McIntosh, one of Matron's 65 nieces and nephews. "Auntie Ol brought most of the family into the world and I think I was the last."

Even to people who didn't really belong to the family the Matron was invariably "Auntie Ol."

"She was a fairy godmother, helping any of us at any time," said another relative, Clifford McIntosh. "And she helped hundreds of others you'd never hear about."

"I was one of her first patients — about 45 years ago," said Mrs. G. A. Swift. "And a couple of weeks ago I was one of her last. It was always just like home."

"Yes," said Matron, "it was. We tried to do the very best we could. It was getting a little shabby toward the end, but I don't think anyone minded. It was the personal touch that counted.

"Do you remember when the cows got out of the paddock at two o'clock in the morning?"

There'd always been two cows to serve the hospital, and during the war, when handymen were hard to get, Matron used to milk them herself.

Doctors there

If there was no cook, she'd organise the meals, too. She had the patients, the staff, and the tradesmen eating out of her hand.

"The electricians and plumbers were like big brothers to us," she said. "I just had to put 'S.O.S.' at the bottom of a note and they'd come at any hour."

Doctors, too, respected the work of Matron "Mac," as she's known in the profession.

There were about 25 of them at the party, many from busy Macquarie Street.

Sir Benjamin Edye made the short speech to Matron Mac and presented her with a silver tea-set.

Up on to the hall stage came other retiring members of the staff for their presentations — Sister Florence Jamieson, the night sister for over 25 years, Sister Enid Rodriguez, described by Sir Benjamin as one of Sydney's best theatre nurses and by Matron as her mainstay for 17 years.

And there was a big hand for the cook, Mira Kramer, who for the past 13 years had put a touch of her native Europe into the hospital fare.

Speeches were short and touching. Dr. A. L. Ducker told how Matron had helped the community. How loving kindness had always been the final and telling tonic dispensed to patients at "Dalcross."

And how, often, Matron had lent her cottage at Pearl Beach to some needy convalescent.

MATRON OLIVE McINTOSH with her 26-year-old niece Susan McIntosh, one of many relatives she has brought into the world.

Tears recalled

Matron thanked Dr. Ducker, thanked her staff for being so loyal, and thanked all the ex-patients and friends for "the loveliness" of being able to help them.

"Do you remember, Matron," asked one middle-aged well-wisher, "when I was crying and miserable after you'd brought my first baby into the world and you said, 'Come on, now. You're the mother of a fine son. It's time you grew up'?

"You were quite right, of course," she continued. "And my son is now 32."

"Ah," said Matron McIntosh, "and I'm 70. Don't you think it's time I retired? But there's so much I want to do."

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

All about

CARAVANS . . .

Hiring, buying, safety measures for towing, equipping, and stocking for an ideal family holiday.

● Christmas gifts to make . . .

Beach accessories—pretty beach bag and gay umbrella.

Toys — bridal group, inexpensively made from trifles such as an empty detergent bottle or scraps of felt.

● Sophisticated sandwiches . . .

New breads, new fillings, new shapes that transform sandwiches from schoolday fare into food for a party.

● How to choose the right toys for your child

An article guides you in choosing toys to suit your child's taste and ability.

● Wisecracks and marriage don't mix

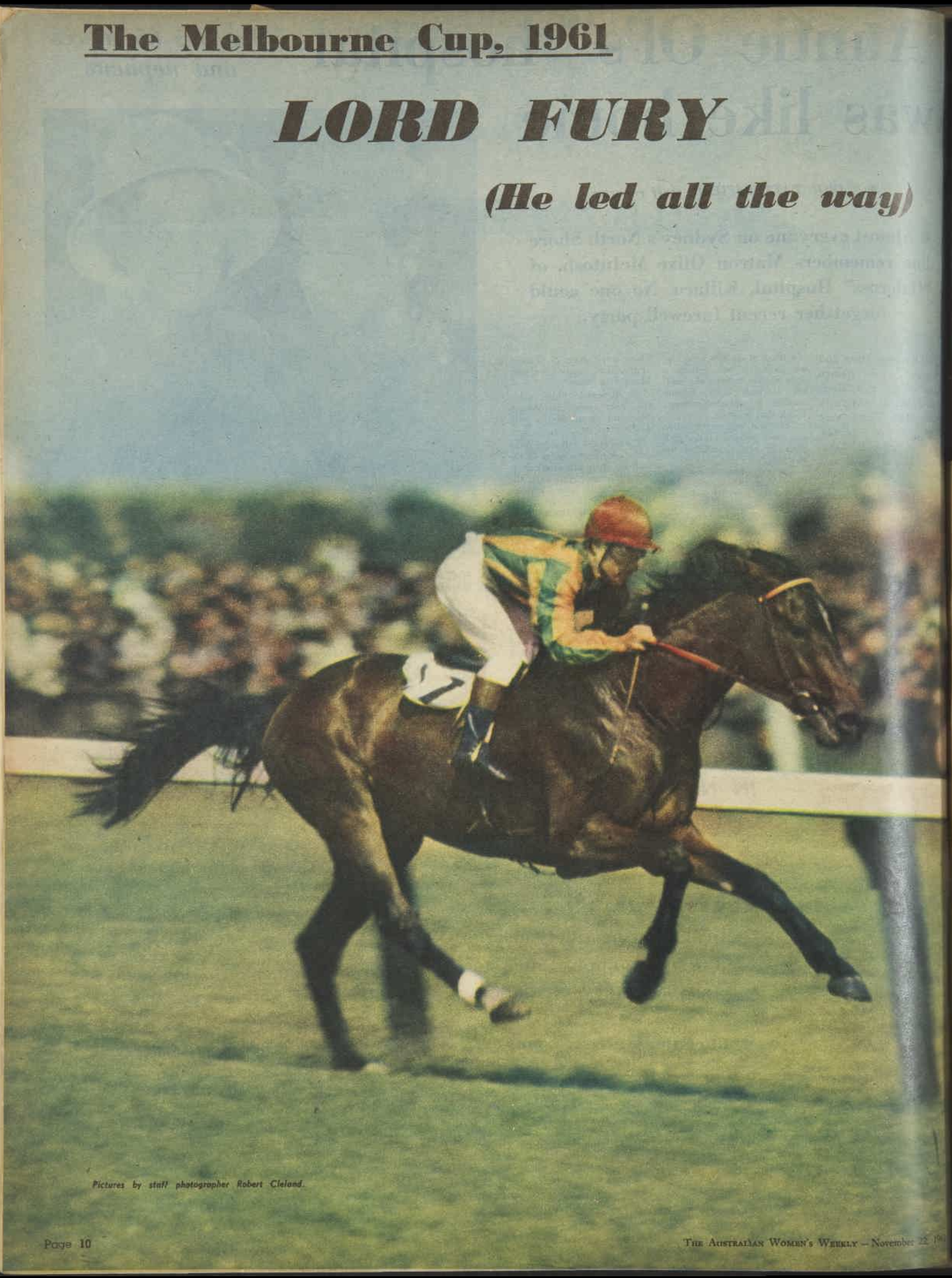
Teasing your marriage partner and making jokes at his or her expense only lead to trouble.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925869

The Melbourne Cup, 1961

LORD FURY

(He led all the way)



Pictures by staff photographer Robert Cleland.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925870

HEADY WINNER of the title of the most unusual hat at the Melbourne Cup was this outsize sou'wester worn by Margaret Oldfield, of Caulfield, Vic. It was one of a vast parade of frivolous fashions which dominated the carnival.

ADELAIDE MODEL Delmar Brown, right, was one of a group of racegoers who turned part of the Melbourne Cup fashion parade into lilac-time. With a lilac Thai silk coat and skirt, she wore a large sou'wester of white organza.

LORD FURY: *The 1961 Melbourne Cup winner (pictured left) led all the way over the two-mile course, to equal the Melbourne Cup and Australian record of 3min. 19½sec. Lord Fury, a Sydney-trained four-year-old, is owned by Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Cohen.*

RED AND WHITE was the color scheme favored by Sydney visitor Miss Sue Bookallil, of Dover Heights. Her outsize white linen breton was liberally splashed with red "billiard-ball" spots. She teamed it with an equally striking linen ensemble, again in red and white.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925871

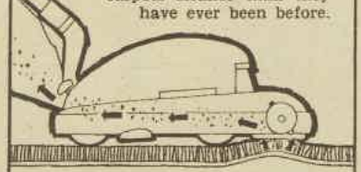
"Dances" out deep down dirt!

HOOVER'S EXCLUSIVE TRIPLE-ACTION CLEANING gets out all the dirt other cleaners leave behind

The beautiful De-Luxe Hoover—"The world's best cleaner"—designed to give the ultimate in floor cleaning care, now features self-cleaning nylon agitator brushes, big wrap-around headlight, easy slip-on suction converter. Big-capacity throw-away dustbag can be thrown away or re-used. And there's a full kit of Hoover attachments, including the exclusive Hoover double-stretch hose, to make complete floor-to-ceiling cleaning blissfully quick and easy.

De-Luxe model in pearl-white, heather rose, 40 gns. Tools, £7/7/- extra.

When the Hoover beats on a cushion of air, gentle vibration loosens all the scissor-sharp grit that's trapped at the bottom of the carpet pile. Fast-moving brushes sweep up stubborn clinging lint and threads, grooming and raising the nap. Finally, powerful Hoover suction whisks dirt away, leaving carpets cleaner than they have ever been before.



BEATS AS IT SWEEPS AS IT CLEANS

For the smaller home or flat

HOOVER Lark

£31/10/-

Tools, £5 extra

HOOVER

Regd. Trade Mark

THE WORLD'S BEST CLEANER

HC.63.WW143gr

FATHER

"The hedge gives us privacy. But in case we want to know what's going on next door . . ."

MOTHER

"We're having a picnic!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

SO James Thurber is dead, and tens of thousands of people will feel some of the sorrow usually reserved for personal acquaintances.

Of all the humorists in the English language he was my favorite. He was not only a very funny writer ("The Night the Bed Fell," "The Night the Ghost Got In," "The Day the Dam Broke") but an exceptionally graceful one.

Much of his humor is tinged with a wistful sadness.

And, indeed, in his "Preface to a Life," written in 1933, he explains this: "Authors of such pieces have, nobody knows why, a genius for getting into minor difficulties; they walk into the wrong apartments, they drink furniture polish for stomach bitters, they drive cars into the prize tulip beds of haughty neighbors, they playfully slap gangsters, mistaking them for old school friends. To call such persons 'humorists,' a loose-fitting, ugly word, is to mistake their dilemma and the dilemma of their nature. The little wheels of their invention are set in motion by the damp hand of melancholy."

* * *

NOW that medical authorities are beginning to concern themselves about possible overdosing of vitamins, I drink my third mid-morning cup of coffee with a smug look on my face.

One lives through so many changes in health and diet theories.

Pass me the pickled cucumber, please.

* * *

FUNNY thing about Christmas cards —the cheaper they are the more printing there seems to be inside them.

I like the printed message to be brief and non-committal. Then you can add, in handwriting, whatever words seem appropriate.

But sometimes you go all through the sixpennies and ninepennies looking for the right kind and have to settle for shillingies or one-and-sixpennies.

Otherwise, you find that you have addressed an awkward-sized envelope (won't fit any other card you bought) to a couple who belong to an anti-noise society and that inside is a verse beginning "May Christmas bells ring loud and clear . . ."

* * *

I DON'T know which was the grislier thought—Stalin and Lenin lying embalmed in Red Square with the Russian people and the tourists filing by—or the removal of Stalin's body to a graveyard.

There is a section of Australian opinion which thinks it nationally unbecoming to have Phar Lap in his glass case at the Melbourne Art Gallery.

In the light of the Russian happenings it seems saner to preserve a dead horse than a dead leader.

IF you get worried about the state of the world, spare a minute to consider the people of Tristan da Cunha, now trying to make new lives in England.

There they were on that lonely island outpost far from the excitements and fears of modern civilisation.

They had no telephones, no cars, no fierce competition for status. Two world wars had passed them by and there was every likelihood that even a third would leave them untouched. And what happened? A jolly great volcano opened up underneath them and that was the end of life on Tristan da Cunha.

So what I mean is it simply isn't any use worrying.

* * *

ACCORDING to Mr. Edward Tuck, a spokesman for the U.S. National Association of the Pet Industry, the largest pet that should be kept in a small city flat is a three-to-five-inch seahorse. "The seahorse requires only a small aquarium," he says, "and is contented there."

How do you know a seahorse feels contented?
One must, I guess, accept the petshop word.
Although he hails from rock-pools, ocean-scented,
He's safe at last from preying fish or bird.

Suppose, though, that you came to brood and worry
And fret about the seahorse, left alone
Glass-walled, and dreaming of the tidal flurry—
The thought's enough to melt a heart of stone.

And then, imagine when the conversation
Turned to the antics of a cat or dog
You'd think about your piece of decoration,
And sit there, muted, silent, like a log.

Or else remark, "My seahorse is contented."
Well yes, you could, though I would bet a quid
They'd raise their eyebrows, murmuring "Demented!"
And honestly, who'd blame them if they did?

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925872

CHAMPAGNE AND CHICKEN lunch was enjoyed by many groups of racegoers in the members' car park at Flemington. Here, under a gay umbrella, are (from left) Lady Myer, Mrs. Louis Sallmann, jun., Mrs. Paul Fitzgerald, Mrs. and Mr. Louis Sallmann, sen., Mr. Louis Sallmann, jun., Margot Evans, and Jill Burchett—all of Melbourne.

MELBOURNE CUP

(continued)

CUP QUARTET relaxing between races at Flemington. They are (from left) Miss Diane Simpson, of Melbourne; Miss Marlene Hosie, of Melbourne; Mrs. Peter Kerr, of Sydney; and Miss Diana Martin, of Melbourne. Cup day hats came in every shape and size, from enormous "flying saucers" to tiny pillboxes.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925873

Guess who had a Weet-Bix breakfast this morning?

He's feeling fine . . . after a breakfast that *really* sustains and nourishes . . . WEET-BIX! Made from sun-sweetened whole wheat, with extra Vitamin B_1 added, Weet-Bix are toasted till they're crisper than crisp. Everyone loves them and, weight for weight, they're top breakfast food value *by far!*

NOW! Glorious Australian Wildflowers on GIANT-SIZE picture plates. 25 in the series, beautifully printed, with full botanical as well as local names. FREE with Weet-Bix and other favourite Sanitarium Breakfast Cereals. Albums available. Send 1/- postal note to Sanitarium Office in your State.

Made better for 15 years with ADDED VITAMIN!

WEET-BIX *Australia's most popular breakfast biscuit*

W10mpc

Worth Reporting

MOST people would think twice about ice-skating at the age of 35, but Mrs. Louisa Solomon, at the age of 76, skates regularly at Adelaide's new St. Moritz rink.

Observers at the rink look on breathless as Mrs. Solomon skates by, frightened that if she falls she may seriously injure herself.

"I have been warned about breaking bones, but I'm determined to skate," she says.

Mrs. Solomon's son and daughter and five grandchildren have so far raised no objections to her skating.

"It is 35 years since I've skated and I was a bit shaky on the first day," she said.

Mrs. Solomon first took to ice in 1904 at the Olympic Rink in Adelaide. In 1906, when it was converted to a roller rink, she roller-skated there for many years.

"I love waltzing on the ice," she said, "but you must have a good partner."

Small, energetic, white-haired Mrs. Solomon has been a widow for 12 years and lives alone in a neat cottage in the Adelaide suburb of Norwood.

"The days are not long enough for me," she says. "I ride my bicycle every day, mow the lawns once a week, and look after the garden myself. A few months ago I even painted the roof of the house."

MRS. LOUISA SOLOMON . . . skates at 76.

* * *

"ENGLISHWOMEN must have the strongest back muscles in the world. Every day millions of them squat or kneel down, or else bend over with knees braced, in front of their ovens. In Central Queensland, where I learned to cook, the oven floor was at waist level. Yet I come to the heart of the Commonwealth — London — and find I have practically to lie down to see how things are doing in the oven." — Joan Downey in the B.B.C. "Woman's Hour" programme.

15,000 miles around Sydney

CZECH migrant John Marek has chalked up a 15,000-mile safari—without leaving the environs of Sydney.

With financial backing and a borrowed car, John set out nine months ago to track down every spot in Sydney of possible interest to tourists.

The result—a complete tourist guide to the city in the form of his just-published "Tracker," a booklet comprising 10 detailed, gaily illustrated maps.

John has mapped not only the usual tourist attractions (plus facilities) — historic spots, beaches, picnic areas, etc.—but included "views." Some of these are "for nighttime," some "for daytime."

"Very little is known about Sydney's scenic spots for 'just gazing'," says John, who believes that two views hard to beat are: Kanangra Walls, just south of the Jenolan Caves, in the Blue Mountains (daytime), and the view of the city proper from Coronation Park, Lane Cove (nighttime).

Since coming to Australia from Czechoslovakia 11 years ago, John has been working his way around the Commonwealth. Having now put Sydney "on the map," he's planning to cover other cities and tourist areas.

His art is beastly

PAINTING models who don't speak, who roar and stamp their feet at him, and who temperamentally "collapse" out of the pose are burdens Sydney artist Franklin Bennett bears bravely.

Frank gave up commercial art two years ago to specialise "in animals." He now visits Australian properties to paint champion blood stock, star polo ponies, and favorite horses in stylish "show" stance.

It has its fun and its problems, says Frank. Like the time he revisited a homestead to finish the hill in the background, only to find that the busy owner meantime had burnt off the hill.

Or the bitter winter morning he was painting horses at Jim Maple-Brown on Spinnaker Lass at Goulburn, N.S.W., and had to unfreeze his hands every few minutes over a stable fire.

Frank stays about a week at each homestead, sketching and painting in oils.

He admires the owners' "intimate and expert knowledge" of their animals. "They are critically helpful and I have learnt a lot from them, especially from Ken McKay (of Dungog, N.S.W.).

Frank's paintings include Fiona Hyem, 13, on Storm at her parents' property at Gunnedah, N.S.W.; Jill Ryan on Nutcracker at Stud Road, outside Melbourne (Jill's father, Mr. W. Ryan, is sending colored prints overseas to friends, including Efrem Zimbalist, jun., and others in the cast of TV's "77 Sunset Strip"); and Bob Skene on Rapid Star at Dungog, N.S.W.

JILL RYAN . . . on Nutcracker.

YOUR BOOKSHELF *with JOYCE HALSTEAD*

"Low Company"

Hugh Atkinson (Cheshire). 19/6.

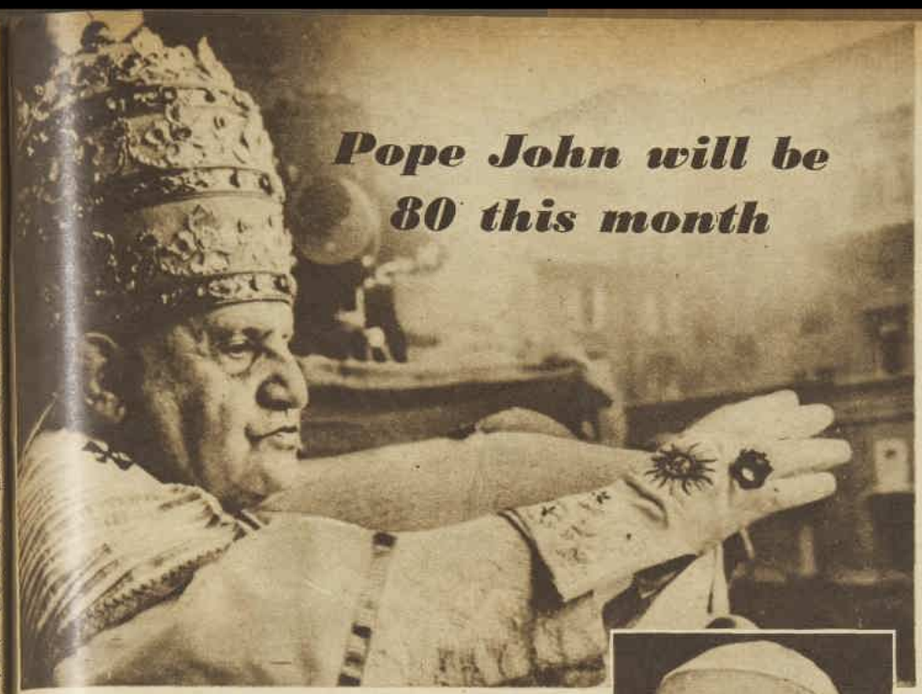
Sydney Bohemia is the setting for several engaging characters, notably Mulcahy, poet with a big craggy head, and Byron Barker, young man from the bush, whom he takes under his wing. Byron, in town to report for National Service, wanders unwittingly into the public bar of the Brush and Pen Hotel, where he meets the "crowd." Byron's lost bag directs their movements for several chapters—to a crazy party on an artist's barge, then to the country, where they witness a very funny game of polo. Byron's stint in the Army is shorter than his subsequent stay in gaol, a bitter reminder of what can so easily happen to a young man in a strange city. Life hits him in the eye, leaving him still steady, but changed. Meanwhile, the others continue to drink, bandy smart repartee, and philosophise, sometimes perceptively, often preciously. The book does, however, make a convincing statement about a facet of Sydney life.

"Saturdee"

Norman Lindsay (Ure Smith). 21/-

Reprint of an Australian classic — a local "Tom Sawyer," with an appealing, wonderfully amusing look at life through the eyes of 12-year-old boys. This was written many years ago, but a boy's attitude to life could never date. Peter, the leading ragamuffin, ever rebellious against the authority of Ma and school, gets his biggest thrills from throwing stones, running away (for as long as food pilfered from the kitchen lasts), climbing trees, and setting booby-traps for unsuspecting vestrymen — until the advent of GIRLS. Peter is "doin' a line" with Dolly Trimmer, and leads the more bashful Conkey and Snowey on to sample this new sport. It's innocent and funny, but marks the progress of up-and-coming, not-to-be-repressed boys.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925874



Pope John will be 80 this month

The warm man in the Vatican

By a special correspondent

"We have given the world a wonderful Pope," exclaimed Australia's Cardinal Norman Gilroy three years ago when he emerged from the Vatican conclave that had elected Pope John XXIII. It did not take the world long to realise how right he was.

POPE JOHN (top) giving his benediction from the balcony of St. Peter's after receiving the Papal Crown. Lower: Genial smile of the man who likes meeting people.

JOVIAL, approachable, liberal-minded, practical, and prayerful, Pope John will be 80 on November 25. It is a measure of the impression he has created throughout the world that it is already difficult to imagine what the Vatican was ever without him.

Pope John has done what he felt should be done naturally and with an easygoing, yet nonetheless discerning, efficiency.

There are oldtimers about the Vatican who, when they saw that the new Pope's outlook would clash with out-of-date traditions or mossy thinking, predicted he would be put in his place by the conservatives.

It hasn't worked out that way.

Pope John's liberal-mindedness stems from a passionate love of his fellow-men.

He is the son of a poor peasant family, a simple man who knows the ways and needs of simple people.

("A title for my family!" he exclaimed when someone suggested he should confer a Papal honor on one of his brothers. "They have the best title of all—they can say their brother is the Pope. What more do they need?")

The future Pope and his four brothers and sisters never knew luxuries. Corn meal and vegetable soup were their staple diet; there was no meat. No wonder he once told a friend, "From the time I was born I had never had any thought but to be a country priest."

Since his election Pope John has been credited with many innovations at the Vatican. Actually, what he has done is not so much to innovate as to restore some old customs.

Soon after his election he visited Rome's grim Queen of Heaven Prison and fraternised with the inmates. It was a warm and charitable gesture, typical of the man.

Aid to sick

During his first few months as Pope John XXIII, he left the Vatican more often than his predecesor, Pope Pius XII, did in all his 20 years as Pontiff. Two-thirds of those visits were to take cheer and comfort to people such as a sick old priest he had known for years, now living in a home for the aged.

And there was the practical and timely demonstration of his belief in the equality of man by his appointment of the first negro cardinal.

Much of the Pope's attention is now being directed toward the Ecumenical Council to be held next year—the first general council of the Church since 1869.

About 4000 prelates and theologians from all over the world will attend to study ways of winning other Christian sects to the Roman Catholic Church.

Pope John's more immediate practical hope is that this Council will create a "unity of spirit" among all Christians in the face of world Communism.

"I put emphasis on what brings people together," he once said. "I put aside, as much as I can, everything that divides."

Above all, Pope John has established in himself the tradition of "the pastoral Pope." He wants to be no aloof Pontiff, no "diplomatic Pope"; he wants to be the pastor of souls, the Pope of the people, the simple priest.

It is this that has endeared him as much to "outsiders" as to Catholics themselves. It was, incidentally, the Pope himself who told Catholics to forget their old, silly, hurtful, and harmful prejudices against non-Catholics and to set an example to "these brothers" in tolerance and understanding.

Withal, the Pope still has about him some diehards who think he is inclined to be a little too man-to-man for the Supreme Pontiff and who prefer the austerity of Pius XII.

They couldn't imagine Pope Pius telling Vatican carpenters, as Pope John did when he went to see them unexpectedly, that theirs must be thirsty work and calling for wine all round.

Or Pope Pius saying to Press photographers (as Pope John did), "Now, no more of those cameras. I have to talk with my mind, my tongue—and my hands—and you put me off."

"Come down"

Even if the tall Pope Pius had been short and rotund like Pope John, they could not imagine him saying wistfully to the 6ft.-and-much-more Archbishop Peter McKeefry, of New Zealand, at the end of a private audience, "You know, my son, if only you would come down here, I could embrace you."

Not long ago Pope John was revising a short speech in English he was to make to an English audience.

He wasn't getting far. Finally, he threw the script aside and said to a member of his staff who had been coaching him:

"You know, my son, nobody expects an old man nearing 80 to learn, let alone speak well, a new language. *It's the effort that counts.*"

That in itself sums up perfectly the philosophy of the modern-minded Pope John XXIII.

NEW

bandbox

tint·n·set

Silver Blue — for giving greying hair the sophistication of faint blue highlights.

Smokey Grey — gives a Nordic shimmer to very grey or white hair; corrects yellow.

Golden Blonde— makes a beautiful honey-blonde out of a dull blonde or faded-fair head.

Smokey Black — puts raven beauty into not-quite-true black or very dark brown hair.

Auburn Gold restores the natural radiance of red hair to dull brown or 'ex-auburn' hair. Also highlights black hair.

Chestnut Glow— gives deep rich chestnut colour tones to brown or dimming red hair.

Russet Brown—gives a rich walnut effect to brown or dark hair.

Dark Brown — puts back deep, warm colour into brown, dark or mousey hair.

comb it through —it tints *and* sets!

Faster! easier! than any tint you've ever used . . .

WHAT JOY! In the time it takes to set your hair you can spark it with colour, too. For today with Bandbox Tint-n-set you do both these things at once! Not a rinse, not a permanent dye, this new creme lotion gives long-lasting waves and curls with the added glow of a subtle tint. So whatever your natural shade — Bandbox Tint-n-set shimmers your hair with dazzling highlights.

4-5 glamorous colour sets for only

7/9

ten ravishing shades:

- Silver Blue
- Dark Brown
- Warm Brown
- Auburn Gold
- Smokey Grey
- Smokey Black
- Peach Blonde
- Russet Brown
- Golden Blonde
- Chestnut Glow

bandbox

tint·n·set

ASHE LABORATORIES LTD. — LONDON & MELBOURNE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925875

PINEL Unchains the Insane—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

Until 1793, insane or mentally disturbed persons usually were chained and imprisoned like wild animals. But in that year Phillipe Pinel, a French mathematician-turned-physician, got permission to try an unusual experiment: he had shackles removed from the insane, then treated them as the truly sick persons they were. Their favorable response to his patience and understanding led the way to development of psychiatric therapeutic methods used today in caring for the mentally ill.

Persistent determination to find better ways of caring for the sick, and courage to try new methods, have resulted in tremendous advances in medical practice over the years. These advances mean better health for all, the world over.

At Parke-Davis, the persistent search for better medicines has continued on an ever-increasing scale since 1866. Only when perfected, these better medicines are placed in the care of your pharmacist so your physician may prescribe them with confidence, to give you and your family longer and fuller lives through better health.

Parke, Davis & Company, (Inc. U.S.A.—Limited Liability) Sydney

PARKE-DAVIS

. . . Pioneers in better medicines

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925876

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By PENNY FORD

WHEN Major John Griffin, the Queen Mother's Press secretary, and Henrietta Montague Douglas Scott, Lady Slim's former secretary, announced their engagement in London, Lady Slim told the story of their romance.

"We knew John had been devoted for years. He first met Henrietta literally on the steps of Government House, Canberra, when he arrived with the Queen Mother's staff in 1958.

"I suppose I introduced them, but no one really registered anything till they all met in the A.D.C.'s room later."

"Henrietta is marvellous, a very special person. I loved having her with me and we keep in close touch," Lady Slim added.

Lady Slim thinks no wedding plans will be made till Henrietta can find a successor to take her job as secretary to Lady Ormsby Gore in Washington.

Then John will fix a wedding date on a date suitable for the Queen, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret to attend.

★ ★ ★

PUT through a call to Canberra when I heard of Mary Lou Lane's engagement to Travers Nicholas. Mary Lou — she's the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Lane, of Acton—received a lovely ring from Travers. It is an oval sapphire surrounded by twelve diamonds. Travers, who is a geologist, is the only son of Mrs. E. D. Nicholas, of Melbourne, and the late Mr. Nicholas.

★ ★ ★

FOR over twelve months Mr. and Mrs. Kelvin Watt, of "Beragoo," Mudgee, have been grooming their garden for split-second late-November blooming of masses of roses and gladioli as a perfect setting for the reception to follow the wedding of their daughter Robyne to Dr. David Hillyar. The ceremony will be at St. John's Church, Mudgee, on November 25. Robyne has chosen a lovely white satin traditional gown with a chapel train, and her bridesmaids, Annette Hillyar, Lynley Watts, and Julie Moufarrige, will wear ice-blue satin ankle-length frocks. Dr. John Sawers will be best man and Dr. Roderick Kater and Tim Erby groomsmen. After a honeymoon at Lord Howe Island, Dr. Hillyar and his bride will return to a flat at Vaucluse.

★ ★ ★

HECTIC few weeks in Sydney for Mrs. James Craven, who has been living in Hampshire, England, for the past 12 years. With her husband she's staying with her father, Mr. Leslie Crichton-Brown, at Bellevue Hill, and catching up on all the news since her last visit, in 1957. Commander and Mrs. Craven will fly back to London early in December.

★ ★ ★

WITH only four days between completing her nursing training at St. Luke's Hospital and her marriage to Douglas Fleming at St. Mark's Church on November 16, Diane Wagchall has had a whirl of last-minute trousseau-shopping. Douglas, who is the son of Mrs. D. H. Fleming, of "Vitonga," Moree, and the late Mr. Fleming, is building a new home in Moree for his bride—and he has had a race, too, to see it's finished for them to return to after honeymooning.

★ ★ ★

FROM Adelaide comes news that Brian Hunter and his wife, formerly Sydney-sider Pamela McKell, have named their son and heir Nicholas. They also have a little daughter, Felicity Ann—almost four . . . It's a daughter—Jane Maureen—for Peter and Kathy Ramsay and a first grandchild for Peter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. Ramsay, of Point Piper. Incidentally, the young parents have just moved into a charming terrace house in Mona Road, Darling Point, and they're busy redecorating . . . And a second daughter for Philip and Caroline Simpson—they're calling her Alice. The Simpsons, too, are moving, from Vaucluse to a new house at Bellevue Hill.

CAMERA-SHY pageboy David Hill gets a comforting word from the bride, formerly Miss Joanna Windeyer, after her marriage to Dr. Peter Odillo Maher at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff. Looking on are the groom and attendants Miss Mary Anne Meagher (left) and Mrs. Ian Johnston. The bride's mother, Mrs. J. Windeyer, of Vaucluse, gave a reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club after the ceremony. Dr. Odillo Maher is the son of Mrs. C. E. Odillo Maher, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. Odillo Maher. The young couple will make their home in a flat at Bellevue Hill.

AT PRE-CHRISTMAS RECEPTION. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Bruce Macfarlan, who were among 100 guests at a cocktail party given by the Consul-General of the Netherlands, Mr. Alex Laboyrie, and Mrs. Laboyrie at their home in Bellevue Hill. Mrs. Macfarlan wore a hat of pink-and-white roses with her slim pink linen dress and jacket ensemble.

NEWLY ENGAGEDS Miss Jillian Ryan, of Toorak, Melbourne, and Mr. Brien Coberoft at the Cup with their mothers, Mrs. W. L. Ryan and Mrs. Edward Body (right), of Trangie. They left on Oaks Day to stay with Mr. Coberoft's father, Mr. Gavin Coberoft, at "Parraweena," Willow Tree.

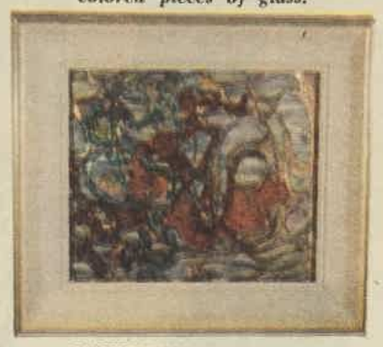
LEFT: Miss Kathy Murrell and her fiance, Lieut. Matthew Taylor, R.A.N., A.D.C. to the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, were in Melbourne for Cup Week. Miss Murrell is the only daughter of Mr. Bill Murrell, of Beauty Point, and of the Baroness Just de la Paisieres, of Rotterdam, and Lieut. Taylor is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Taylor, of Southport, Qld.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925877

ARTIST Judith Oldfield hanging one of her "pictures." With a theme based on Swiss carnival masks, it is formed of a series of copper tiles.

"WHITE NIGHT." An adaptation of Limoges treatment done with colored pieces of glass.

"MOTHER and Child." A fusing of glass and enamel in different patterns.



TOTEM MOTIF — done straight on to copper in oxidised colors.

"CHILDREN with Balloons." The balloons are represented by marbles.

Sydney girl revives an ancient art

By JOYCE BOWDEN

● Young Australian artist Judith Oldfield, of Clareville, N.S.W., is engaged in an interesting art—enamelling—at her studio in a bushland setting overlooking Pittwater.

JUDITH is the daughter of famous cricketer Mr. Bert Oldfield and Mrs. Oldfield, of Sydney.

Enamelling is an ancient art, dating back many centuries.

Judith created her method after studying the treatment of Cloisonne, Champleve, and Limoges.

She believes she is probably the only person in Australia engaged in this work in this particular form.

Copper base

After studying art at the East Sydney Technical College, Judith went to Rome.

There she could not find a school which taught enamelling. Eventually she met an artist who also was interested in enamel work, and she studied and worked with him.

Judith uses copper as a base and works her designs in jewellery enamels. She then "fires" her creations in a kiln in her studio.

It took Judith about 18 months after she returned to Sydney from Rome to get her materials ready.

As well as her studio and having a kiln built, she had to import the jewellery enamel.

And the enamel — which looks like finely ground sand in different colors — came without a color key, so she had to experiment until she made her own key.

The enamel changes color when "fired."

Judith's enamelled paintings, plaques, bowls, and jewel cases are exquisite in conception, design, and color.

Her aim: To use her work architecturally as industrial art in home units, offices, and public buildings.

IN ATTRACTIVE living area, which is apart from her studio, Judith Oldfield is surrounded by the work of other artists. This painting is by New Zealander Jean Appleton.

—Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925878

New Col Joye show has no rock-'n-roll

By NAN MUSGROVE

• "Springing With Joye," starring Col Joye, one of 1960's most popular musicians with Australian teenagers, takes over Channel 9 on November 20 at 7.30 p.m.

IT is the fourth Joye show Channel 9 has staged in the past 18 months. All have been spectacular successes; all have been either pure rock-'n-roll or a mixture of rock-'n-roll and other music.

"Springing With Joye" is different. It has no rock-'n-roll; all its music is sweet and soft. It has a story, and its accent is on dancing.

What makes it particularly interesting is that it is a kind of "Bandstand" for adults, or a Saturday-afternoon "Bandstand" transplanted to evening viewing, and with a new line — one acceptable to both teenagers and adults.

Brian Henderson, of "Bandstand," comperes "Springing With Joye," and all the featured artists are the teenagers who are under contract to "Bandstand."

The big success of Johnny O'Keefe's 7 o'clock Friday evening show on Channel 7 must make all channels wonder about an evening time spot for their teenage shows.

PATSY ANN NOBLE and Col Joye, who star in a new Joye hour TV show, "Springing With Joye."

Saturday - afternoon teenage shows are now battling for ratings with their annual summer problem — the beach.

At this time of the year the beach makes a rock-'n-roll dance under studio lights far less glamorous than do sharp winter afternoons.

To get back to "Springing With Joye," you'll meet all the "Bandstand" gang having a holiday at the Blue Mountains lodge run by none other than that seasoned trouper Queenie Ashton.

Their adventures there make up the story — mostly song and dance. Stars featured are Patsy Ann Noble, the Allen Brothers, Lionel Long, Lana Cantrell, pint-sized Judy Stone, the Delltones.

And just to make you tune in, here are some of the songs they'll sing: "Summertime," "Somebody Else Has Taken My Place," "It's a Good Day," "Fit As a Fiddle," and "Once a Year Day."

by SAXONE

OPEN-TOE SANDALS

In the hot weather we adults marvel at the energy of small children. But busy little feet that are seldom still can be kept cool, safe and comfy in "Jumping-Jacks" Open-toe Sandals . . . with the unique one-piece sole and heel; soft, flexible leather and lots of room for growing toes to wiggle.

White, red, beige — sizes 3-8 — from 29/11

AT SHOE STORES WHERE THEY REALLY CARE

1123

Film Reviews

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No star — poor

★★★ OKLAHOMA!

This Rodgers and Hammerstein musical comes back bigger and brighter with Todd-AO and stereo boosts. Technically better than the earlier CinemaScope presentation, the old favorite—a romping romance in America's farming State—leaps to life. With Shirley Jones (Laurey), Gordon MacRae (Curly), Gloria Grahame (Annie), and an evergreen score, the film is great entertainment.—**Paris, Sydney.**

In a word . . . BOUNCY.

★★ WHITE NIGHTS

An old man wistfully recalls the five most precious nights of his youth — a memory which dominates his lonely life. Told in flashbacks from his bleak St. Petersburg room, Oleg Strizhenov relives a tender interlude with Liudmilla Marchenko. He shyly fell in love, but she sought only advice on winning another man. Experts in the art of depressing an audience, the Russians excel in this dolorous drama. The plot — skilfully acted and photographed — is weighted with unrelieved misery.—**Gala, Sydney.**

In a word . . . WEIGHTY.

★★ LEDA

Clashing temperaments explode in murder in this French near-thriller. Why the crime is committed is clear — and who did the job a weak secret. Too extreme, the personalities irritate. Dad is as unbelievably frank about his next-door mistress as she is blatant and his daughter unconcerned. Their student visitor is too gauche. Only the humiliated wife seems real. But director Claude Chabrol screens his character confusion with scenic charm, vivid color, and crisp action.—**Lido, Sydney.**

In a word . . . TANGLED.

★★ BRIDGE TO THE SUN

An American girl (Carroll Baker) and her Japanese-diplomat husband (James Shigeta) are plunged into a problem - stacked nightmare when their countries declare war. This fascinating drama is based on a famed autobiography. Deported from Washington—to the jeers of her people — the couple settle in suspicious Tokio. Their struggle to bridge two worlds during long war years is a moving test of courage. Shigeta touches as the ageing, iron-willed pacifist, but time and worry don't leave an imprint on the baby-faced Carroll.—**Liberty, Sydney.**

In a word . . . MOVING.

LOOK GOOD... Feel good

PLAN TO SLIM with Slim-plan

You'll look good and feel good when you plan to slim with Slim-plan. This new, completely balanced diet, gives everything a normal person needs for active healthy life — all the protein, vitamins and minerals, **minus the excessive calories that form excess weight!** You'll discover a wonderful poise, a fascinating charm, a vital confidence, when you find your figure the Slim-plan way.

Costs so little . . . is so convenient!

Each Slim-plan meal is individually wrapped, ready measured, for your convenience, contains 250 calories, yet costs only 2/6 a meal. Slim-plan is available in a pack containing four meals — costs just 10/-! It's so simple to use anywhere, for each individually wrapped Slim-plan meal fits snugly into purse or pocket.

Easy to make and take . . .

To make your Slim-plan meal, simply pour one packet into a large cup, add a little water and mix into a smooth paste. Then add enough water to make a large cupful of drink. Available in two delicious flavours . . . Chocolate and Vanilla, you'll really enjoy slimming and saving with Slim-plan! Incidentally, **chilled** Slim-plan is a delightful drink in hot weather.

Consult your doctor . . .

In cases of **extreme** overweight it is always advisable to obtain medical advice. If this is necessary, your family doctor will be pleased to tell you the most judicious way to use Slim-plan.

Decide to find an enchanting figure NOW! Slim and Save with Slim-plan. Just 10/- for four 250 calorie meals. **FREE!** Ask your chemist for the Slim-plan Booklet.

Available from all chemists . . .

JUST 10/- FOR FOUR READY-MEASURED MEALS

GLAXO-ALLENBURYS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., MELBOURNE & SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925879

"I just love making new friends" said Lady Melita

and you will be delighted to meet Lady Melita and two other distinguished members of the Seppelt family . . . Miss Rosetta and Lord Rutherglen.

Lady Melita is at her sparkling best at luncheon and dinner parties, especially about the fish course when conversation begins to flow.

Miss Rosetta is a delightful young lady who seems naturally at home at buffet dinners, barbecues and picnics. She is a firm friend of all the family, and enjoys a gossip with the ladies equally as well as more serious conversation with the men.

Lord Rutherglen is well known in the city. His distinguished record, pleasing personality, and dry wit have made him a popular member in many clubs, board-rooms and sporting circles.

When next you entertain, invite members of the Seppelt family of Wines. They will add gaiety and distinction to your gathering.

THE HOUSE OF

SEPPELT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925880

'GUNSMOKE'—TV's HUMAN WESTERN

● "Gunsmoke," the most famous of all TV Westerns, is one of the most popular shows in the world's entertainment history. And so it should be — in its six-year life it has never lowered its standard of excellence.

THE half-hour show was one of the first to be given that ambiguous tag, "adult Western."

It would be better billed as a "human Western." Its four principals behave like real people, don't adhere to fiction's traditional Western ways.

Sometimes Marshal Matt Dillon (James Arness) fumbles a case, sometimes his moral sense stops him drawing his gun, but when he shoots, he shoots to kill—there is no shooting to disable.

The Marshal, too, likes strong drink and women. The woman in his life, Miss Kitty (Amanda Blake), sweeps about the Long Branch saloon, looking womanly and beautiful. There are no romantic scenes, but televiewers are left in no doubt of the strong tie between them.

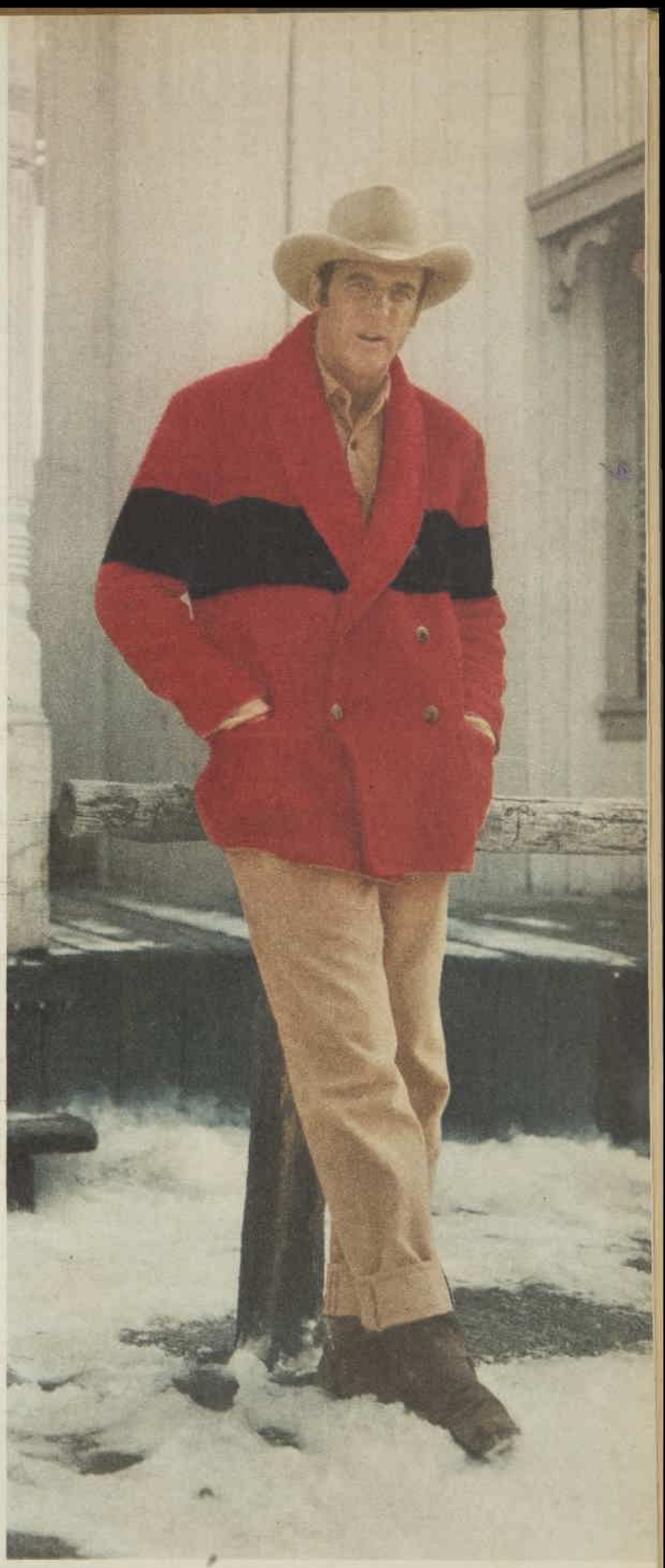
The other delightful principals, Doc (Milburn Stone) and Chester, the Marshal's side-kick, add to this show, which, I think, is consistently the best Western on TV.

—*NAN MUSGROVE*

MISS KITTY (Amanda Blake) has a wonderful and expensive wardrobe. Her basic wardrobe is made up of some 10 outfits, each costing about 500 dollars (£A225). Her shoes are copies of a pair in the Dodge City Museum.

SHOW BUSINESS

LEFT: CHESTER (Dennis Weaver) and Doc (Milburn Stone). Chester has a homely, warm charm and a stiff-legged limp which is his trademark. He's not lame; the limp is a TV gimmick. Doc is slightly cantankerous. He loves the Marshal and gets a bit jealous when Chester takes too much of his "Mistuh Dillon's" time.



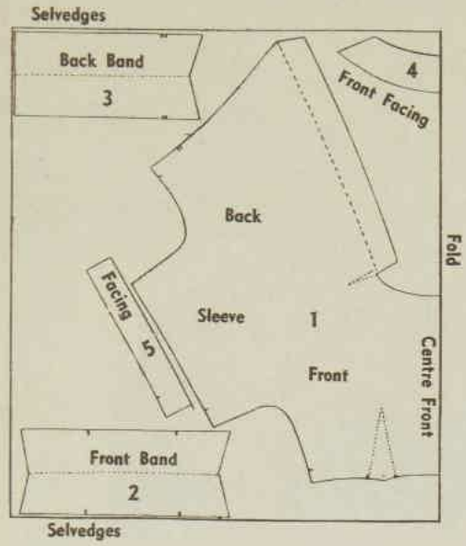
MATT DILLON (James Arness), Marshal of TV's Dodge City in the 1870s. The Marshal stands 6ft. 6in. barefoot, weighs 16st. 9lb., has blue eyes, is handsome in a rugged outdoor way. He says his size "sort of steered him" into Westerns.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925881

KEEP THIS PAGE

NIGHT-AND-DAY BLOUSE

● This week we offer free a genuine five-piece tissue-paper pattern for a night-and-day blouse. Details for obtaining it are on the opposite page. Keep this page of instructions to use with your free pattern.



BEFORE CUTTING — NOTE

Half-inch turnings are allowed on all seams.

Pattern is cut to fit a 34in. bust, waist 24-25in., but can be easily adjusted.

To make pattern bust 36in., waist 26-27in., add ½in. to side seams of blouse, tapering to ¼in. at underarm of extended sleeves. Add 1in. to back and front waistbands. Adjust bodice length at lower front and back edges of blouse as required.

To make pattern bust 32in., waist 23-24in., take off ½in. at side seams of blouse, tapering to ¼in. at underarm of extended sleeve. Take 1in. off back and front waistbands. Adjust bodice length at lower front and back edges of blouse as required.

For a 34in. bust you will need 1¾yds. 36in. material.

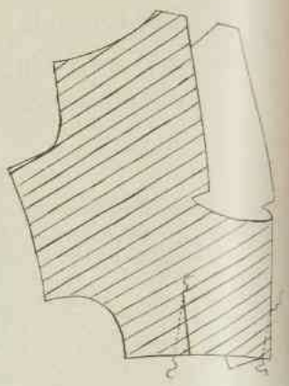
PATTERN PIECES

1—Blouse bodice. 3—Back waistband. 5—Sleeve facing.

2—Front waistband. 4—Front neck facing.

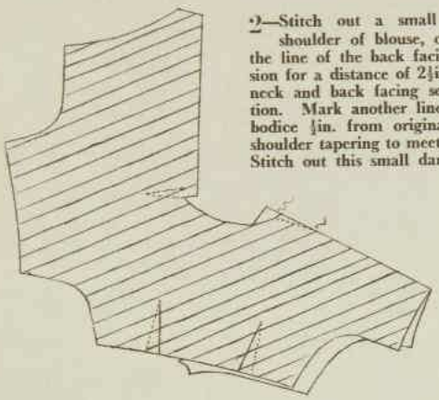
TO CUT OUT

Open out material to single width and fold back double, bringing selvedges together. Place Nos. 1 and 4 to fold at centre front (as shown in diagram) and cut out. Cut No. 2 once from single material and No. 3 once from double material, cutting both on the straight grain of material. Cut No. 5 once from double material, following the same grain as lower sleeve edge.

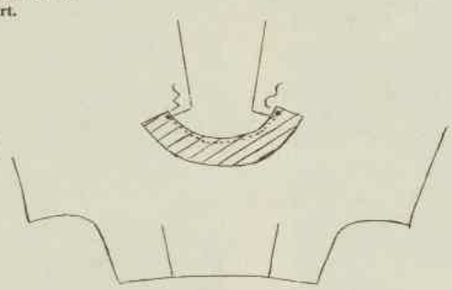


TO MAKE UP

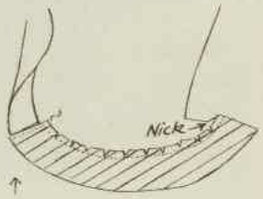
1—Stitch out two darts in front bodice, folding material to bring the two matching nicks of each dart together and stitching from waist to top of dart for a distance of 6in.

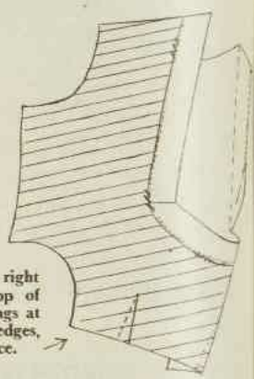


2—Stitch out a small dart at shoulder of blouse, continuing the line of the back facing extension for a distance of 2½in. beyond neck and back facing seam junction. Mark another line on back bodice ½in. from original line at shoulder tapering to meet first line. Stitch out this small dart.

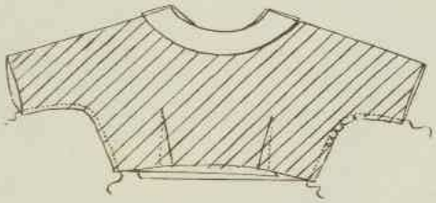


3—Place front neck facing over front blouse, right sides of material together, and stitch around neck edge to within ½in. of each shoulder. Trim and nick neck turnings.

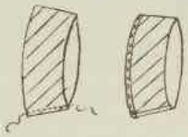




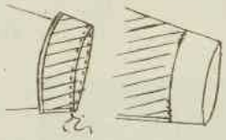
4—Fold back facing extension 2½in. to right side of blouse. Nick facing into top of shoulder dart. Join back and front facings at shoulder seams. Neaten outer facing edges, turn facings to inside, and catch into place.



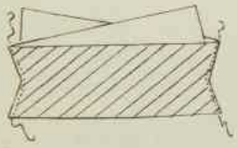
5—Join front and back of blouse at side and underarm sleeve seam, right sides of material together. Nick seam at curved edges.



6—Join sleeve facing at underarm seam. Neaten outer facing edge, leaving nicked edge free.

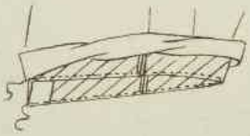


7—Place facing over lower sleeve edge, right sides of material together, matching nicks, and stitch together. Trim and nick turnings, turn facing to inside, and catch into place.

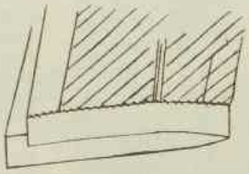


8—Join shaped edge of back waistbands to each end of front waistband.

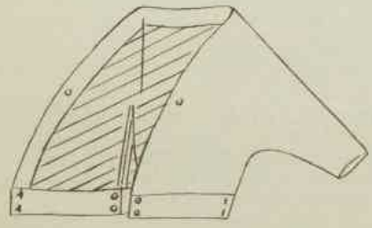
9—Fold waistband in half lengthwise, right sides of material together, and stitch out straight end of backs. Turn waistband to right side.



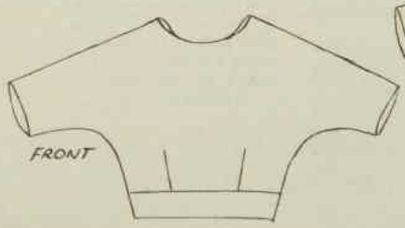
10—Place waistband over blouse, right sides of material together, matching backs, side seams, and nicks. Stitch one edge of waistband to waist edge of blouse.

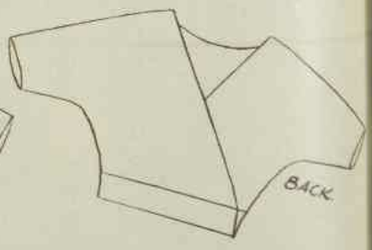


11—Turn waistband down into position, loose edge to inside of garment. Fold in raw edge of waistband and hem into place along stitching line, enclosing all raw edges.



12—Cross left back over right, backs to meet side seams (or required position after fitting blouse). Sew two sets of hooks and eyes to fasten left side of back blouse to right waistband, and two sets of snap fasteners to fasten right side of back blouse to inside of left waistband. Sew a fastener to centre back of blouse at cross-over point if required.





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925882

FREE PATTERN

• *Gold lame night blouse.*

• *Cotton satin day blouse.*

• Night and day versions of our free blouse pattern. It has a cross-over back (see below) and fastens at the side of the waist. To obtain it, see details on this page.

TO OBTAIN PATTERN

• *By presenting the coupon*

PRESENT the coupon at these addresses:

Adelaide: Magazine Section, The Myer Emporium, Rundle Street, Adelaide.

Brisbane: Women's Weekly Office, Teachers' Union Building, 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane.

Melbourne: Women's Weekly Office, Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne.

Perth: Press Photo Sales, West Australian Newspapers Ltd., 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth.

Sydney: Paper Sales Dept., Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., 197 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Launceston: W. R. Rolph and Sons, 71 Paterson Street, Launceston.

Hobart: W. R. Rolph and Sons, 120 Collins Street, Hobart.

• *By mailing the coupon*

Australian readers can obtain the pattern by posting the coupon with a stamped (5d.) self-addressed envelope to:—

Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

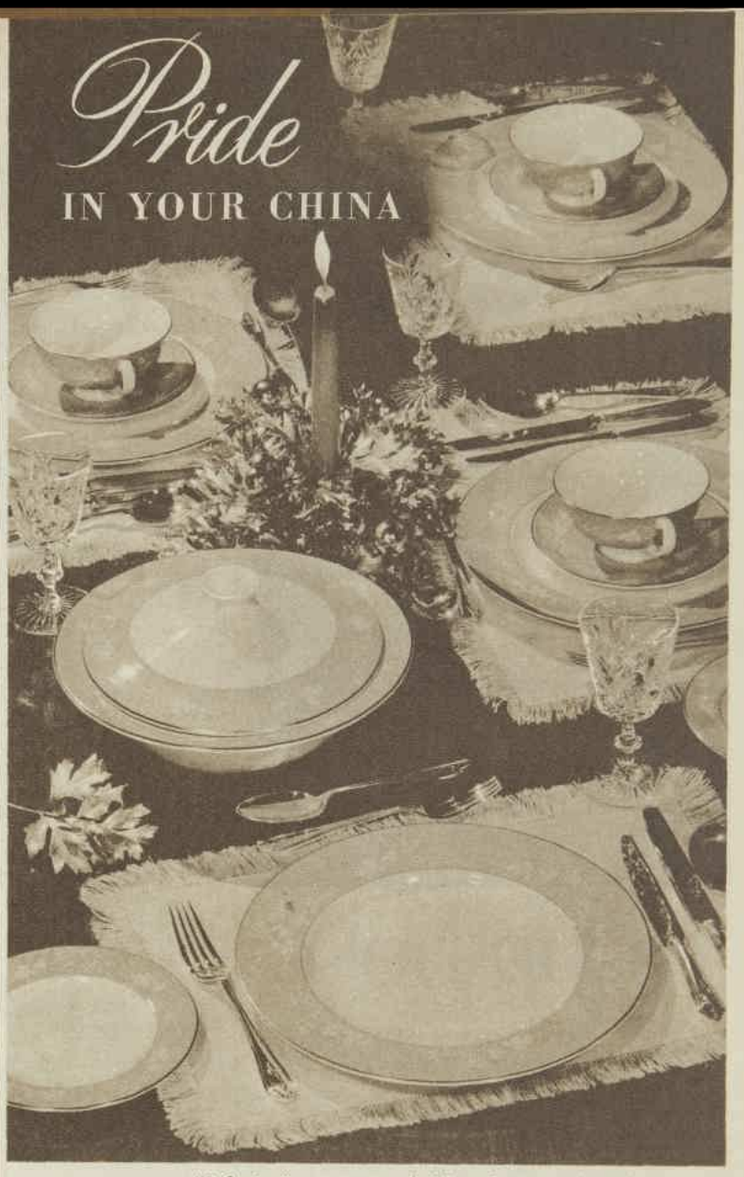
New Zealand readers can obtain the pattern by MAIL ONLY. They should address their envelopes (containing coupon and self-addressed stamped envelope) to:—

The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Mr. P. Lawlor, Box 965, G.P.O., Wellington, N.Z.

• *Back view of the blouse, for which a free pattern is available.*

Free Pattern Coupon

• This coupon entitles the bearer to a free pattern of The Australian Women's Weekly Night-and-Day Blouse.



"Reflection"— a pattern of delicate beauty; a lacy-white spray enhancing the pale blue rim.

36-piece utility set, £28/11/- 21-piece tea set, £15/6/-

ROYAL DOULTON

ENGLISH TRANSLUCENT CHINA

A reflection of your own impeccable taste—a gracious gesture to guests — and a magnificent gift — Royal Doulton English Translucent China is the discovery of the century. For really fine china, with its wonderful durability and clear, brilliant whiteness, is now priced within the reach of all. Eleven enchanting designs, classical to modern, may be purchased piece by piece.

Translucency—
A simple proof of fine china.

Send 1/6 for 86-page book, "Choosing Your Tableware," lavishly illustrated in full colour (price list included), to Dept. WW5.

JOHN SHORTER PTY. LTD.
Box 469, G.P.O., SYDNEY

ROYAL DOULTON ENGLAND

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925883

ON YOUR FEET A LOT?

Here's blissful comfort for tired aching legs

Supp-hose

THE SHEER SUPPORT NYLON STOCKINGS THAT EASE TIRED LEGS!

Women everywhere are discovering blissful comfort with SUPP-HOSE — the only fashionable stockings that support your legs! Housewives, working women, mothers-to-be and those suffering from varicose veins have all found blissful relief from aching legs with SUPP-HOSE. They look and wash like any other sheer nylons — yet their gentle pressure gives wonderful support. Try them! **42/- PAIR**

*** ALL NYLON * 7 PROPORTIONED FITTINGS**
*** GUARANTEED 9 TIMES LONGER WEAR * 4 COLORS**

HH244

SUPP-HOSE by HILTON

IT'S ONLY 1/-

More for mum, more for dad, more for the kids in your greatest magazine

Everybody's

Coming to Sydney?

then stay at the Metropole. Wonderful service, fine food, you'll revel in comfort.

ROOM TARIFF — Single from 40/-, with bath, 70/-. Double from 75/-, with bath, from 115/-.

Rates that cut travel costs!

HOTEL **Metropole**

Bent Street, Sydney. 'Phone: B 0522. Telegrams: Metropole, Sydney.

LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Truth a mistake?

I'VE always been a firm believer in telling adopted children the truth when quite young. But now, after watching the heartbreak of my dearest friend, I'm not so sure. All went well in her home until little (adopted) Debby began asking such questions as, "Mummy, did my *real* mummy, who had me in the hospital, have brown eyes, too?" "Can my real mummy see me in my pink nylon dress?" I think the poor mother is close to breaking point. Is there a solution?

£1/1/- to "Marie P." (name and address supplied), Vic.

Too many parties

DO annual birthday parties make the children—and mothers — mercenary? After attending five "regulars," I think they do. Each kiddie greeted me with, "Hello, what have you brought me?" Their mothers inspected every gift and commented — not always favorably — afterwards on their use and value. My kiddies have a cake and family tea each year and a "real party" every fourth year. We have such fun planning special goodies to eat and new games to play, the thrill of the party is greater than the receipt of gifts.

£1/1/- to "Thrill or Habit" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

Seasonal economies

NOW that it's nearly Christmas-card time, is it considered bad manners to drop cards for neighbors and nearby friends in their letter-boxes rather than waste 5d. on each card, just to have them delivered by the postman? We always have to sort our mail at this time and re-deliver some of it to the neighbors, so what's the difference?

£1/1/- to "Christmassy" (name supplied), Lakemba, N.S.W.

Under-exposed snaps

IT seems a pity that people consider it old-fashioned to display photos of their families and close friends these days. In a full-sized home I think it would be nice to reserve a section of one wall for such photos. When a great deal of money is spent on wedding photos, for instance, it is waste to tuck them away in a cupboard.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. J. Beauglehob, Bunbury, W.A.

Silent suffering

HOLIDAYING in the north with two friends, we found our small car — loaded with luggage — wouldn't take a steep hill. A team of surveyors nearby offered to push the car up the hill. After rolling back twice, the car took off with us waving happily to our rescuers, who, hot and flustered, didn't return our smiles. It was only after we had travelled some miles that the reason for their glumness struck us. Not one of us had thought to get out of the car while they pushed. Who says men aren't chivalrous?

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. N. Dicker, Ararat, Vic.

The inevitable question

WHEN my four-year-old came to me with the query "Who made me, Mummy?" I told him God made him. After a few moments' thoughtful silence, he said, "Well, did He sew me up on His sewing-machine—or sit by the fire and knit me?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Newham, Tempe, N.S.W.

Mum's the word

"WORRIED Mum" (W.A.) asks if her girls would be better off living only with their father, who is good to them, but with whom she can't agree. We upset our children with constant quarrelling until I heard a minister say it takes two to make a quarrel. When I want to fly off the handle now I simply don't reply. To think that I, too, was once considering separation makes me laugh.

£1/1/- to "Happy Silence" (name supplied), Roseville, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

UNLESS your arguments are of a serious nature, think well before you leave your husband and daughters. Children see less of their fathers and are therefore prone to fuss unduly when he is at home. Could "Worried Mum's" trouble be a wee twinge of jealousy?

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Heath, Broadmeadow, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

CHILDREN are far better off with only one parent than with two parents continually fighting—which makes a bad environment for them. But if you leave your husband you must take your girls, too. Possibly the shock of you all leaving will make him agreeable to seeing a marriage guidance counsellor with you.

£1/1/- to "Deewhy" (name supplied), Bendigo, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WHY men are scared of marriage guidance I don't know, but "Worried Mum" should go alone and try to keep the family together. Separation is running away — aren't the children sufficient incentive to stay home and make a go of it?

£1/1/- to "Persist" (name supplied), Perth.

Ross Campbell writes...

SPELLING is a touchy point with many people.

So we should give full credit to Mrs. Kay Gable—widow of Clark Gable—for her frankness about it.

Mrs. Gable is writing a book on her famous husband's life and she says "the publishers are doing my spelling."

Many authors have relied on publishers to correct their spelling—including top ones like Ernest Hemingway. But Mrs. Gable is the first to admit it.

It is her bad luck, and ours, too, that spelling in the English language is hard. It is full of traps like the notorious -ough, which stands for five different sounds in cough, tough, slough, through, and though.

Children have asked me sometimes why they can't use simpler spellings, such as thru and tonite, which they have seen on television. The only answer I could give was that spelling is one of those things you can't change. You just have to put up with it, like colds and council rates.

C-A-T=CAT

It is easy for young children to get away with spelling mistakes, because they seem quaint and cute. I was quite pleased when I found that my daughter, aged 8, had written in her busy book: "The Prinsess is expeckted to have a baby soon."

I did not mind when her brother, at about the same age, said in an

essay: "My father wurks for the Wimen's Weekly and the Micky Mouse Club" (a statement which was only half true).

But by the time children reach 12 or 13 years you are less amused by their mistakes. I find myself saying: "Surely you know how to spell potatoes at your age!" and then going to the dictionary to see if it is potatoes or potatos.

More fuss used to be made about spelling in the past. I remember when spelling-bees, believe it or not, were a popular amusement. At breakfast-time my father used to ask us to spell tricky sentences like: "See the unparallelled embarrasment of the harrassed peddler gageing the symetry of a pealed pear."

As a result of this training I am a pretty good speller today—though I am still not sure whether there should be an "e" in lovable or moveable or whether it is independant or independent.

Spelling is not the only essential for success in life. I realise this when chaps who were bad spellers at school drive past me in big cars. And Mrs. Gable's shaky spelling does not seem to have held her back.

Just the same, being able to spell is a useful accomplishment.

Apart from helping you to write letters and do crosswords, it protects you from fault-finders. Some fussy people are always looking for an oportunity to critisise little inaccuracies, so you can't be too conscientious.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925884

DAY OF FEAR

A dramatic short story

By LIONEL DAVIDSON

When Weston got to the bank he was quite surprised to find Sally's tricycle outside.

WESTON came in from the bank, hung up his hat and umbrella in the hall, and wondered how soon he could get to bed. He was cold and chilled. Flu coming on, he thought.

Something had been nagging at him all the way home, and he paused, trying to think what it was.

He knew Grace had heard him come in and waited for her routine greeting. It came when he was half-way upstairs. "Lunch is almost ready."

He said, "Right." He didn't feel like anything to eat, but there was no point in irritating her further.

He took off his jacket and tie in the bathroom, rolled up his sleeves, and ran the hot tap, brooding over the situation.

It wasn't as if they weren't comfortable. She had everything she could reasonably want. He'd got his managership now. He was going up. Why on earth should she think he would give up the bank and go in with her appalling brother?

Certainly Frank was doing very well for himself. Import-export was booming, but it wasn't his cup of tea. Banking was a way of life, a service with its own peculiar satisfactions and excitements.

He had tried to communicate some of this to Grace after Frank had made his offer. It had come as a shock to realise that she regarded him as a cautious stick-in-the-mud.

Grace came up as he was changing into his dressing-gown, but made no comment on his curious choice of clothing for Saturday lunch. She said abruptly, "Didn't Sally come in with you?"

"Sally?" he said, and in the same moment remembered. Of course! That was what had been teasing him. Sally popped into the bank every Saturday on her tricycle and he solemnly paid over his pocket-money and they came back together.

"No. She didn't come. I thought you must have sent her on an errand."

Grace's face tightened. "She'll be playing with those Mathieson children again."

She hurried off. Weston went downstairs. The front door was open. There was a fire in the living-room and he sat for a while before realising that Grace had been gone rather a long time.

Mildly troubled, he went to the door and looked out. He could see Grace coming back. "Malcolm, you'd better go and look for her. She's not at the Mathiesons'."

"All right."

"You encourage her to go to the bank. I don't like her crossing that road by herself."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Weston said quietly, and exchanged his dressing-gown for an overcoat and retraced his steps to the bank. When he got there, he got a bit of a jolt. Sally's tricycle was outside. He looked up and down the street. She was nowhere about.

He noticed Mindle's sweets and tobacco shop was open and went across. Mindle said he'd not seen the little girl.

Weston's forehead was hot and his throat burning. Bed, he thought; oh, to be in bed. There was a police station a hundred yards from the bank, and he walked to it. But no, the duty sergeant said, no lost children today.

Weston walked back to the tricycle outside the bank. He didn't know quite what to do. Presently he took it across to Mindle's and asked if he could leave it for a while. Then he went home.

Sally was not back yet.

Grace's eyes were large with vexation and alarm. "You don't mean to say you've come back without her. Where did you look?"

Weston's heart sank. Bed was as far off as ever. He said: "Not very far," and suddenly jumped about a foot as the phone went. He got to it before Grace.

"Hallo."

"Daddy!"

"Sally, sweetheart, where on earth are you?"

"Daddy, make them bring me home. They won't let me go . . ."

He thought his heart had stopped inside him. A man's voice said: "Hallo, guv. Lost anything?"

At ten minutes to two Weston was waiting in North Park, second seat from the gate, as instructed. They had waited five years for Sally. Nothing must happen to her.

"Afternoon. Chilly for the time of year," a voice said pleasantly. Weston looked up and beheld a motor-cyclist. The man wore a black leather jacket, a crash helmet, and goggles. "Got a letter for you," he said. "Here. Read it."

Weston took the envelope. There were just a few lines, very uneven and in pencil.

"Dear Daddy, I have had my dinner. They say I can go home if you will do them a favor. I hope you will do them a favor. It is not very nice here. It is cold. Love from Sally.

"P.S. Nobody has laid a hand on me. YET."

The last word was in another hand, but the whole sentiment of the P.S., so obviously dictated, set Weston's knees knocking.

He said stonily: "What is it you want?"

"Well, now," the motor-cyclist said, "it's about your bank, really. We were going to blow it this weekend, but it's a bit too near the police station—just across the road, isn't it? So we thought maybe you would lend us the strongroom keys."

Weston said: "You're mad!"

The motor-cyclist said softly: "Now, don't be stupid, chum. We know all about this. We've got the house at the back—Alma Terrace. See what I mean?"

Weston blinked, seeing what he meant. The whole terrace was bank property. He had heard during the week that the agents had given up a key to prospective tenants.

"We're going in through the basement. We moved a bit of equipment in there, just in case—you know, gelignite and stuff. Nasty stuff. Makes a noise. So what about it? You help us and we'll help you."

Weston was silent. He thought only: "Sally, nothing must happen to Sally."

"But I can't help you. No one man has the keys to the

To page 70

Keep your family "team" fit with

INSTANT ECONOMILK

in drinks . . . on cereals . . . in cooking

ECONOMILK non-fat powdered milk is a rich source of protein, calcium, and essential vitamins, so necessary to keep your family "on the ball" all day long. ECONOMILK has all the health value of non-fat milk at half the cost of bottled milk! So quick to mix, just add water. Buy ECONOMILK *today;* it keeps indefinitely, and you're *never* caught short of milk.

**Look for Economilk in popular sizes at your Grocers and Self-Service Store*

INSTANT ECONOMILK

"CAPRICE" created for VITAPOINTE OF PARIS by RAYMOND, Director of Rene Henri Salons

Summer Hair Care

Sun and wind, sand and spray—all the delights of an Australian summer can spell disaster for a woman's hair. To prevent that dull, dry, brittle, lifeless look just brush for one minute each day with Vitapointe. Vitapointe will make your hair naturally beautiful . . . lovely . . . lively . . . soft and shiny.

You'll get better results with perms and hair colouring treatments when hair is in better condition. So, let Vitapointe dress and condition your hair to shining, flashing beauty.

A 7/6 tube lasts a good two months.

Vitapointe OF PARIS

The Perfect HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONING CREAM

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925885

Illustrated by Casey

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925886

THE NIGHT HORSE

He was invincible . . . a short story

By VALERIE WATKINSON

THEY bedded down the herd a few miles north of the river bank. The smell of water was on the wind and the cattle were restless. A sudden noise, Brad Singleton thought, and the whole thousand head would go stampeding toward the river. He grimaced at the imagined picture of milling steers and cursing drovers mixed up in the fast-flowing water under the dark sky.

When he came to the campfire he paused and helped himself to tea from the billy over the flames.

The men not on night watch were stretched out around the fire. They did not acknowledge his presence or he theirs. They had travelled many miles together and now, when the stockyards of The Last Town were a bare seven miles over the river, they had come to know each other too well for useless pleasantries.

The tea was strong and scalding. Brad Singleton drank it slowly, his mind easy, his body relaxed in the stance of a man who sees before him the end of a job well done.

"You'll never get 'em across the river," one of the men said suddenly. He was a short, bitter man with a wife in The Last Town, and the fact that they would be across the river by nightfall the next day and he would once again be under his spouse's jurisdiction could have accounted for his increased bitterness.

Brad smiled. He never asked for advice, but if it was offered and it seemed good, he sometimes acted on it. The other's words did not trouble him. Brad knew he was a man with an unhappiness inside him. He had never inquired as to its cause, because it was none of his business, but he had seen its effect. He had seen men like this before. There was one in every town, one in every family, and one on every drive. They were the sort of men who ate honey and digested it into vinegar.

"We'll get 'em across," Brad said easily. "They're thirsty. They'll take to the river like ducks to water." The other men smiled. They believed it, because he said it. He enjoyed this knowledge without pride, but with no false modesty.

He was the sort of man other men respected or hated, and women instinctively liked, without knowing why. Men said of him: "He can be trusted" or "He cannot be trusted—he is too quiet."

He was not married. He had known many women and loved a few. With the few he had loved it had been sometimes intense, but never serious.

Now he looked across the campfire, feeling the water-fresh southerly on his face, and thinking that when the drive was completed he would go beyond the mountain to the city on the coast.

He had not been in Sydney for almost a year, and he was suddenly hungry for the sight of brick buildings and women in silk gowns and the handsome shine of rich men's carriages. His life by inclination was bound with the endless country west of the mountains, but now he was touched with nostalgia for the fine sandy beaches and the waters of a harbor already beginning to promote a national pride.

He smiled as he imagined salt water washing the ingrained dust of this almost-completed trek from his body. Perhaps, Brad Singleton thought, with a sudden feeling for the future, the disporting of one's self in water could be the beginning of a national pastime.

"The land beyond the river is owned by Craig Belmont," said the short bitter man. "He demands a toll from those who pass through it."

"The land is owned by no man," Brad said.

"So much a head for each piece of beef," the other man said, as if he had not heard Brad. "He is a rich man, too. Such men grow fat from the toll on other men's labor."

"The land is open territory," Brad said.

"Belmont claims it," the short, bitter man persisted, and fell silent. He had made his point, for, in that territory at that time, a claim was as good as ownership for anyone who had enough boundary riders to defend their claim against trespassers.

"Crescent Head is the name of his holdings," said the short, bitter man. "He eats off china and his daughter rides into The Last Town on a horse her father had brought out from Ireland. Can you imagine?"

The other men were silent, savoring the word picture of Craig Belmont, who was king of Crescent Head and who dined off china, while his daughter was a princess riding an Irish thoroughbred.

"It would be wise to ride to Crescent Head at sun-up," the bitter man said to Brad without animosity. "You are a man who should be able to make your position clear—even to Belmont."

"I'll do that," Brad said, deciding to act on the unsought advice, because he sensed it was good.

At dawn the next day Brad checked the night riders as they returned to camp, then saddled a fresh horse and headed toward the river. Across the river and some miles to the south-west was Crescent Head.

He rode swiftly. It was treeless country and fenceless. Men had ridden into this land for many reasons and the land had swallowed them so completely that even their families had ceased to inquire as to their whereabouts. If a man sought companionship he rode east, but if he yearned for anonymity he headed due west.

It was possible, Brad Singleton thought, that Craig Belmont in years past had been such a man. He had come as far as he could at the time and squatted, carving his kingdom from the inhospitable land. Now, when the cattle drives from the north were beginning to wear a track past his front door, he was making the most of it before the cumbersome hand of authority finally touched his stronghold.

He reached his destination an hour after sun-up. Crescent Head was a collection of buildings planted in the middle of a plain. Only the home paddocks were fenced. He dismounted and lowered the sliprails which enclosed the dirt drive leading to the homestead. On the fence post was a roughly executed drawing in charcoal and ochre. It showed the head of an aboriginal against a crescent moon.

He smiled, acknowledging the drawing for what it was—the Belmont coat-of-arms.

He rode up the long drive to meet the man who considered himself worthy of a personal crest and who demanded toll from those who traversed his holdings. In front of the homestead was a stoutly built timber stockade. A group of people hung on its fence, watching the occupants. They were engrossed in the activities of the man and the horse, so that Brad Singleton's arrival passed unnoticed.

He sat his horse and watched them. The man who stood head and shoulders above the others was, he guessed, Craig Belmont. His body was broad and thick. It was easy to believe that everything he owned he had gained because of his great strength.

The girl by his side was dressed in pants and shirt. She stood with one booted foot resting on the lower rail of the stockade. Her hair was drawn back and tied with a ribbon. Brad could not see her face, but there was something about the set of her shoulders and the indolent grace of her body that gave the impression of a competence and self-assurance unusual in a woman of that predominantly male period.

The other spectators were male, whites and half-castes, wearing the broad hats with the green-hide bands which marked them as boundary riders. The girl saw him first. Her attention wandered from the occupants of the stockade, as if she had lost interest, or as if she were sure of the outcome of the battle between horse and man.

To page 30

While Brad looked for a moment at the girl, Craig Belmont said, "Now there's a horse. If I were twenty years younger I'd be on his back by now."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925887

Christmas ideas from Norway

Norway sardine party platter

Here's a delightful way to serve Norway sardines. Just let your guests help themselves from this attractive platter. Arrange two 3¾oz. cans of Norway Sardines on a platter with cracker biscuits, salami, olives, and fresh garden radishes. Complete platter with *Stuffed Eggs Olaf* as follows: Hard boil 6 eggs and cool in cold water. After removing shells cut eggs lengthwise. Scoop out yolks and mix with pickle and 2 tablespoons of mayonnaise. Season to taste. Stuff eggs with mixture. Top each egg-half with a Norway sardine and decorate with a criss cross of red pimento strips. Cool in refrigerator before serving.

Why do Norway sardines taste so much better?

From icy Norwegian fjords, coldest richest waters in the world. Smoked over spicy oakwood fires. That's the secret of the delicious flavour that *only* Norway sardines have. At Christmas parties the tastiest savouries on the table are made with Norway sardines. Tin sizes range from the small 1oz. can for single serves to the large 3¾ oz. size.

Norway sardines are packed close and whole in every tin, surrounded by the best quality pure natural or olive oils. (And no Norway sardine has a fish scale either.)

Use gay Norwegian novelties as Christmas decorations

Sweet baskets: These can be hung on the Christmas tree, filled with nuts and sweets. Cut 2 pieces of glossy kindergarten paper into a rectangle 6½" x 2¼" cutting ends into a curved shape. Fold each piece in halves and make three cuts to within ½" of the curved end. Lay one piece over the other at right angles. Starting from the top weave each section into the other to make the basket. Attach a handle.

The gay *Ski Figure* (above) is made on a pipe cleaner base and covered with coloured wool. Make skis from ice cream sticks or emery boards.

Make the *Snowman* from cotton wool, wrapped around rolled cardboard. The hat is a cotton reel covered with felt, eyes and mouth are painted on. Decorate it with artificial holly.

Look for this emblem of the Norwegian Canners' Association. It is on many tins of Norway Sardines.

NORWAY

INSIST...INSIST ON NORWAY SARDINES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925888

First Baby

"I want it to be a girl, just like you," Tim had told Sara tenderly.

This was a day to be treasured for ever . . . a short short story

BY PADDY FORD

It was warm in the room, and quiet. Warm with summer sun flowing through open windows; even the gentle breeze that from time to time stirred the curtains was warm. A shining black cat lay on the rug before the empty fireplace, stretched into a contented line.

The room was rather like the cat, peaceful and contented, yet as if it were waiting for something exciting to happen.

A girl came into the room. Tall and golden, happiness clung to her as if she shared a secret with herself—as, indeed, she did. She sat down, got up again, stood by the windows and did not see any of the swaying, growing things in the garden. All she saw was her dream, and she smiled as she contemplated it in the still, blue air outside.

Today! It would be today, for sure. She pressed her hand against her side, and felt again the small, as yet, wriggle of pain.

Today? It was hard to believe. The months of waiting had been long and slow, and now that the beginning was here she wanted to prolong it, savor it, remember every single second of excitement, for soon it would vanish into the past. Just for this moment she wanted to hold close to her this strange mood of anticipation and fear.

The telephone in the corner tinkled into the drama, breaking it. Reluctantly, the girl turned from the window and walked slowly across the polished wood floor. She picked up the receiver. "Hello," she said, a little unwillingly.

"Darling"—the voice was anxious—"are you all right? I thought you weren't going to answer."

Dear Tim, she thought. Darling Tim. He's sweet to worry, but I don't want him to. I just want to be alone.

Her voice was gentle as she murmured, "Yes, I'm feeling fine. Fine and lazy, and the sun is shining and I shall go into the garden . . ." I can't tell him, she thought. Not yet. Besides, it might be a false alarm.

"Don't try to do too much . . ."

"I told you," she said. "I shall go into the garden. I'll read or something." The pain flickered round her again, so that she caught her breath a little and stopped.

Tim did not seem to notice. He sounded relieved. "See you tonight, then, darling," he said.

"Till tonight . . ." She put the receiver back, and sat looking at the telephone, thinking of Tim. Ah, Tim . . . she loved him so much. Funny how even he could not encroach on the excitement of the experience that lay before her; how, for a while, she needed no one.

In the garden she sat down carefully in a deckchair, wondering briefly if she could manage the ascent later.

This is it, she thought; the last few hours of being the person I've known all my life. Soon I shall be different, irrevocably so. I shall be a mother.

And then, suddenly, she was afraid. Not so much of the birth itself, but of the unreality of it all. Surely this pain, this beginning, was happening to someone else? Not her? She who had always been so safe, with first her mother's love to protect her, and then Tim's. Even they, who loved her so much, and whom she loved, could not help her now.

To still her panic, she thought back to the beginning. Tim had been in the garden, she remembered, the afternoon she had returned from the doctor's with the knowledge that she was to have a baby.

He had not heard her coming because he was sweeping up leaves; as he stopped and wiped his hand against his forehead, she crept up behind him and whispered, "Hi!" in his ear. Smiling, he had whirled round and, because she was smiling, too, had guessed what she had to tell him.

The months went by; excitement changed slowly into acceptance, although the excitement was underlying everything she did.

She felt as if nobody in the world had ever had a baby before. She thought: waiting for one's first baby is a dreaming-time. I am growing up, preparing to become a mother . . . changing, changing all the time. Probably I shall never feel the same way again, for if I have any more children I shall know already what it is like to be a mother.

Now, in the drowsiness of the garden, with an aeroplane buzzing high up in the sky, she realised she had nearly fallen asleep, and shook herself, the strangeness and panic coursing through her again.

One of the next-door children shouted, high, gay, and happy. Everything became normal again; fear receded. She began to think of the baby—the little girl, for that was what it was going to be.

Tim wanted a girl. "Just like you," he'd said.

"Just like you . . ." That was nice. Something to hold on to in the unknown hours ahead. She smiled, dreamily. What would the baby be like? Probably small and red and scrawny. But beautiful, of course.

The pain came again, sharper this time, taking her by surprise. Afterwards, she lay back exhausted.

But she knew now, after that, she could not indulge her growing laziness. She must get ready.

She heaved herself out of her chair, her mind already back on practical, wifely things: Tim's supper—cold meat and salad in the fridge. Had she time to make the trifle she'd planned? No, Tim wouldn't mind; after all, this was quite an occasion. More important to find her bag, check its contents for the last time.

Excitement surged up in her again, only now it was attuned to reality. The dreaming-time was over. She wanted action; she wanted the baby. And, most of all, she wanted Tim.

With gathering urgency she finished her preparations and then, at last, telephoned him, asking him to come home.

When he came she told him, and watched his face change, become white and alert, and she said, "I shall be all right, Tim. You're not to worry about me." She squeezed his arm, and he kissed her quickly.

They ordered a taxi, and Tim said "Hurry" to the driver and, over the bumps, she felt the pain again, so that she echoed "Hurry" in her heart.

Even now, especially to Tim, she could not admit to the fear that niggled at her, the fear which even her exhilaration could not entirely banish.

She knew, with certainty, that she was about to experience the most wonderful thing a woman can; nothing would ever be quite the same as this, the first baby.

As the taxi stopped, and Tim helped her out, she felt happiness flow through her, so that she was strong once more, and proud.

As she kissed Tim goodbye in the waiting room, secure in the knowledge that he was nearby, she said goodbye also to a part of her life that would never, could never, be entirely the same again. She said it without regret and began to look forward to the new person, the mother.

And, of course, the baby. Her baby and Tim's.

(Copyright)

burda

WITH ENGLISH SUPPLEMENT

EUROPE'S LEADING MONTHLY FASHION & PATTERN MAGAZINE

now on sale at ALL NEWSAGENTS for 6/- per copy or £3 per annum.

It's a world of fashion in every issue of "burda." Glossy, colourful pages give you the latest designs from the world's fashion centres plus new hair styles and beauty hints. "burda" is the exciting colourful showcase of world fashion.

Order your copy now.

EVERY MONTH:—
- OVER 100 PAGES OF THE LATEST DESIGNS FROM OVERSEAS FASHION CENTRES
- OVER 90 "easy-to-follow" PATTERNS FROM PARIS & ROME
- BEAUTY HINTS
- FABULOUS HAIR STYLES

burda

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

ONLY **2/6** EACH

POST COUPON NOW FOR SPECIAL OFFER

To: OVERSEAS PERIODICALS (AUST.) PTY. LTD.
Duking House, Rowson Place, Sydney, N.S.W.
Please forward me ☐ special issues of "burda" for 2/6 each.
I enclose Cheque/Money Order/ Postal Notes for £____/____/____

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... STATE .....

Goddard's *Silver Dip*

BANISHES STAINS AND TARNISH *WITHOUT RUBBING!*

Go ahead and be downright **proud** of your gleaming Goddard's-dipped silver. No need to tell that those stubborn stains and tarnish went with no work at all—even between fork prongs and filigree. Good silver stays good forever with Goddard's Silver Dip. **7/9.**

DIP
RINSE
DRY

GODDARD'S, *specialists in fine polishes for over 120 years.*

1159

Planning a Christmas party?

KING OSCAR SARDINES

. . . from Norway

For tastiest Christmas party fare.

CB6A

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925889

Continuing . . . THE NIGHT HORSE

from page 27

She said something to the man at her side, and Craig Belmont turned to face his visitor. He did not go forward. He waited. It had been a long time, Brad guessed, since Craig Belmont had approached anyone. Those who sought him approached him, preferably with hat in hand. Now he stood, with the buildings of Crescent Head and his daughter and his men and the stockaded horse as his fitting background.

Brad dismounted and approached them, removing his hat in deference to the girl, and wishing she was not present, so that he could have kept it on.

"Brad Singleton," he said to Belmont. "I'm the boss of the cattle drive bedded down north of the river."

Belmont nodded. "The night riders told me you were there. How many head — about a thousand?"

"About," Brad confirmed, thinking that Belmont's night riders were valuable men if they could estimate the number of head in the dark of the night.

"We've had our eyes on you for the past day," Belmont said. "You've made good time."

"Passable," Brad said. "I plan on swimming them across the river this morning. We'll bed down outside the town until nightfall and drive them in when it's dark. That way the citizenry won't complain of the dust."

His voice was only slightly sour, tinged with the unconscious contempt of the man whose life was divorced from towns and those whose lives were wedded to them.

Belmont grinned. "Before we discuss terms you'll have some food."

Brad opened his mouth to set Belmont right on the question of "terms," but the older man intercepted him.

"I insist," Craig Belmont said. "No man passes by Crescent Head and goes away unfed. Isn't that right, Constance?"

The girl said "Yes," and looked at her father and then at Brad.

She knew and Brad knew that Belmont was a man who liked to haggle. He knew Brad had come to argue, and there was nothing he liked better than an argument, especially as he always won. He was setting the stage for his haggle, reasoning that a man who had eaten was in better condition to give him a good fight than one who was hungry and impatient.

From within the stockade came the angry neighing of a horse and the thud of a man's body hitting the ground. Belmont turned swiftly back to the fence.

"Up, you fool!" he shouted to the man on the ground. "He'll be all over you in seconds."

He made an exclamation of disgust as the man, with hands protectively over his head, rolled toward the fence, while the horse danced warily across to the far side of the stockade.

"There is a horse," Belmont said to Brad. "No one can get near him. If I was twenty years younger and four stone lighter I'd be on his back now." His hands gripped the top rail of the stockade. He said admiringly, "The black devil."

Brad looked at the girl. She was watching the horse, unsmiling. As if she felt Brad's eyes on her face, she said, "We call him The Night Horse."

"Fancy names, fancy names," Belmont said irritably. "He's a horse, and horses are like women. If one man doesn't break them, another will."

"He's still The Night Horse," Constance Belmont said. "Some horses are like some women—no one can break them."

Craig Belmont turned and stared down at her. "Don't be cheeky. You could ride him if you wanted. There's not a piece of horseflesh you can't handle. Why not this one?"

She was silent, while the men around them shuffled uncomfortably, aware that Brad knew her refusal to attempt the horse was an oft-gnawed bone of contention between her and her father.

"I don't want to ride him," Constance Belmont said at last, and the smile on her face was cool and insolent. "I never do anything I don't want to do—you know that."

"Breaking horses is a man's job," Brad said, as much to needle Constance as Belmont, because he instinctively knew that Constance did not accept the reigning belief that there were certain boundaries women should not cross.

He was a man who did not shock easily, but now he was shocked, because Belmont was urging his daughter to ride a horse which looked as mean as any he had ever seen.

"Why won't you, Connie?" Belmont said, and his voice was heavy with the unaccustomed cajolery of the bully.

"Maybe it's because I'm afraid of him," Constance said. "Animals can smell fear before they smell water. He wouldn't let me within roping distance."

"That's just an excuse. You're not afraid of anything," Belmont said to his daughter, and Brad saw that he believed it. "More's the pity." He stamped away from them toward the house.

CONSTANCE shrugged and turned back to the stockade, her face serene. Brad Singleton leaned on the fence beside her and looked at the big dark horse, whose very presence in the stockade, unridden, must have been a constant reminder to Belmont of his inability to master this particular situation.

The Night Horse whinnied and shied, backing away from the sight and smell of humans. Since his capture he had eaten and drank and repulsed all advances, circling the stockade and watching for his chance to rejoin the wild horses from which he sprang.

"Why won't you try to ride him?" Brad asked, because he, too, believed her profession of fear was just an excuse.

He watched her while she considered the question. He had not talked with a woman for many months. Constance Belmont was not the sort of woman he would have chosen to talk with. She had too much self-assurance and too much of the quality her father referred to as "cheeky" to measure up to his standard of a desirable female. But she was there. Her hair shone, her fingernails were clean, and her skin was soft. She was a prelude to the pleasures of The Last Town and the city on the coast.

As long as he forgot she was Craig Belmont's daughter and wore pants instead of full skirts he could enjoy the pleasant sound of her voice.

She turned to face him. Her self-possession and the set of her body gave the illusion of height, but he saw with surprise that the top of her head came only to his chin. Her eyes were green, shadowed by thick black lashes, and they met his without the awareness usually present in a woman's gaze when it rested on him.

He found it was a lot easier than he had anticipated to forget she was Belmont's daughter and wore pants instead of full skirts.

"As soon as my father breaks something—or someone—he loses interest," Constance Belmont said. "That's why."

He believed her. It did not occur to him until later, when it was almost too late, that this was the excuse and the reason she had given Belmont was the truth. He stood looking down at her, aware of the fact that he had chosen a bad time to argue with Belmont, who was in the process of battling with the

To page 72

MEDS, the Modess Tampon, is the most modern, blissfully comfortable and convenient form of feminine protection . . . worn internally.

Perfectly safe! Nurses especially appreciate Meds, and so, too, do other discriminating women. Next time, place your trust in Meds. Available with or without applicator.

Meds

tampons

by Modess

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

For free informative booklet mailed in plain wrapper, write to:

NURSE REID, JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.
BOX 1111, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ STATE _____

A.W.W. 22.11.41

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925890

THE JUDAS TREE

For him life now wove a rich new pattern . . . part two of our serial

BY A. J. CRONIN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

LIVING in luxurious retirement in a villa in Switzerland, DAVID MORAY has found the life he determined to have ever since his struggle as an impoverished medical student in Scotland. His friends are the exiled aristocrats of Europe and world-famous celebrities. Among these is a baron's widow, FRIDA von ALTISHOFER, whom he feels would make an admirable wife.

At a party with her, someone mentions the name of a village in Scotland — a name Moray had hoped to forget forever — Ardfillan, the village where he had met his first love. From then on he relives the days when as a student he toured the moors on a borrowed motor cycle, and one day after a slight accident had gone to the local railway station for help. MARY DOUGLAS, who worked in the refreshment room, bandaged his knee and took him home, where he met her father, AUNT MINNIE, brother WILLIE, and her fiance, WALTER STODDART.

Later, after ringing and asking to speak to Mary, Moray was coldly told by Aunt Minnie not to bother them again. Bewildered and hurt, Moray wrote to Mary asking her to meet him in town. It was then they realised they loved each other. Shortly after, Moray learnt he had passed his exams with honors, and wired Mary that he would be arriving at Ardfillan that day. NOW READ ON:

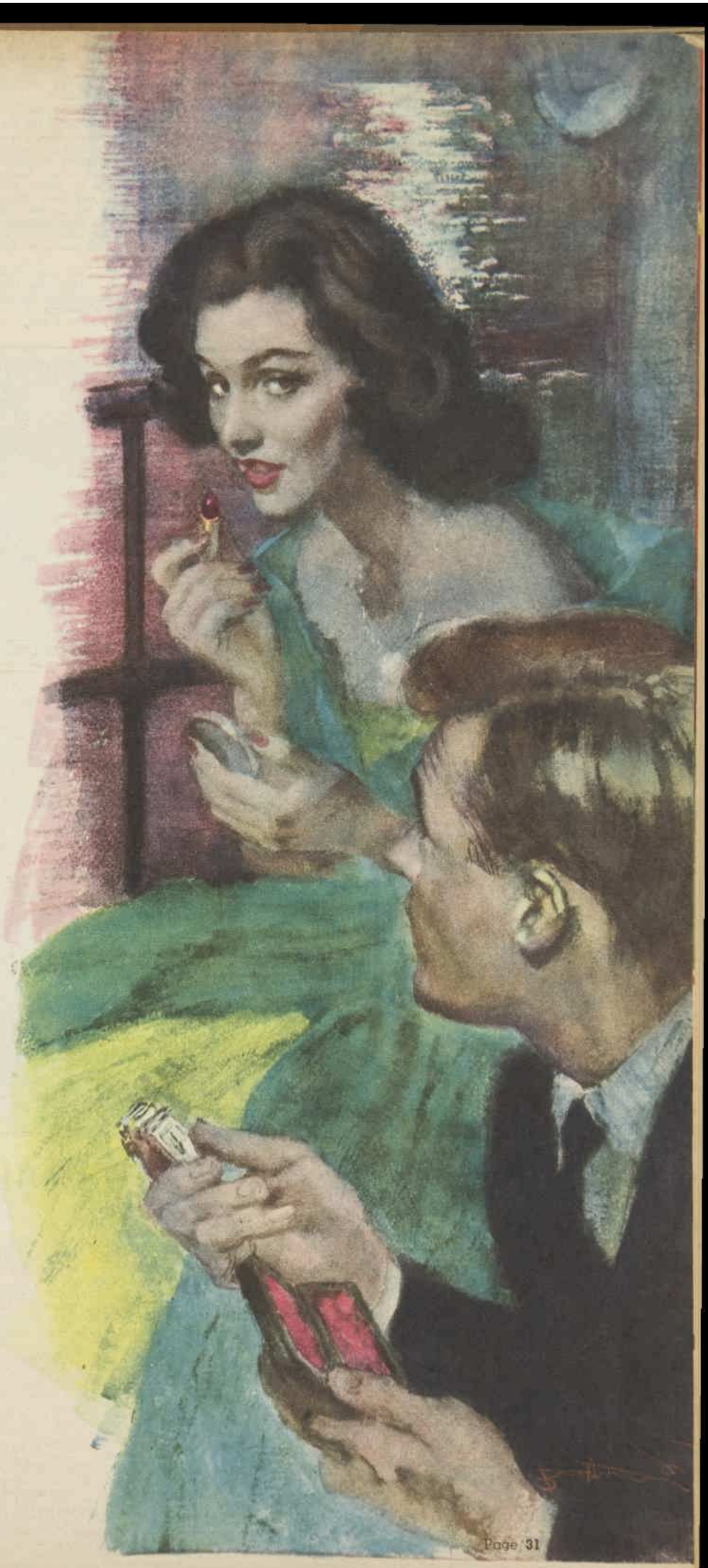
WHEN Moray arrived she was at the station to meet him. Quickly, quickly, her eyes shining, looking pale yet prettier than ever before, she advanced and, breathlessly unheeding of the others on the platform, offered him her lips. If, in these last hectic days, he had forgotten the warm freshness of her kiss, now it was renewed. As they went out of the station and started toward her home he still held her hand. Overcome, neither had so far spoken a single intelligible word. He saw that she dared not ask the question uppermost in her mind, and though he had planned a long and suspenseful recital of his success, he merely said, humbly, not looking at her:

"I've passed, Mary . . . at the top, with honors."

A sudden nervous tightening of her fingers on his, then in a voice stifled by feeling:

"I knew you'd do it, Davie dear . . . but oh, I'm so glad, so terribly glad you have. Now we can face up to things together."

To page 32



Surprised at the costly gift, Moray looked up to see Doris watching him with an indefinable smile.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925891

His bent toward her in concern.

"It's been difficult for you here."

"Not exactly easy." She softened the words by a tender upward glance. "When I went to tell Walter, at first he thought I was joking. He couldn't believe his ears, that any woman would turn him down. When he found I was in earnest . . . he wasn't . . . nice. Then his parents came to see Father . . . that was bad, too . . ." She smiled wryly. "I was called a few fancy names."

"I'd like to break that damn fellow's neck."

"No," she said seriously. "I suppose I was to blame. But I can only thank heaven for being spared the awfulness of getting into that family and" — she pressed close to him — "for finding you. I love you, Davie."

"And I you, Mary."

"That's everything," she sighed. "Nothing else matters."

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 31

"But didn't your own family stand up for you?"

"In a way," she said. "But, except for Willie, they're not too pleased with me for all that . . . however, here we are, and first we'd better see my father."

Through an entrance in the near side of the yard she took him into the bakery. Douglas, with his foreman, John Donaldson, was shelving the heavy board on which the double Scotch loaves, black crust upward, were ranged in rows. Over his shoulder he saw Moray enter, yet he finished the shelving, then slowly divested himself of the apron before coming forward.

"Father," Mary burst out, "David has passed his examination with honors and come out top of the list."

"So you're a doctor now. Well, that's something gained."

He led the way out of the bakery and upstairs to the front parlor, where Willie was at the cleared table doing his lessons and Aunt Minnie seated knitting by the window. The boy gave Moray a swift welcoming smile, but the aunt, frowning at her flashing needles, did not once look up.

"Sit down, man, sit down," said the little baker. "We've had our tea earlier than usual today . . . but . . . well, maybe afterwards, if ye're hungry, Mary'll get you a bite."

David took a stiff chair by the table. Mary drew another over and sat down by his side.

"Leave the room, Willie," the aunt said, finally forking her needles into the knitting and favoring Moray with a chilly scrutiny. "Did you hear me, Willie!"

Willie went out.

"Now, David," the baker began, "ye must understand that this has been a bit of a shock to us . . . It has placed us in a most unfortunate position. My daughter had given her plighted word to a worthy man, well connected and highly respected in the borough. Not only was she engaged to be married, the wedding day had been set . . . when suddenly, without rhyme or reason, she breaks the whole thing off in favor of a total stranger."

"There was a very good reason, sir. Mary and I fell in love."

"Love!" exclaimed the aunt in an indescribable tone. "Before you appeared on that blessed bike of yours, like some . . . some half-baked Lochinvar, she was in love with Walter."

"Not at all." Moray felt Mary's hand steal toward his under the table. "She never was. And I'm convinced she would never have been happy with him."

"That'll do now," Douglas interposed sharply. "Walter may have his peculiarities . . . but we know he's sound enough underneath."

"Which is more than we know of you!" threw out the aunt.

"I'm sorry you have such a poor opinion of me." Moray glanced deprecatingly toward Minnie. "I hope later on you may change your mind. This isn't the first time an engagement has been broken. Better later than never."

"It's true," Mary murmured. "I never wanted Walter."

"Then why didn't you say so before? Now you've put the Stoddarts against us. They'll hate us forever. And you know what that means to your father."

"Ay, it's not a pretty prospect . . . but the least said on that score the better."

A SILENCE followed, then Moray, pressing Mary's hand, addressed himself to the baker. He had never shown to better advantage, his fresh, clever young face alight with feeling and sincerity.

"I realise that I've caused you a lot of trouble, sir . . . and pain. I'm truly sorry. But some things just can't be helped . . . like lightning . . . they strike you. That's the way it happened with Mary and me. You mayn't think too much of me now, but you'll not regret having me as a son-in-law. I have made my degree and it's a good one. I'll get a job in no time, and it won't be so very long before I've got a first-class practice. All I want is to have Mary with me, and I'm sure that's what she wants, too."

"That's well said, David. And now ye've spoken out I'll allow that from the first . . . like my daughter here . . ." Douglas smiled at Mary. "I was mistaken with ye and wi' all ye have done. Since what maun be maun be, I'll agree ye can be engaged. As for the marriage, there maun be a decent interval, ay, a decent interval to prevent scandal in the town."

Even Aunt Minnie had softened, impressed by the tone of Moray's moving little speech. "Maybe you're right . . . we mustn't be too hard on them."

"Oh, thank you, Father . . . thank you, Aunt Minnie." Mary jumped up a little wildly and kissed them both. "I knew you'd make everything all right. And now will I get Davie something to eat, Auntie?"

"Fetch him in biscuits and cheese. And some of the new batch of cherry cakes."

"Just one thing more, Father," Mary pleaded, angelically. "Can Davie stay the night? Please. I've seen so little of him lately."

"Well . . . just for tonight. Tomorrow he'll have to be seeking that job." A thought struck the little baker. He added severely: "And if you're thinking of walking out tonight, Willie'll have to go with you."

Hurrying between the kitchen and the parlor, she put a choice little meal before him, but in the wonder of this magic day food had become a sordid thing, he had little appetite. When he had finished she put on her hat and coat. Every movement that she made seemed to him special and significant, precious, unique, adorably feminine. Then they went out and, arm in arm in the darkness, walked along the Esplanade with Willie at their side. The boy, excited by the turn of events, was in a talkative mood, putting all sorts of questions to Moray, who had not the heart to tell him he was in the way. Mary, on fire with an equal longing, was more resourceful.

"Willie, dear," she said sweetly, as they reached the end of the promenade, "I've just remembered I forgot to get Auntie's black-striped balls for tomorrow. Here's a threepenny bit. Run back to McKellar's for twopence worth and get a chocolate bar for yourself. There's a good boy. Davie and I'll be sitting here when you get back."

When Willie had scudded off they went into the wooden shelter. It was empty. Seated in the corner, protected from the wind, they clung to each other, the beat of the tide lost in the beating of their hearts.

To page 56

NOW. . . HEAR *STEREO* WITH A DIFFERENCE !

There's more to this magnificent unit than sheer styling. It took the technical and research know-how of 40 years to perfect it. The all-Australian manufacturing resources of Electronic Industries to produce it. The skill and honest workmanship of 5,000 people to back it up with quality. The result . . . the ASTOR 'Concertmaster'. A long, low line, painstaking cabinet craftsmanship in the revolutionary new Polyester finish which sheds stains, resists scratches and cigarette burns. It captures with uncanny realism the spell of the actual performance, and bristles with advanced features such as newest design, all-speed, all-size record changer, full range console radio, four-speaker performance, immense record storage. Experience an ASTOR demonstration. This will convince you it's *the* 'Stereo of the Sixties'! *125 Gns.

*ASTOR 'Royal' 23" Console *189 Gns.*

*New ASTOR 'Cordless Mantel' *29 Gns.*

ASTOR

CONCERTMASTER STEREO

** Prices slightly higher in W.A., North Q'land and Tas.*

1JP/GRW/1A

A PRODUCT OF THE VAST RESOURCES OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LIMITED

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925892

This nine-page feature gives special recipes, a holiday dress, gifts to sew, and ideas for decoration

BE READY FOR CHRISTMAS

Novel Trees To Make

SWEETS GALORE!

TOFFEES in their colorful wrappings form the decoration on this charming tree made by Mrs. H. G. Furnell, of Toorak, Vic. They are fixed on to a chicken-wire frame which is covered with tufted roses of white organza.

This type of tree will be popular with both young and old. Careful lighting will make the toffee papers glisten.

To provide extra sparkle — if you want it — intersperse silver tinsel among the organza roses.

Materials: Four yards of white organza, 14lb. sweets in colored wrappers, 1½yds. chicken wire, wooden pole to length required, piece of wood to form base, nails, pliable wire.

Glue or nail wooden pole into the base. Fold the chicken wire to form a large lampshade and nail this securely to the top of the pole.

Cut organza into saucer-sized pieces. Using 3 at a time, form them into a rose shape and push into chicken wire with a pencil.

Sweets should be the type with colored wrapping, the paper tufted at each end. Using pliable wire, gather 4 or 6 sweets into a small posy and attach them to the chicken-wire frame.

The sweets can be taken off and eaten during the Christmas season and the white organza looks pretty without them.

COPPER, GOLD, AND WATTLE

MRS. HAROLD HOLT, of Toorak, Vic., designed a tree that was definitely Australian and yet contained all the delicate sparkle associated with Christmas decorations.

Materials: Branch of wattle, some miniature birds, cuttlefish (optional), gold and copper paper, gold ribbon, walnuts, almonds, and raisins, hairpins, sequins, bugle beads, gold streamers, cardboard cylinders, pot for base, plaster of paris.

The quantities depend on size of tree.

Strip branch of its leaves, dry, and set upright in plaster of paris in a pot. Decorate small branches with small figures of birds (Mrs. Holt used toy Australian finches) carrying gold and copper-colored parcels in their beaks.

The parcels must be light so they do not overbalance the birds.

Mrs. Holt carved pieces of cuttlefish and covered them with gold and copper paper tied with gold ribbon, but tissue paper folded into the shape of small parcels could be used instead. The parcels dangle from gold ribbons attached to the birds' beaks with pins.

Walnuts, almonds, and raisins hang from more gold ribbons. Nuts are attached to the ribbons with hairpins inserted through the holes, which are drilled through the shells where the stems were originally.

Long strings of sequins and bugle beads also hang from the branches and gold streamers (previously wound round cardboard cylinders to make them spiral).

Mrs. Holt placed the pot in a basket from New Guinea. Parcels covered with gold and copper paper were heaped at base of tree.

The color scheme has been kept to gold and copper to indicate the feeling of heat in Australia at Christmastime.

More trees on page 35

CHRISTMAS TREE FESTIVALS

THE nine trees in this section were all part of a Y.W.C.A. Christmas Tree Festival held in Melbourne last year. Originated by the Brisbane Y.W.C.A. in 1952, these festivals have been held in various cities ever since.

In addition to trees, nativity scenes, table settings, and a variety of decorations are included. An international theme is often arranged to bring to Australia the Christmas legends, customs, and traditions of other countries.

This year festivals will be held at:

MELBOURNE: November 13 to 22 at Foy and Gibson, Bourke Street.

ADELAIDE: November 28 to December 2 at Y.W.C.A., Pennington Terrace, North Adelaide.

NEWCASTLE: November 28 to December 1 at the City Hall.

BROKEN HILL: November 27 to December 2 at Y.W.C.A., 349 Blende Street.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925893

POLAROID BRAND

SUNGLASSES

Best under the Sun!

FOR YOUR PROTECTION MAKE THIS UNIQUE TEST

This Control Filter Tag is attached to every pair of POLAROID SUNGLASSES. Rotate before lens—it blacks out. This tag is supplied for your protection to demonstrate the polarizing properties of POLAROID SUNGLASSES.

POLAROID SUNGLASSES OFFER YOU THE UNIQUE PROTECTION THAT ONLY A POLARIZING LENS CAN PROVIDE.

POLAROID SUNGLASSES ARE DIFFERENT, THEY ARE BETTER.

POLAROID SUNGLASSES — AVAILABLE AT OPTICIANS, OPTOMETRISTS, CHEMISTS AND MAIN DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE.

Polaroid and ⓟ are the registered trade marks of Polaroid Corporation, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925894

NOVEL TREES TO MAKE

. . . Continued

ROUNDABOUT

Mrs. F. N. Falkiner, of Toorak, Victoria, made this tree.

Materials: Wooden base 24in. by 17in., pieces of wood, white felt 30in. by 23in., the cylinder from a package of tinfoil, small olive-oil bottle, gold foil, candle-holder 3in. in diameter with hole in centre, golden ball, thin twine, glue two lead fishing-weights, 10 Father Christmas figures, 4yds. red and 4yds. white ribbon, baubles, 4 miniature sleighs, matchboxes, holly, bells, colored balls, 2 candle trees.

Attach legs to base and drape felt over. Pleat gold foil and cover cylinder. Cut hole in centre of felt and stick olive-oil bottle in this. Place cylinder over bottle. Fix candle-holder to cylinder top. Thread thin twine through wire loop on ball, through hole in centre of candle-holder, and attach two fishing-weights to ends of twine. Drop weights into cylinder.

Glue Father Christmases on felt round cylinder. Cut red and white ribbon into 10 pieces. Attach to arms of figures and turn over 1in. at other end to form loop. Thread twine through loops and tie round candle-holder. Fill sleighs with wrapped matchboxes. Decorate as above.

WIRE MESH

Mrs. R. Orr, Toorak, Vic., made this tree from 1½yds. ¼in. mesh wire. Twist wire round base of large saucepan three times. Attach raw edge of wire to itself. Push wire down on to itself, to 2-3rds of original height. Twist remaining 1-3rd into diminishing swathe. Spray wire with clear lacquer and dust with silver glitter. Repeat until you have required glittered effect. Decorate top with cheap diamente brooch, star, and bunches of holly. Encircle base with spun-glass snow and decorate with red crackers.

IN TRADITIONAL EUROPEAN STYLE

The tree shown above was made by Mrs. Bessell Brown, of Elsternwick, Vic. It is a cardboard version of the traditional fir tree which is used in Europe.

Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert, introduced this and other German Christmas customs to England.

Mrs. Brown has created a snow effect on the ends of the branches with white lacquer. While the lacquer is still tacky it is sprinkled with gold sparkle to give an even more realistic effect.

Materials: 2 large sheets of thick cardboard or pulpboard, 3 tins lacquer (¼-pint size) in red, pine-green, and white, 1 small packet size, 13yds. narrow gold gauze ribbon, wooden rod 1½in. diameter 8in. long, about 100 small flat sea shells, metal flower-pot 5in. high (red or gold) or 30oz. empty tin lacquered red, gold sequins, 1 phial gold sparkle, 1 tube of glue, 4 cups plaster of paris, brown water paint.

Make tiny bows from 12yds. of the ribbon cut into 6in. lengths (72). Lacquer outside of shells red. Mark and cut the cardboard into 6 shaped pieces as in diagram below right. Cover with size on both sides, hang to dry by a string threaded through "tail." When shells are dry stick 2 or 3 sequins to each shell. Lacquer the tin if not using flower-pot.

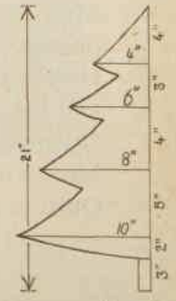
Next day, when size is dry, apply green lacquer to both sides and edges of each tree shape and hang to dry again. A few hours later paint on white lacquer to look like snow on edge of branches. While white lacquer is still tacky, sprinkle with gold sparkle and allow to dry.

Saw three slots across the end of the wooden rod so they intersect at the centre and go to a depth of 2in. These slots must be wide enough to slide tree shapes into them. When cut, paint top 2in. of wooden rod green and paint lower part brown.

Stick shells and bows to each side of 6 tree shapes (about 8 shells and 6 bows to a side). Place rod upright in the flower-pot, setting it in plaster of paris.

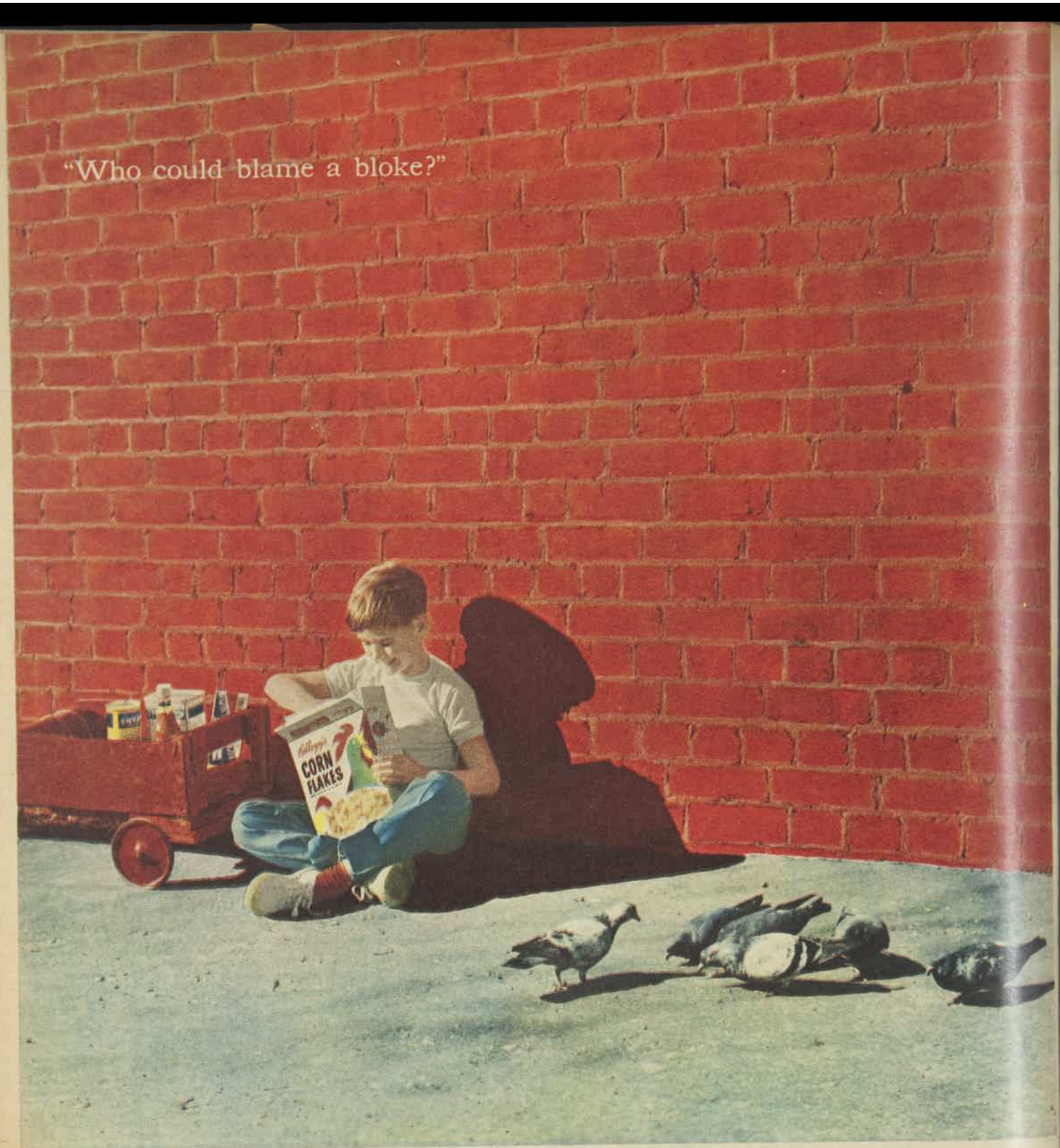
Allow plaster to set hard; paint pale brown. When dry, and glued decorations on tree have set, cut tails off tree shapes and slide shapes into the grooves of the tree trunk (wooden rod) until they touch in the centre. Anchor them together at top with florist's wire threaded through tiny holes in the tips. Finally cover this wired section with a top-knot made with the other yard of gold ribbon looped into a rosette. For a party place a wreath of red and gold wrapped sweets, wound together with florist's wire, round the base of the flower-pot.

DIAGRAM shows pattern for section of tree above. Six pieces of this shape are cut from cardboard.



More trees on page 37

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925895



There ought to be a better word than "delicious" just for

Many good things come in that Kellogg's Corn Flakes packet. But best of all is that *flavour*.
Here's a *special* flavour we can't describe and no one can copy.
Crispness that *welcomes* milk!
More vitamins than the whole-grain corn itself!
Quite a dish these Kellogg's* Corn Flakes — don't you agree?

*TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The best to you each morning."

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925896

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

November 22, 1961

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

HANDKNITS FOR THE BEACH

—pages 6, 7

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925897

LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

West met, and liked, the East

I RECENTLY returned from a holiday in Japan, where I met a number of teenagers.

I am 18, and had the opportunity of speaking with several girls who were in their fourth year at university, studying English. They spoke very well, but were a bit shy about it because their pronunciation was not perfect. I was shown one of the books that they had to read. I would have had to look up the dictionary several times each page to read it.

These girls were 22 or 23, but they seemed very immature. I felt as if I was with girls my own age or younger. However, they did not talk about boys all the time.

Japanese girls are also much shorter than we are. The average height seemed to be about five feet two. Just about all of them have beautiful skins.

How would you like to have your marriage arranged? This custom is apparently dying out in the big cities of Japan, but still goes on in the country.

When the girl is about 23 she goes to a great friend of the family (known as the "go-between") and he gives her several photographs and descriptions of boys who are about 27. She reads through them and decides on one.

A meeting is arranged with the girl and her family and the boy and his family. Relatives sometimes come into the picture, too.

If all goes well they go out together for a while, and then eventually become engaged and get married. They claim that fewer marriages arranged this way end up on the rocks!

The Japanese are very friendly people and did everything to help us enjoy our stay there. They also have a very beautiful country. The scenery is wonderful.—*"Japan Mad," Coonamble, N.S.W.*

Next week

HOLIDAYS are ahead, summer is just around the corner—so what are you doing about those cool casual clothes you'll need for hot days? Candy Hardy has designed some smart holiday fashions specially for Australian teenagers, and all can be made from easy-to-follow patterns. Color pictures of these fashions, with details of how to order the patterns, are in our next issue. Our cover pin-up is of the Dave Bridge Quartet—an Australian group rising rapidly in popularity.

It can happen

A SMALL car speeds towards you around a bend in the road, on your side. You swerve, looking for a clear patch of road. No room. You brake, and brace yourself. The other car's brakes and tyres screech, a jarring crash, and then—silence.

Into this silence a radiator drips its presence and a small child begins to cry. You are lucky, with only a few cuts and bruises, but what about the other people?

A woman, the driver of the other car, and her small son are taken to hospital with head injuries.

I am only 18 years old, but have driven for three years since getting my licence in America at the age of 15. I had always boasted that I would never be in an accident, and doubtless the other driver had done the same.

Now we have both been in an accident. Next time you drive, remember that it could happen to you.

Try to imagine how you would feel, standing next to your smashed car, watching an ambulance going to a hospital with people injured because of careless speeding, either theirs or yours. Do you still want to speed?—*"James," Perth.*

Short and sweet

SO many people say they cannot make *SHORTBREAD*, so I hasten to send in this never-fail recipe. Cream a quarter-pound of butter (best for flavor, but margarine will do) with two ounces of castor sugar, then work in six ounces plain flour and one ounce ground rice.

Press into round or cut into shapes and bake in slow oven about three-quarters of an hour. Sprinkle with sugar. Double or treble the recipe when you see how easy it is.—*"Short and Sweet," Atherton, Qld.*

Another festival

HAVING noticed an article in August 30 issue of T.W. about the "Moon-Cake" Festival recently celebrated in Hongkong, I thought your readers might be interested in the Chung Yeung Festival which occurred on October 18, or on the ninth day of the ninth moon in the Chinese calendar.

On this day large crowds of people visited their ancestors' tombs and climbed great heights. Trains and other public transport were doubled on this day to cope with the large crowds.

The festival is based on the Chinese belief that to climb a mountain on the ninth moon brings good luck for the rest of the year.

The legend is that once upon a time a man named Woon Ching and his family were advised to climb to the top of a high mountain on that particular day of the year.

They did so and escaped disaster, for when they returned home they discovered that all their domestic animals had mysteriously died. — *Susan Park, Bayview Mansion, 54 MacDonnell Road, Hongkong.*

Sweet sorrow

"IT'S *ONLY* a teenage crush!"

That's how everyone laughs off this stage of young love. A longing for someone who doesn't really know you exist. A part of "puppy-love" that has you laughing, crying, feeling happy, feeling sad. They say it'll happen again and again, but do they realise that a "teenage crush," especially the first, can *REALLY* hurt?" — *"Kerry," Perth.*

Hot and cold

HERE'S an exciting and easy-to-make dessert for teenage parties. Pour some fruit cocktail over generous servings of ice-cream. Place cubes of sugar, saturated with freshly opened lemon extract, around the ice-cream but not touching the glass of the dish. Set fire to the sugar cubes. It's exotic to look at and to eat!—*"Jo-anne," Launceston, Tas.*

BEATNIK

"Say, dad, could I have half of next week's allowance in advance?"

English teens

I'VE never been in Australia but would like to very much, especially when we're in the middle of our winters.

I wonder if you have the same trouble with a few teenagers as we do in England? Here it is the bad few that make the headlines. Recently all teenagers were banned from a cinema near here when a film starring Elvis Presley was on. Everyone had to suffer because a few had ripped seats.

Recently we had a sitdown protest over here by people voicing their opposition to nuclear bombs. Some of my older friends say these people are stupid. I don't think so. The ordinary person feels so helpless against this talk of war. —*Penny Lory, Yarburgh, Highfield Road, East Grinstead, Sussex, England.*

Mum's Day?

HAVE you ever tried to give your mother that "one day off?" I have.

Starting bright and early I decided to cook the breakfast and Sunday dinner. Having warned the family, I set about peeling potatoes, preparing other vegetables.

Five minutes later the person who is having a day off comes in and says, "Too many peas," "not enough potatoes." "You bake the meal such a way, etc." Result — Mother cooked the dinner.

Clearing up was easy, except for the occasional cry of "Don't break the cups, mind the dishes."

I'm glad it's the thought that counts, as I have never succeeded in giving Mother a real day off. — *"Try Again," Petersham, N.S.W.*

The best years of your life

● What are the best years of one's life? asked "Youngster" (T.W., 30/8/61). "Youngster's" mother didn't want to be young again, a friend of the family would have given anything to regain youth, and father said that a woman's best "ten" years were from 28 to 30.

MOST people, particularly parents, are always saying that the teenage years are the best years of your life. But they've forgotten that boys and girls spend the years from 16 to 20 worrying too much to relax. They worry about clothes, money, their dates, and just everything.

I think the best years of my life will come when I'm about 50 and have (I hope) a grown-up family, and time to enjoy both them and my grandchildren. By the time I'm 50, I hope that I will have realised that all the things I worry about now are just a part of growing up.—*"Teena," Hobart.*

THE best years of your life are the next years. They will bring you the success you want, fulfil the dreams of the present, and bring new joys and happiness to all. When you are feeling sad, think of the future and the secrets it has for you and you'll be happy. — *Dianne Young, Adelaide.*

A GIRL'S best years are definitely when she is a teenager. I will say that you *do* feel insecure, puzzled, and frightened at this time, but almost all teeners feel on top of the world more often than they feel downcast. — *"Teen," Essendon, Vic.*

MY mother agrees with "Youngster's" mother that the best years are between 25 and 50 and that she wouldn't be a teenager again for anything. She says that during those years we become mature enough to appreciate life more. But I agree with "Youngster." I would like to stay a teenager, too, as I am quite happy. — *"Content," Whyalla, S.A.*

THE best time of anyone's life is when they are happy and healthy, and these two things depend entirely upon environment. "Youngster's" mother would not like to sacrifice her knowledge and maturity for a world of immaturity and inexperience, where nothing is secure.

Her friend, who sometimes wishes she could escape the burdens of responsibility, feels she would be happier with the excitement, energy, and irresponsibility of youth. I wonder how she would feel if her wish were granted? — *"Fourteen," Wynyard, Tas.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925898

PIN-UP

A guy with a real swing

Jay Justin, who left Cessnock, N.S.W., 18 months ago to follow a feeling that show business was the life for him, is a swinging guy in more ways than one.

ANYONE who has met him will say he's one of the nicest fellows around — and his records and personal appearances show that he's not a bad entertainer, either.

Jay, who's 20, six feet tall, and rugged, took a job as a salesman in a Sydney shoe store and started singing lessons at the Conservatorium. His manager, Art Thurston, kept Jay on ice for six months' grooming and training before he even made a record.

The disc, "Sweet Sensation," backed with "Nobody's Darling But Mine," made the local charts and was also released in England, where it did well.

Then Jay made "Why Don't You Try?" and is now releasing a third (and better, he says) record called "Promise Me" — a plaintive ballad backed with Jay's own composition, a swinger titled "Please Be Mine."

He has now given up his job to work fulltime at his career. He has a secretary to help him answer his fanmail. He is studying acting, dancing, music theory, and the guitar to help him reach the ideal he has set himself and to gain the confidence he feels he lacks.

He appears regularly on TV and radio and has some country tours lined up. Melbourne will be seeing him soon, too.

Apart from singing, Jay is interested in surfing, football, and weightlifting. He hasn't any special girl-friend — not from choice but because, he says, he really hasn't the time.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925899

Busy life for Rip van Winkle girl

NANCYE STEWART, after eight years of blindness, could not remember what an aeroplane looked like, so friends arranged a flight for her. At left, First Officer S. Cronin explains the gadgets in the cockpit. Above, Nancye spinning a record of ballet music said her greatest thrill is seeing ballet performed on TV.

By Mildred Eden

● "I think I know how Rip van Winkle must have felt," the happiest girl in Brisbane, 18 - year - old Nancye Stewart, told me. Nancye had not awakened from a long deep sleep, but had regained her sight after eight years of almost total blindness.

"I can't get over how big Brisbane has grown," she said. "I don't think I'll ever be able to find my way about now—and the traffic!"

Life has been one exciting whirl for Nancye since the news of her recent miraculous recovery spread. Friends have taken her on sight-seeing tours of the city, aeroplane flights, visits to the local TV stations, and just plain window-shopping.

"I have to be careful near shops because I have always loved clothes, and now that I can choose my own I just can't stop buying!" she said.

A keen TV "listener" while she was blind, Nancye said she was not at all disappointed in the appearance of any of her favorite stars.

Although new careers are possible now, Nancye is quite happy to stay in her job as a telephonist.

But sight has created a problem. "I managed very well by touch and sound, and now it is confusing to be able to see what I'm doing!" she said.

Nancye has many plans for the future after she settles down. "I have to learn to read all over again for a start—I've forgotten the letters.

"And I want to go on with my piano lessons—only sight-reading this time.

"I would also like to do social work for the blind, as I think I could be of more help knowing all the problems from my own experience."

Meanwhile, Nancye has been making the most of every minute. "One of the things I loved seeing most was a ballet on TV," she said. "I love ballet music, and have collected quite a few records, but I had never seen it before."

Perhaps her greatest thrills have been aeroplane flights, which were arranged when she confessed that she couldn't remember what an aeroplane looked like.

Her first flight was to the Sunshine Coast resorts north of Brisbane, and later she flew to Canberra, where she met Prime Minister Menzies and saw the Federal Parliament in action.

Nancye said the only things which had not changed much were her own family and home. She lives with her mother, Mrs. C. Stewart, of Greenslopes, and her older brother, Ian, who is also blind.

"The house is just as I remember it," she said. "And I think I would have recognised myself too, although I thought my hair was a lighter brown."

An eye specialist said that Nancye's blindness apparently was caused by distrophy of the optic nerve.

He said cause of this disease was unknown, and as far as he knew nobody suffering from it had previously regained their sight.

4711 TOSCA

reveals the you you'd like to be

Enchanting »TOSCA« Perfume, Perfumed Cologne, Face Creams and Talcum Powder.

Distributors: Robert Blau (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 387 Kent St., Sydney; 422 Collins St., Melbourne, 119 Charlotte St., Brisbane.

TEST HOW NICE YOU ARE . . .

● Are you a happy person who likes everybody and is popular?

ANSWER these questions honestly, and you'll find out how others see you:

1. Do you have more than one close friend of your sex?
2. Do you ever do your own washing?
3. Are your parents usually right?
4. Are you always pleasant to people, whether you like them or not?
5. Do you usually feel happy when you wake up in the morning?
6. Do you like to pick the movie you see with your escort?
7. Do you like most of the people at work?
8. If you are depressed, can you keep it to yourself?
9. Do you refuse to lend your clothes?
10. Were you a prefect at school?
11. If you're out in a group, can you give in when you're in the minority?
12. Have you always had a "steady"?
13. Do you get on well with your brothers and sisters?
14. Do you feel irritable if something happens to upset your plans?
15. Do you always seem to forget to return borrowed things?

For questions 6, 9, 12, 14, and 15, score one point for each "no". Count one point for every other question you answered "yes".

If your score was 11-15, then you're easy to get on with. You're pleasant and good-natured and probably have a large group of friends.

6-10: You're about average. A little more thought would make you an easier and more popular person, but you're fairly well balanced.

0-5: Let's face it, you're difficult. Try controlling those feelings of yours a little more, thinking of other people instead of yourself all the time. You will be a lot happier.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925900

Boom in school railway clubs

By SHEILA McFARLANE

● Trains and railway systems, despite the fascination of jet aircraft and atomic submarines, are more than holding their own in the minds and imaginations of small boys, big boys — and old boys, too.

IN Victoria, railway hobby clubs are mushrooming in schools throughout the State.

Recently the clubs banded in to the Victorian School Railway Clubs' Association, which now totals 11 clubs with a total membership of 400.

"At every monthly meeting so far this year we've had an application from a new club wanting to join," said the secretary of the association, John Brady.

The ideals of the clubs are to promote active interest in the railway industry and a spirit of citizenship among members, who range from five-year-olds to serious matriculation - standard students.

An officer of Victoria's Department of Railways, Mr. Paul Carroll, said: "Leaders of the clubs wanted to have clubrooms for the association in a railway atmosphere, so we've provided them with space at North Richmond Station.

"But the administration of both the clubs and the association is left strictly to the boys. We feel a boys' organisation has more chance of survival if the boys run it."

Build own models

Each club publishes its own newsletter and annual report. Some of the clubs, like the Caulfield Grammar Railway Society, do their own printing.

The association also publishes a journal. One of its main features is a "Swap Shop" page, in which members advertise model equipment for exchange.

Most clubs establish their own book and map libraries and keep photograph albums in which their activities are recorded. The association also conducts photographic contests on various aspects of railway activities.

Clubs build their own complicated scale models of complete railway systems and display them at club exhibitions.

At meetings the boys elect stationmasters, civil and mechanical engineers, guards, drivers, train controllers, and other officials necessary for the smooth operation of a railway system.

Then they set their model trains in motion, each "official" carrying out his specified duties.

Truck sheets and telegraph message sheets, showing the number of trucks or carriages and their destinations in each train, are made out on replicas of railway stationery and passed from hand to hand.

The stationmaster must receive these before signalling a train through.

If there is too much traffic on the line and the danger of a collision, he holds the train and calls in the train controller to sort out the mess.

The mechanical engineer sees that all models are in good condition and consigns broken ones to the workshop for attention.

The civil engineer supervises the laying of rails and sees that all tracks are in safe working order.

Members pay a small subscription yearly and elect their own office-bearers, who carry out the entire administration of the club. Headmasters and teachers usually exercise only a guiding influence.

The Victorian Department of Railways, like a doting uncle in the background, lends railway films and assists in engaging guest speakers for meetings.

The Railways' Publicity Department keeps all clubs up to date by sending them copies of all Press releases.

The department also allows club members to go souvenir hunting on railway property.

"In fact we have a very happy understanding with the railways," said veteran railway club man Russell Nowell.

Russell is now a patron of the Caulfield Grammar Railway Society, to which he has belonged from kindergarten years. He was chairman of the society but had to resign that position when he left school last year.

As he ushered us into the office of his society, in the school grounds, Russell said: "Most of the souvenirs you see here were gained by the kind help of the railways."

Oldest club

Favorite souvenirs are locomotive number plates — the older the better — signalling apparatus, also preferably ancient, and headlamps.

The Caulfield Grammar Railway Society is the oldest of the school clubs. It was established 50 years ago, and is still one of the most active.

Members of the club recently conducted a survey of examination results and found that club members had higher marks generally than non-members.

John Brady, who is chairman of the Caulfield Grammar Club as well as secretary of the association, said: "Our better-than-average exam results are explained by the fact that our members have serious interests. None of our members is a rock-'n-roll fan."

The holiday dream of most members is an "all lines ticket" on the Victorian Railways. Some of them have covered 4000 miles in two weeks, travelling on main lines, branch lines, and little-used outback lines.

SCALE MODEL for a railway system built by members of the Caulfield Grammar Railway Society. Operating the model in the Society's rooms are (from left) Russell Nowell, John Brady, John Shellard, Rex Waite.

SOUVENIRS are prized by all clubs and one of the best is this 1910 model guard's van tail-light owned by the Caulfield Grammar Club and proudly displayed by Russell Nowell (left) and John Brady. The kerosene lamp is still in working order.

SCRAPBOOK session (left) for members of the Reservoir High School Railway Club. All clubs keep scrapbooks for any items of railway interest, and all members contribute to them.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925901

● Textured effect for the beach sweater (above) comes from a mixture of mohair boucle and crepe wool. The pattern is easy to work.

SWIMSUIT requires 1⅜yds. 36in. material, 1¼yds. 36in. lining. The pattern, No. 7439, comes in teenage sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Price 4/6 from Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please state size and name clearly and enclose postal note. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

IT'S perfect for cooler summer days and can be worn with slacks in winter.

Materials: 15 (16, 17) balls Peacock Mohair Boucle; 4 (4, 4) balls Peacock Double Crepe; 2 pairs Nos. 8 and 9 needles; 2 sets of 4 No. 8 needles.

Measurements: Bust to fit 32 (34, 36) in. (these are actual measurements); length 26 (26, 26) in.; length of sleeve seam, 18¾ (18¾, 18¾) in.

Tension: 5½ sts. 1in.; 26 rows 3in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; st-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately); g-st., garter-stitch (k every row).

BACK

Using No. 9 needles and Double Crepe wool, cast on 92 (98, 104) sts. Work 10 rows in g-st., decreasing 8 (8, 10) sts. evenly across last row. Change to No. 8 needles and work in following pattern, inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 90 (96, 100) sts.

1st Row: Using Mohair wool, knit.

2nd Row: Using Mohair wool, purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 9 times.

21st Row: Using Double Crepe wool, knit.

Rep. 21st row 5 times.

These 26 rows complete the pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 21¾ (21¾, 21¾) in. Shape raglan armholes by dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every following alternate row until dec. to 52 (58, 62) sts.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 11 (11, 11) sts., leave on a spare needle, cast off 26 (32, 36) sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Continue on last 12 (12, 12) sts., k 2 tog. at armhole edge every 2nd row and cast off 4 (4, 4) sts. at neck edge of the next row, then 3 (3, 3) sts. at neck edge every 2nd row twice. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work same as for back.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles and Double Crepe wool, cast on 48 (50, 52) sts. Work 10 rows in g-st. Change to No. 8 needles and work the 26 rows of pattern as for back, inc. 1 st. each end of every 10th row until increased to 72 (74, 76) sts. When sleeve seam measures 18¾ (18¾, 18¾) in., shape raglan by k 2 tog. each end of next and every alternate row until dec. to 28 (30, 32) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join sleeves to back and front. With wrong side of work toward you, using 2 sets of No. 8 needles, pick up and k about 152 (168, 182) sts. around neck. Work in g-st. for 1in. Cast off loosely and allow to roll back on to right side and sl-st. into position. Press lightly. Sew up seams.

MAD

● Be jus beach in t suit. Madly with sla

CHOOSE your own co scheme in brightly contra ing shades or matching to

Materials: 9 balls ma color, 9 balls contrasting co Patons Mohair Brushed knitti yarn, 1 pair each Nos. 8 a 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 bust loosely; length of slee seam, 5in. (without fringe) length from top of shoulde 21½in. (without fringe).

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in. width.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, pu sts., stitches; st-st., stocking stitch; alt., alternate; m.c., ma color; c.c., contrasting co beg., beginning; foll., following

STRIPE PATTERN

(To be worked throughout)

With m.c., work 6 rows in st.

7th Row: With c.c., knit.
8th Row: With c.c., knit.
9th Row: With c.c., purl.

Rep. 8th and 9th rows tw then 8th row once.

BACK

With m.c. and No. 8 needl and com. at side seam, cast 78 sts. and work 1in. straig ending with a p row.

Cast on one st. at end needle in next and every row 5 times.

Cast on 34 sts. at this edge at beg. of next row.

Work 1in. straight.

Cast on one st. at shoulder edge at beg. of next and every foll. 6th row 3 times. Work straight until 3 rows of the m.c. stripe have been comple (this is half the back).

Work 2nd half to correspond casting off sts. instead of ca ing on.

FRONT

Work as given for back un 4 rows of 4th c.c. stripe have been completed.

To Shape Neck: Cast off rows that start from shoulder edge 6 sts. once and one st. times. Work 10 rows straight then cast on one st. at neck edge in next and every alt row 7 times. Work 1 row straight.

Cast on 6 sts. at neck edge

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925902

Y MODEST SWEATERS

e most eye-catching girl on the handknits and two-piece swim-odest, the sweaters can be teamed to give all-year-round wear.

● Our cover sweater (left) is made in brushed wool with luxurious fringing on the hem and sleeves. It's knitted sideways in simple stitches on number 8 needles.

next row (this is start of shoulder), then work to respond with other side, casting off sts. instead of cast-on.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

With m.c. and No. 8 needles, on 28 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K to last 12 sts., *.

4th Row: Sl. 1, p to end of *.

5th Row: Knit.

6th Row: Purl.

Rep. 5th and 6th rows once, once at beg. of 5th row every foll. alt. row until are 42 sts., while working foll. stripes:

9th Row: With c.c., knit.

10th Row: With c.c., knit.

11th Row: With c.c., purl.

Rep. 10th and 11th rows then 10th row once.*

Rep. from * to * until 4th con-stripe is completed; this is centre of sleeve. Now other half of sleeve to correspond, casting off instead of casting on.

NECKBAND

Sew up right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing and using m.c. and No. 10 needles, knit up 100 sts. evenly round neck edge and work 1in. in k 1, p 1 rib.

Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves. Turn back neckband and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Fringe as illustrated round lower edges of bodice and sleeves. Finally steam all seams.

TO MAKE FRINGE

Cut strip of cardboard 4in. wide, wind mohair round card the number of times required, cut along one end, giving 8in. strands. Take 6 strands, fold in half, and with coarse crochet hook insert hook in edge of jumper from back to front, place loops of wool on hook, hold firmly, draw loop through for 1in., pull ends through loop and pull firmly.

● Fringed jacket (above) can be knitted quickly in thick wool, using stocking-stitch and big needles. The directions are given below.

IDEAL to wear to and from the beach or teamed with bermudas or slacks, it has an attractive square neckline. The fringe is crocheted, and directions are given at the end of the pattern.

Materials: 17 (18, 19) balls Peacock Alpine Sports or Hi-Ply main color, 6 (6, 6) balls contrast color; 2 prs. Nos. 4 and 10 knitting needles; 1 medium-size crochet hook; 8 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust. (Actual measurements will be 2in. larger to provide an easy fit.) Length from top of shoulder, 28 (28½, 29) in.; length of sleeve seam, 2½ (2½, 2¾) in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; mc, main color; cc, contrast color; st-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately).

Tension: 17 sts. 4in., 22 rows 4in.

BACK

Using No. 4 needles and mc wool, cast on 74 (78, 82) sts.

Work in st-st., working 4in. mc and ½in. cc alternately until work measures 19 (19, 19) in. or required length to armholes. Cast on 8 (8, 8) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows for sleeves. Cont. in patt. until sleeves measure 7 (7½, 8) in. Shape shoulders and neck as follows:

Next Row: Cast off 5 (5, 7) sts., k 25 (25, 25) sts., leave on a spare needle, cast off loosely 30 (34, 34) sts., k 30 (30, 32) sts. Cont. on last 30 (30, 32) sts. and cast off 5 (5, 7) sts. at armhole edge of the next row, then 5 (5, 5) sts. every 2nd row 5 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 4 needles and mc wool, cast on 44 (46, 48) sts. Work in patt. as for back until work measures 19 (19, 19) in. or required length to armholes. Cast on 8 (8, 8) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. Cont. in patt. and when armhole measures 3 (3½, 4) in. cast off 22 (24, 24) sts. at neck edge of the next row. Cont. on rem. 30 (30, 32) sts. and when sleeve measures 7 (7½, 8) in. cast off 5 (5, 7) sts. at armhole edge of the next row, then 5 (5, 5) sts. every 2nd row 5 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite ends and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1in. from lower edge and 7 more evenly spaced about 3in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 3 sts., cast off 3 sts., k to end of row.

2nd Row: P to last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 3 sts.

FRONT BORDERS

With right side of work toward you, using No. 10 needles and cc wool, pick up and k about 116 (120, 124) sts. along one side of front. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for ½in., inc. 1 st. at neck edge every 2nd row. Cast off in ribbing. Work other side to correspond.

NECK BORDERS

Join sleeve and shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using No. 10 needles and cc wool pick up and k about 40 (44, 44) sts. across back of neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for ½in., dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row. Work borders along each side of neck, picking up about 42 (42, 42) sts. and working the same as for back. Work borders across fronts, picking up about 28 (30, 30) sts. Work in rib for ½in., dec. at armhole edge and inc. at centre edge every 2nd row. Cast off in ribbing.

SLEEVE BORDERS

Using No. 10 needles and cc wool, pick up and k about 78 (80, 82) sts. around sleeves. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for ½in. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join borders neatly around neck. Sew up seams. Crochet a fringe around lower edge as follows: Cut 2 lengths of cc wool about 8in. long. Keeping them together, fold in half and draw the loops through the edge of the knitting, then thread the 4 ends through the loops and tighten up. Trim edges. Sew buttons on left front.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925903

Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Keep laughing!

"I AM 12 years old and have a most embarrassing problem. I have a kind of gurgling laugh which is much too loud and sounds ridiculous. When I laugh in school they sometimes laugh at me. One of my teachers says my laugh drives her mad. Also I have a silly grin and when I am photographed I look like a monkey. What can be done about cracked lips? When should I be allowed to wear stockings and lipstick?"

"Perplexed," Tas.

Keep laughing the way you do, don't try to alter it. You're very lucky; you've got what is simply wonderful to have—an infectious laugh.

They don't laugh at you at school, they laugh with you. As for that grin, don't fiddle with it either. Some monkeys are very appealing.

Cracked lips are uncomfortable. Buy yourself some white lipsalve; it is soothing, protective, and not noticeable. I think you can wear very pale lipstick any time now for special occasions. Not at school, of course, just on special occasions when a touch of pale lipstick makes such a difference.

Stockings are a matter of money, but I think girls look nicer without them generally, provided they keep their legs free of hair (with a mitt or razor) and rub just a smidgen of cream into them to give them a sheen.

Going steady

"FOR three months now I have been going out with a boy. I am 17 and I know he likes me very much, but he has not asked me if I would go steady with him. Even though I like this boy very much, I don't want him to take it for granted, as all my friends have, that I am going steady with him. Do you think I should mention this to him?"

K.S., W.A.

Formal declarations went out at the turn of the century — you know as well as I do that you are going steady. It would be both ill-mannered and frightening to your boy-friend if you took the initiative and tried to pin him down. I can see him running now.

Just like a boy

"I AM a girl of 17 and I like a boy of 18. He is very nice to me when we are by ourselves. When he takes me out he seems to like me very much, nearly as much as I like him, but sometimes I doubt his love. But when he is with his boy-friends he doesn't even speak. Could it be that I am just a stand-in when the boys aren't around? Is he just using me, or is he just stuck up? Do you think I should go on seeing him like this? I love him so, or do you think I should stop seeing him and find someone else?"

"Doubtful," Vic.

All girls spend years looking for a boy and when they get one get very upset because he behaves like a boy. Young men often behave peculiarly when their mates are around. They seem to believe it shows their power over their conquest if they disregard them; others think it reflects on their masculinity if they appear to be interested in a girl when there are other boys around.

It is both puzzling and rude behaviour, which happily they grow out of as they get older, more poised.

I'd go out with this boy again if he asks you and if you want to and it suits you but I'd certainly go out with other boys if you get a chance. There is nothing like a bit of competition to make a laggard pull his socks up.

Not allowed out

"HOW can I explain to a fellow I know that I am not allowed to have anything to do with him as he is not of my religion? I am not allowed out with boys yet, as I won't be 17 till early next year, but he is determined he will take me out. I have tried to tell him, but it makes no difference whatsoever, and I do not want to go against my parents by going out with him behind their backs."

"Tongue-tied," N.S.W.

Just tell him, blurt it out, anyway. If he is still insistent that he wants to take you out, tell him he must call on your parents and ask their permission.

Long absence

"I AM a girl of 17½. Eight months ago I met an English boy at a party. I went with him for five months, he bought me a friendship ring, and three months ago he returned to England to see his parents. He told me he would be back for Christmas, but in his last letter he said he wouldn't have his fare by then. He tells me to keep writing and he can't wait to see me again some day. I would like to know whether you think he'll be back and whether I should go out with other boys in the meantime."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

Try pulling the petals off a daisy and saying: "This year, next year, sometime, never." His return is, obviously, as problematic as that.

Go out with other boys and enjoy yourself. All friendships aren't forever, nor all loves true — but if you're sensible, they are all pleasant while they last.

Beard problem

"MY steady has a beard, and I find that every time he rubs it along my shoulder I feel nauseated. Is there some way in which I could stop him from doing this or should I insist he cut it off? Actually I think he would rather keep his beard than me, that is why I have not asked him to get rid of it."

"Jillette," Vic.

Get yourself a clean-shaven boy for Christmas.

Real gone boy

"I LIKE a boy, but I am not sure whether he likes me. We were going together a couple of months ago, but we had an argument and since then I have not seen him. I am still quite sure that I like this boy."

"Puzzled," N.S.W.

I am sure he doesn't still like you—he'd have done something about it if he did.

Journalism

"I AM a Leaving Certificate student who hopes to become a journalist. Would a Leaving pass be high enough standard of education? If so, how and where can I start? Also how much would I be paid as a copy boy; how long would I be a copy boy? What would be my prospects of a cadetship, for instance, in 1962, and would it be best to try for a country or city cadetship? Is it necessary to be proficient at typing and shorthand before applying?"

"Aspiring Journalist," N.S.W.

The Leaving Certificate is usually an acceptable standard of education for an aspiring cadet journalist.

The traditional way to a cadetship is via the job of a copy boy, who runs copy, delivers mail, makes tea, runs messages, and so on. Copy boys on N.S.W. metropolitan newspapers who have their Leaving Certificate are paid round about £6/10/- a week to start.

Competition is fierce, but if you obtain a job as a copy boy you have the opportunity to prove your suitability for a cadetship. It is often quicker to get a country cadetship, but not necessarily better. Before you decide to do anything, you should consult the secretary of the Australian Journalists' Association and the Country Press Association and ask them for their advice.

It is not necessary to be proficient at shorthand or typing when you apply, for if and when you get a cadetship you are taught both these skills. But in such a competitive field, proficiency in shorthand and typing could tip the scales in your favor when cadetships are about.

You should put your name down immediately with the personnel officers of all the metropolitan newspapers if you decide to make a city newspaper your goal. Don't delay.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Know your etiquette

THE ENGAGEMENT

• Does the boy still have to ask the girl's parents' permission before they become engaged?

THE old rule of the boy having a talk with Father has gone out. Nowadays the boy usually pops the question, then the girl tells her parents. Of course, if the girl is under 21, the boy **must** ask the girl's parents' permission, and he **must** abide by their decision.

• Who chooses the ring?

THE girl should be allowed to choose her own ring, but the boy should first go to the jeweller and discuss prices. The usual thing is that the jeweller puts aside several rings at a price the boy can afford. The girl then chooses one of those rings. Engaged couples should be able to discuss money quite frankly. It's good sense and good manners to be able to do so.

• Who is congratulated?

IT is bad manners to congratulate a girl, who is not supposed to have been trying. So the boy is congratulated and the girl is given "good wishes."

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

CHRISTMAS presents aren't always wrapped in pretty paper — the loveliest ones are those wrapped in thought and paid for in effort. Why not start now and give your Saturday mornings, or afternoons, away for Christmas.

All you have to do is to tell your friends in advance and ask them what Saturday suits them.

Here are some suggestions for the gift:

- Mow the lawn for the elderly couple down the street, or water the garden, clip the edges or hedges.
- Baby-sit for the harassed mother and give her a free morning for her own Christmas shopping.
- Do the household shopping for the old lady with the sore feet.
- Do a morning's ironing for a busy housewife.
- Take the toddlers to the park swings for the morning or the bigger children to the baths for a swim.
- You can extend the idea into evening gifts if you like — a popular one is being a kitchenmaid or man when the neighbors entertain for dinner and do the washing-up and leave the kitchen like a new pin.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925904

● *Pretty Hollywood starlet, Luana Patten, pictured here wearing her favorite hairstyles, has long burnished locks and regards them as a top glamor asset on and off the screen.*

Starlet hairstyles

By Carolyn Earle

WHAT is there about long hair? Why is it that members of Hollywood's younger set — girls like Yvette Mimieux, Connie Stevens, Dolores Hart, Susan Kohner, and, of course, Luana Patten — are set on it?

The answer, according to Luana, child star of a few years ago, isn't hard to come by — long hair is one of the quickest ways to achieve a truly feminine look. That's important to any actress.

Furthermore, she says, most boys admire a feminine-looking girl and supports her case by pointing out that a large percentage of her fan-mail from boys mentions her hairdos and their liking for long hair. That's all there is to it.

The semi-long coiffure is the most versatile of all hair lengths. It is easy to take care of, and can be thrown up (or down) in any number of fetching ways not possible with short hair.

But the hair just can't hang carelessly around the face. The way the hair falls, the manner in which it is held in place, and its length in proportion to the wearer's face and figure are all important.

Once that's all fixed, a girl can wear anything from a pony tail to an elegant French twist.

"When we work in a picture," says pretty-as-paint Luana, "the studio hairdresser generally fixes our hair. Otherwise I often wear a pony tail or just brush my hair back in a casual way and tie it with a ribbon.

"But my favorite hairdo for more dressy occasions, when I do it myself, is the smooth one swept up on top in swirls that is pictured above."

The two diagrams alongside the picture show the pattern that Luana follows when setting her hairdo at home. The stand-up pin-curls in front fall into a natural-looking wave when combed.

Side curls are set in two rows of forward curls while the back is set in large pin-curls turned in the opposite direction.

STUDIO hairdresser runs comb through Luana's lovely long hair before styling it for a movie shot.

CHIC French twist with a side bang gives young Luana Patten a high-fashion look for evening.

THE LAWLESS DEARS!

PAPERS recently made quite a fuss over the fact that four Italian bandits were girls.

WHY, in heaven's name, shouldn't they be girls? Lasses can be just as lawless as the next man.

If you care to think about it, there are indications in everyday life that almost every girl is criminally inclined.

To start off my case against cuties, let me first suggest that many girls have a bad record. (Before you lasses get too angry, I mean the phonograph variety—so don't wax indignant!)

Anyway, what girl would deny she had not got strong **convictions?**

Girls are also, apparently, responsible for the existence of prisons — they're always interested in causing a "stir"!

Then, lasses are often regularly guilty of arson—aren't many blokes, for whom they are supposed to be carrying torches, burnt off?

And when a girl talks a boy into marriage what, in fact, is her challenge? Of course, it is, "Your money **and** your life!"

Girls can be in danger of vagrancy charges — some of their clothes have no visible means of support.

They are also often in petty (gossip) sessions, and, when they are being wooed, with marriage the aim, that surely is the supreme **court.**

And doesn't an office girl who has just changed a typewriter ribbon eminently qualify for membership of the **Black Hand?**

Most girls, for another thing, are naturally inclined to safe-cracking. I say that because what female can see a girl-friend out with a new feller and resist trying to find out the **combination?**

Even girls' possessions apparently have trouble with the Law.

Corsets often do a stretch, the toes of new women's shoes seem suited for chiselling, and girls' voices frequently mutiny on the high Cs.

Their eyes are often being shadowed, too!

Then, lasses obviously love to be involved —what with their black stockings and mascara — in the blackmarket.

And don't damsels like to be told they have taking ways? They do steal, of course. Think of the girls who **rub** the rich oils to feed the **pores!**

Most girls, however, could safely tackle a life of crime — they'd never fully pay their debt to society, even if they were caught.

For a lass usually talks so much, so fast, she never finishes a sentence!

So, there you are; girls **are** murder — and that's the end of the **noose!**

Perhaps one of Ali Baba's Forty Thieves best summed up the business when he said: "Open Sesame, Abdul El Bulbul Emir."

Which, translated, means: **"Brigand** the dancing girls!"

— Robin Adair

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925905

ART THROUGH THE AGES
By Douglas Watson

The beginning of painting in oils

7. Flemish Renaissance (15th century): Detail and truth.

IN the fifteenth century the Flemish artists appeared as a new artistic force, restoring energy and purpose to art in France where the Gothic influence was waning.

Sculpture became a figure in itself, with movement and gestures not, as before, merely a figure applied on a porch door.

Flemish painting emerged at the close of the 14th century with a strong emphasis on line and naturalistic landscapes, accompanied by tremendous detail. Truth was all-important.

The brothers Hubert and Jan van Eyck broke away from the manuscript form of illustrating and were among the first artists to paint easel pictures.

To express their intense realism, the van Eycks used oil paints, which they were the first to perfect and establish.

This made it possible for them to use the technique of glazes of color. They were able to capture the actual texture of objects such as fur, cloth, or brass.

In the Arnolfini portrait reproduced at right there is an incredibly lifelike quality, and every detail of the people and the room has been shown.

The depth of this picture is achieved through using a diminishing scale of tones according to the distance.

The husband and wife in the portrait are completely enveloped in light and atmosphere. The room in which they were painted tells quite a bit about the couple.

Obviously the husband was a man of wealth and position in the community. They have tremendous presence and one feels that they must have been delighted with the picture.

NEXT WEEK: Mannerism.

"JAN ARNOLFINI AND HIS WIFE," a fine example of Jan van Eyck's work. Every detail of the interior is recorded with absolute honesty. The reflection in the mirror is itself a miniature within a picture. National Gallery, London.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925906

LISTEN HERE — *with Kirsten Ward*

How stars behave when recording

● **Nearly everyone is curious about people in the public eye —how they look, how they act, and what they say.**

HERE is how the teenage entertainment stars react under the high pressure and excitement of a recording session — one of their most nerve-racking experiences.

To get the full feeling of his number, **Bryan Davies** gives a show as if he were on stage. **Pam Liversidge** and **Noeleen Batley** both like to take their shoes off. **Jay Justin** is nervous, on edge.

Col Joye likes to sit down, and rarely stands. He's not happy about singing in the morning. **Patsy Ann Noble** is serious and conscientious, but likes to kid around a bit to break the tension. **Lucky Starr** likes to have an audience while recording. (Most artists don't —many, in fact, ask to have the control-room window curtained.)

Lonnie Lee likes to have his wife nearby and relies on her for constructive criticism. The **Allen Brothers** prefer to wear their hats.

Johnny O'Keefe often records right outside the studio in the hallway, where he can really give vent to his feelings in the wild rocking numbers.

The Sapphires are hilarious —they crack jokes and fool around to let off steam. **Dig Richards** wears headphones so he can hear his own voice. This is the technique often used by radio announcers and disc jockeys. **Dave Bridge**, a serious young man, is never quite happy with what he's doing, always feels there's something better just around the next note.

Johnny Devlin treats recording sessions as everyday occurrences, never showing any signs of tension. When singing ballads **Judy Cannon** prefers to have the lights in the studio dim, or even out, to get the feeling of her song. (This also applies to Johnny O'Keefe.)

Barry Stanton, who feels quite happy in a suit on other occasions, will always wear casual clothes at a recording session. **Patty Markham** is oblivious to everything but the song when she is singing.

PETITE **Judy Stone** says she's loving every minute of her stay in Melbourne and likes the way her TV style is being changed. "And do you know," she says, "when I first came to Melbourne, I was 5st. 13lb. Then I became ill and had to return to my home in Sydney for a while—but now I weigh 6st. 4lb.! I haven't got any taller, though!"

Noeleen Batley

Local talent: Last week I said Christmas records were a bit silly because of their short season—but now I eat my words with the release of a Festival EP of four old and beautiful carols, simply and sweetly sung by **Noeleen Batley.** Because of the beauty of "Silent Night" and the others and Noeleen's tender rendition—I'd buy this to play now and again throughout the year. Noeleen will be 18 on Christmas Day.

IT won't set the world on fire —but **Gaynor Bunning's** "It's You That I Love" is a good all-rounder that might just make it. It's pleasant to listen to and there's a good dancing-beat backing. Flip-side, "Is It All Over Now?", is the same—gentle, swinging, and easy (W. & G. LP).

Pops: Though we've moved on to other fashions in music, the magic of the swinging bands of the 1930s still has a hold, even on teenagers. Waving the magic wand on a new "Salute to Count Basie and Tommy Dorsey" is **Gordon Franks** and his orchestra (W. & G. LP).

HAVING recently been to a concert given by **Segovia,** the great classical guitarist, any other line of guitar work, such as **Roy Smeck** and his Hawaiian steel guitar, grates a bit. But I made a conscious effort to forget Segovia, and giving Roy Smeck his due, his music is very pleasant and sure to set your feet a'dancing with some of the great old melodies he plays (Ampar LP).

IN the running for yet another hit is **Brenda Lee** with "Anybody But Me," a surefire, rhythmic rock-pop number (Festival 45). "Fool Number One" on the flip is easy to listen to, too—but to my mind the lyrics of "Anybody But Me" make it just that bit better.

VOLUME II of the Ampar LP "Paul Anka Singing His Big 15" is out now for those who hanker for Anka. Paul's a rich boy now—but personally I feel that money is all he's got.

BOBBY DARIN'S "For Teenagers Only" double album was a disappointment—but he won me round again with his creditable presentation of several great numbers on a London LP, "The Bobby Darin Story," "Mack the Knife," "Nature Boy," and "Beyond the Sea" (the La Mer melody) are a joy—and he thumps through a few rock numbers, too.

WORTH HEARING

BERLIOZ: Symphonie Fantastique

BERLIOZ, like a true romantic, liked to dramatise both his life and his music. His entertaining autobiography gives many highly colored accounts of how emotional crises in his own life inspired his compositions. The most famous instance is that of the best-known of his large orchestral works, the Symphonie Fantastique, newly recorded by conductor Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Coronet).

This descriptive symphony, written when Berlioz was still quite young and unknown, was bound up with his desperate passion for a young Irish actress of the day, Harriet Smithson. The "programme" of the work, ending with a March to the Scaffold and a wild Witches' Sabbath, points to the dreadful consequences of rejected love.

There is no doubt that the "programme" of the work was, as Berlioz recounts, inspired by Harriet Smithson, but much of the music was not — it was extracted from earlier, discarded works, written before he ever saw the actress. (Some years later he finally did marry Miss Smithson, but the marriage was not a success.)

Whatever its origin, however, the whole conception of this symphony was completely novel and revolutionary at the time it was first performed in 1830; it is a landmark in romantic music.

Even today opinions differ about Berlioz's ideas and music. But those who like him will enjoy this bold and brilliant new recording.

—*Martin Long*

HELEN SHAPIRO, London schoolgirl who prefers making hit parade discs to homework.

Pop star still a schoolgirl

From Brian Gibson, in London

● **London girl Helen Shapiro (pictured above) is in a hurry for her schooldays to end at Christmas, because then she will be able to go to work in earnest.**

HELEN, at 15, is already the biggest and brightest female pop star on the British musical scene. With two hit records —"Don't Treat Me Like a Child" and "Walking Back to Happiness"—Helen is a girl in a million who also looks like making a million.

"I've been singing for as long as I can remember," said Helen at her London home, "but things really began to move when I answered an advertisement for a pop music school. The fees were 25/- for half an hour, but the coaching was terrific."

Her singing teacher and now manager, Jean Berman, also thought Helen was terrific and took a test recording to a leading company. They liked it, and the disc, Helen's first, hit Britain's teenage record buyers in January.

It immediately shot into the best-sellers and a new vocal star had been discovered.

Helen can't read music, but she can pick up a tune far quicker than many bigger stars and her deep confident voice delights the ears of sound engineers.

"I love fame," said Helen, "and especially being recognised in the street when I go to school. The kids there haven't been any different since I became famous, except that now they ask me for my autograph or to sing to them in the playground."

In her gym-slip and white blouse Helen looks quite different from the attractive young woman who presents herself at recording sessions.

"Do you know," she said, "they're even starting Helen Shapiro hairstyles in the West End now. Good, isn't it? I think people recognise me by it."

With her earnings she has bought her mother a new suite of furniture and new curtains and carpet for their living-room. What's left over is invested for Helen by her manager.

When Christmas comes she will leave school and take up full-time entertaining. Tours in Britain and America have been offered and there seems no limit to the popularity Helen will enjoy.

"I suppose I'll miss my classmates," she said wistfully, "but it's going to be great fun entertaining people and singing, because I enjoy both."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925907

THE HOUSE OF GOODCHILD PRESENTS

TOP 40 HIT PARADE

Shoe Fashions for SUMMER 1961-62

This season—dance light-footed everywhere in

FRISKEES by Knight

newest, gayest leisurables in vibrant tones

at low, low, prices . . .

Style No. KP002 in long-wearing cord fabric with extended toe. Coffee Cream, Sea Foam, Gardenia, Red, Chamois, Black.

17/11

Style No. KS004 in Durazon with special 'grip' sole and new 'chisel' toe. Corsica Green, Testa-de-Moro, Sea Foam, Gardenia, Coffee Cream, Cracker, Chamois, Black.

19/11

Style No. KP003 in a long-wearing cord fabric with new extended toe. Coffee Cream, Sea Foam, Gardenia, Red, Chamois, Black.

18/11

Style No. KM069 in Durazon. Corsica Green, Testa-de-Moro, Sea Foam, Gardenia, Red, Coffee Cream, Cracker, Chamois, Black. Also available in 'little girl' sizes. (KG001) at 16/11.

19/11

Style No. KM071 in Durazon. Corsica Green, Testa-de-Moro, Sea Foam, Gardenia, Red, Coffee Cream, Cracker, Chamois, Black.

19/11

Style No. KM077 in Durazon. Corsica Green, Testa-de-Moro, Sea Foam, Gardenia, Red, Coffee Cream, Cracker, Chamois, Black.

19/11

Friskees for little girls, too!

Style No. KG003 in Durazon. Corsica Green, Sea Foam, Testa-de-Moro, Gardenia, Red, Coffee Cream, Cracker, Chamois, Black. This style is also available in women's sizes (KM073) at 19/11.

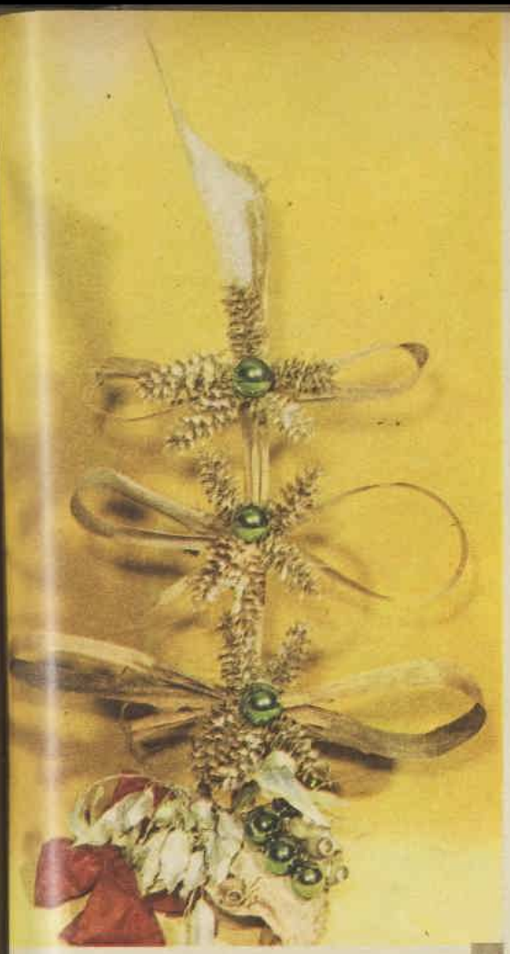
16/11

Available at 99 out of 100 stores throughout Australia

Soles are vulcanised - for lasting comfort - longer wear

FRISKEES is a brand from the famous HOUSE OF GOODCHILD a unit of Felt and Textiles of Australia Limited

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925908



AUSTRALIAN BARK (above)

Stringy bark from Australian gum trees has been used by Miss D. Moffitt, of Balwyn, Vic., to make the Christmas tree above.

Materials: Length of strong bark, 3 strips of bark to form bows, 15 light pine cones, glitter, 6 green Christmas balls, gumleaves, gumnuts, large, heavy spiked flower-holder, piece of driftwood, wire.

Anchor strong bark trunk on spiked holder. Wire bows on to trunk. Form cones into three stars, glue on glitter. Wire on to tree. Glue glitter on top of trunk. Wire and attach green Christmas balls.

Decorate base with driftwood, gumleaves, gumnuts, and more green Christmas balls.

NOVEL TREES TO MAKE

. . . concluded

VICTORIAN STYLE (right)

Ideal to use with period furniture, the broderie anglaise tree, at right, was made by Mrs. J. Ettleson, of Toorak, Vic.

Materials: 1yd. soft chicken wire 36in. wide, 12yds. broderie anglaise 3in. wide, 30 posies of roses, forget-me-nots, and daisies, 30 black satin bows in narrow ribbon, 20 silver tinsel circles 1in. in diameter, 4 dozen small crystal drops, cardboard, and glue.

The tree stands 3ft. 6in. high complete on the base, which was a ruby glass vase.

Mould chicken wire into a cone shape, bending in all sharp edges and rolling wire underneath to form a firm base the size of the vase top. Cut cardboard into a circle to fit firmly into this base and glue it in.

Cut broderie anglaise into 7yd. lengths and run gathering thread along edge of each length. Put through a stiff starch and when ironed attach each length with a pin to the bottom of the wire cone and wind round and round until the peak of the cone is reached. Then fold neatly at the top and pin securely.

With fine florist wire, bind small bunches of mixed flowers into posies and pin at intervals on to starched frills to cover tree. At the base of each posy pin a black satin bow and here and there a small tinsel circle. When these are in position, sew crystal drops on to the extreme edge of the frills in scattered places around the tree.

Put glue round rim of vase and fix to cardboard base of tree. Leave to dry.

CHRISTMAS CONE (left)

Mrs. D. M. Paul, of Camberwell, Vic., chose a lampshade theme for her cone-shaped tree, shown below at left.

Materials: Wire frame the shape of a tree or cone-style lampshade with 6 wire supports, silver paint, 2in. circle of wood for tree base, 1 roll red ribbon ¼in. wide, 1 roll green ribbon ¼in. wide, 2 rolls silver or aluminium tinsel (about 15ft.), 2 bundles artificial holly berries, 1 large silver bauble, needle and thread, fine wire, 1 large red plastic 6in. flower-pot and saucer, lumps of lead, stones, small pieces of quartz, sand, Christmas novelties such as flowers made from sweets, baubles, etc., Christmas bells, green and red ribbon rosette with tails.

Apply silver paint to wire frame and allow to dry. Wind green ribbon round central trunk. Cover cross bar in same way. Sew red ribbon to top of frame, stretch to under bottom ring and back to top and sew firmly to keep in position, allowing for two red rows between each wire support. Complete twelve red rows around tree. Attach silver tinsel to top of tree and wind round six wire supports, finally round circumference of tree. Make twelve red ribbon bows and six green ones and attach red bows at base of red ribbon and green ones at base of silver rows.

At top of tree make a red and green rosette and attach. On silver rows attach small groups of holly berries at intervals and place some on green ribbon bows. Make hole in wooden base and insert trunk into it. Anchor base of tree to bottom of pot with lead, stone, and sand. Cover with small pieces of quartz.

Stick novelties into pot at base of tree and attach Christmas bells and ribbon rosette under the centre of the tree. Complete by placing silver bauble on top of ribbon rosette with wire threaded into it and through the top of tree.

Pictures of trees by Peter Fox

PARASOL TREE (below)

This was made by Mrs. J. Ramsay, of Toorak, Vic.

Materials: Large flower-pot, gold paint, frames of two children's umbrellas or toy umbrellas, 2yds. net, 2yds. gold ribbon, 2yds. blue ribbon, colored balls large and small.

Paint flower-pot gold. When dry fill pot with earth, tightly packed. Paint umbrella frames gold. Make two circles of net (4 thicknesses) and place over opened umbrella frames. Join one umbrella on top of the other. Seal neatly with tape and overpaint with gold. Place umbrellas in pot, pack earth tightly round. Cover earth with net. Decorate with colored balls and ribbon tied into large bows.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925909

BE READY FOR CHRISTMAS

GIFTS FROM THE KITCHEN

OUR theme is "Be Ready for Christmas," so start now to prepare or cook some of the wide selection of gift delicacies given in this cookery feature. Jams, pickles, puddings, fruit mince, and drinks all improve greatly in flavor if allowed to stand for a few weeks before using and therefore can be made well in advance.

The biscuits, pies, and shortbread can be made about a week before required and stored in airtight containers. Sweets are better left until the last minute because the humid weather usual at Christmas time tends to make them sticky. Cakes and yeast breads should also be freshly made.

Last but not least, give your gift from the kitchen a festive look by wrapping it in colorful paper and adding a small card.

In all the recipes, spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used.

CONFECTIONERY

Choose from the following recipes and make up your own selection for a gift box of sweets. Arrange them prettily in a box covered with Christmas paper and tie a brightly colored ribbon around it.

MARSHMALLOWS

Five tablespoons gelatine, 2lb. sugar, 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, icing-sugar.

Soften gelatine in cold water, place sugar and boiling water into large saucepan, bring slowly to the boil. Add the soaked gelatine, boil steadily 20 minutes. Pour into large basin, cool, and add lemon juice and vanilla. Beat until very thick, then pour into greased slab-tin thickly sprinkled with icing-sugar. When set, remove from tin, cut into 1in. squares, toss in sifted icing-sugar.

FONDANT SWEETS

Fondant: One pound icing-sugar, 1 egg-white, 2oz. glucose (liquid), 1 teaspoon lemon juice, colorings, and flavorings.

Sift icing-sugar into basin. Add slightly beaten egg-white, cover with little icing-sugar, and add heated glucose. Mix to stiff paste with lemon juice. Knead on board dusted with icing-sugar until smooth. Work in colorings and flavorings (see below) a few drops at a time.

Suggested colors and flavors.

Pink Fondant: Flavor with vanilla.

Green Fondant: Flavor with almond or peppermint.

Lemon or Apricot Fondant: Flavor with pineapple or lemon.

Use fondant to make the following confections:

Stuffed Prunes and Dates: Remove stones from prunes, dates. Carefully shape hollow in each fruit, press piece of fondant into it. Press edges of fruit gently into place around fondant. Place on waxed paper to set.

Walnut Doubles: Shape fondant into marble-sized pieces. Press between walnut halves. (Blanched almonds can also be used in this way.)

Fruit Whirls — Filling: Mix together 4oz. chopped raisins, 4oz. chopped walnuts, 4oz. chopped dates, 4oz. chopped cherries, squeeze of lemon juice.

On board lightly dusted with icing-sugar, roll fondant into thin oblong shape approximately 6in. by 4in. Spread with fruit-and-nut mixture. Roll up, starting from longest side. Set aside 1 hour. Cut into ¾in. thick pieces. The outside can be rolled in colored coconut or colored sugar if desired. Allow to set before arranging in box.

FRENCH JELLIES

Two ounces gelatine, 2lb. sugar, 1½ pints cold water, lemon juice or any fruit juice or essence to flavor, any desired coloring, icing-sugar.

Soften gelatine in ½ pint of the water, add remainder of the water and sugar. Bring to boil, cook 20 minutes. Cool, add coloring and flavoring as desired. Pour into square tins rinsed with cold water. When set, turn out on to greased paper dusted with icing-sugar. Cut into blocks, dust with icing-sugar.

COCONUT ROUGHS

One and a half pounds sugar, ½lb. glucose, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup desiccated coconut, coloring.

Place the sugar and glucose into saucepan, add water, and stir until sugar dissolves over low heat. Place lid on for couple of minutes to allow steam to dissolve sugar clinging to sides of saucepan. Boil steadily without stirring to 236 deg. F., then pour into basin and allow to cool. Beat until beginning to thicken. Add vanilla, lemon juice, coconut, and color, if desired. Using small fork, quickly pick up small portion at a time and place it on waxed paper to set.

GINGER CREAMS

Two cups sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon glucose, ½ cup chopped crystallised ginger or ginger in syrup, few drops yellow coloring.

Place sugar, milk, and glucose into saucepan and stir occasionally until sugar dissolves, but do not stir after syrup boils. Boil to 236 deg F., or until a little dropped in cold water can be moulded into soft ball with fingers. Remove from heat, stand until slightly cooled. Beat until beginning to thicken, fold in ginger and coloring. When thick, press into greased tin and, when cold and set, cut into squares.

Note: Remove sugar from crystallised ginger by soaking in hot water before using in this recipe.

COCONUT ICE

Three cups sugar, ¾ cup milk, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar or 1 teaspoon glucose, ¾ cup coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pink coloring.

Place sugar, milk, cream of tartar or glucose into saucepan, bring slowly to boiling point, stirring occasionally. When boiling place lid on saucepan 1 minute. Boil to 236 deg. F. if thermometer is available or until a little dropped into cold water can be moulded into soft ball with fingers. Remove from heat, divide into 2 basins, and add half the coconut and vanilla to each one. Color one portion pale pink, beat until very thick and creamy, using wooden spoon. Press into greased tin. Beat second portion until thick and spread over top. When quite cold, cut into blocks.

EDIBLE NOVELTIES

Here are two novelties that look pretty, will make gay table decorations, and can be eaten as dessert.

MINIATURE PUDDINGS

Four ounces flour, 4oz. breadcrumbs, 4oz. brown sugar, 6oz. butter, 1lb. mixed chopped fruit, ¼lb. finely chopped peel, ¼lb. cherries (cut in halves), 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 3 eggs, ½ cup sherry, ½ cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, ¼ teaspoon almond essence.

Sift flour, spice, and nutmeg into basin. Add butter, rub in lightly with breadcrumbs, sugar, prepared fruit, essence, orange juice, and rind. Add beaten eggs and sherry, allow mixture to stand ½ hour. Place into small greased individual pudding-moulds, cover securely with pudding cloth or aluminium foil, allowing room for swelling. Place into boiling water, simmer 2 to 2½ hours. As water boils away, replace with more boiling water. When cooked, turn out and cool. Wrap and tie up attractively in Christmas paper.

PRETTY BISCUITS in small fancy shapes [illegible] leaves make an attractive Christmas gift.

SNOWMEN

Basic mixture: Eight ounces stale sponge or plain cakecrumbs, 3oz. ground almonds, 3oz. chopped walnuts, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 tablespoon rum, 3 tablespoons strained apricot jelly (made by heating 2 tablespoons apricot jam with 2 tablespoons water and 1 tablespoon lemon juice until well mixed), little jam, and icing.

Mix all ingredients together, mould into balls of 2 sizes—one about the size of walnut for snowman's head and one large enough for his body. Allow to chill 3 hours in refrigerator. Secure head and body of each snowman with a little jam, coat with thick marshmallow, allow to set. Decorate.

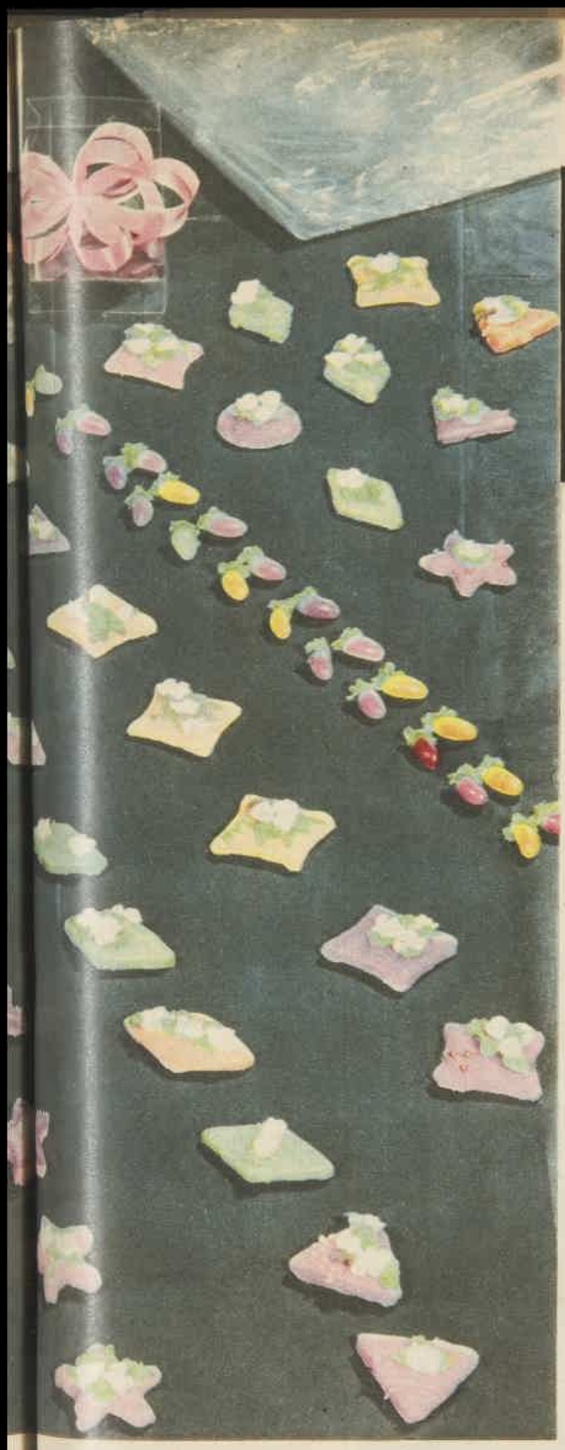
Decorations: Use cherries for mouth, currants for eyes, angelica for arms, and small piece of nut for nose. Tiny jazz caps can be made easily from colored paper [illegible] mallow is still wet. If [illegible] attach cap with little [illegible] Christmas transparent [illegible] bright ribbon, and [illegible]

Marshmallow: One [illegible] tablespoons glucose, [illegible] gelatine, flavoring and [illegible]

Place ½ pint water [illegible] glucose, and cream of [illegible] boil with lid on. Ro[illegible] gently without lid. S[illegible] tine, which has bee[illegible] pint water, and brin[illegible] Pour into bowl and [illegible] or rotary beater until [illegible] ings and colorings a[illegible] whites. Use as direc[illegible]

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR [illegible]

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925910



● Home-made biscuits, sweets, cakes, soft drinks, preserves, pickles, and jams all make most acceptable Christmas gifts that will be welcomed by your friends and neighbors. Pack the gifts in attractive boxes or tie them in brightly colored paper.

...pped with colored icing, small flowers, and ...s are given for these and other novelties.

...ed while marsh-...ow is already set. Wrap in fancy ...t. Tie each with a ...ft card.

...er, 2lb. sugar, 2 ...ms of tartar, 1½oz. ..., 2 egg-whites.

...t with the sugar, ...bring slowly to the ...ing F. by boiling ...m heat, add gela-... the remaining ½ ...boiling point; cool. ...with electric mixer ...to set. Add flavor-...stiffly beaten egg-

BISCUITS AND TARTS

SHORTBREAD

Seven ounces butter, vanilla, 3oz. castor sugar, 9oz. flour, 2oz. rice flour or cornflour.

Cream butter until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and sugar gradually, beat well. Stir in sifted dry ingredients, press into lightly greased shallow tin. Mark into bars with knife before baking. Top with almond halves or leave plain. Prick each bar with fork. Bake in slow oven 50 to 60 minutes. Remove from oven, recut into bars, allow to cool before removing from tin.

Variations: Fold ¼ cup chopped cherries or ¼ cup chopped almonds into shortbread mixture before baking.

Pack shortbread into boxes, decorate with tartan ribbon, and tie attractively.

BISCUITS

Eight ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, vanilla, 1 egg, 12oz. flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add egg, beat well. Stir in sifted dry ingredients, mix all well together. Roll out on lightly floured board, cut out with fancy biscuit cutters. Place on greased oven-trays, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to cool on trays and when cool ice and decorate.

Icing: One pound icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, water to mix, colorings, flavorings.

Place icing-sugar and butter in enamel basin. Add sufficient water to make stiff paste. Stir over hot water until smooth and shiny. Color and flavor as desired. Place biscuits on wire cake-coolers well apart with paper underneath and spoon over the icing; allow to set. This forms the base.

Decorations: Tiny piped flowers, silver and gold cachous. For piping decorations use vienna or royal icing.

Vienna Icing: Four ounces butter, 8oz. sifted icing-sugar, flavorings, colorings.

Beat butter until soft and creamy. Gradually add icing-sugar. Flavor and color. If necessary thin to piping consistency with little milk.

Jellybeans: Select large colorful jellybeans and pipe leaves on top of each.

Decorate biscuits as shown in the picture on this page, forming little flowers with piped vienna icing, miniature flower-pots, colored stars, or any other ideas of your own. When decorations are dry, pack biscuits into gift boxes with transparent paper between each layer of biscuits.

YULETIDE BASKET TARTS

Pastry: Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼lb. butter or substitute, iced water to mix.

Filling: Three eggs (well beaten), 1¼ cups firmly packed brown sugar, 1 cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup shredded coconut, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, hard sauce.

Pastry: Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add sufficient water to make firm dough, form into ball, and knead until smooth. Roll to ⅛in. thickness on floured board. Cut into rounds to fit patty-tins. Fit pastry loosely into patty-tins, flute edge. Prick crust with fork. Bake 10 minutes in moderately hot oven.

Filling: Combine all ingredients, mixing thoroughly. Place in cooled partially baked tart shells, bake 20 to 25 minutes in slow oven. Top each tart with spoonful of hard sauce before serving.

Hard sauce: Quarter-pound icing-sugar, ¼lb. butter or substitute, 1 to 2 tablespoons brandy.

Soften butter, gradually add sifted icing-sugar, beat mixture until smooth. Add brandy, chill in refrigerator before using.

PRESERVES AND PICKLES

FRUIT MINCE

One pineapple, ½lb. currants, ¼lb. chopped raisins, ¼lb. sultanas, ¼lb. finely minced suet, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon mixed spice, 2 apples (peeled and cored), pinch salt, ½ cup pineapple juice, 6oz. shredded peel, 1¼ cups sugar, 5 tablespoons brandy, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon.

Peel pineapple, stand aside until ¼ cup juice can be drained off. Chop finely, mix with currants, raisins, sultanas, minced suet, nutmeg, and spice. Cut apples into dice, mix with fruit, add salt, mixed peel, pineapple juice, sugar. Bring slowly to boil, simmer 3 to 4 minutes. Stir in brandy, lemon juice and rind. Bottle in small jars, seal and store in cool place.

WATERMELON PICKLES

One watermelon, 4 tablespoons salt, 3 tablespoons powdered alum, 5½lb. sugar, 2 cups white wine vinegar, 1¼ tablespoons whole cloves, 6 blades mace, 3 sticks cinnamon, water.

Remove most of the pink flesh from watermelon rind, leaving a little rim of pink to make prettier pickles. Cut all outer green skin from rind. Cut rind in 2in. chunks or triangular pieces. Weigh out 5½lb., add salt and 4 quarts cold water. Stand aside overnight. Drain, rinse well. Add alum and 4 quarts water. Bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer 30 minutes. Drain and rinse. Simmer in 4 more quarts water till tender (about 45 minutes). Water should cover rind, so add more if necessary. Add sugar, cook quickly until rind is transparent (45 minutes). Add vinegar, cook further 25 minutes. Toss in all spices and cook again 15 minutes only. (Longer cooking darkens syrup.)

Pack into sterilised jars with spices and syrup. Seal and store 2 weeks before serving.

CHERRY JAM

Four pounds cherries, 4 lemons, 2 cups water, 2½lb. sugar.

Wash, drain, and pluck stalks from cherries which are barely ripe. Remove stones (cherry pitters are handy and cost only a few shillings). Place strained juice of lemons and water into large bowl. Place alternate layers of sugar and cherries in bowl; stand overnight. Strain syrup into saucepan, stir over medium heat until sugar is dissolved. When syrup is boiling, add cherries, cook 15 to 20 minutes. Test syrup. Remove any scum, but avoid stirring. (It is easy to overcook jam and so spoil color and flavor.) Start to test after 15 minutes and test at 5-minute intervals until spoonful placed on cold saucer in refrigerator thickens in 3 minutes. Bottle while hot. Wash jars, dry thoroughly, and heat carefully to prevent hot jam cracking glass.

SUMMER DRINKS

ROSE CHAMPAGNE

One and a half pounds sugar, 2lb. rhubarb, 1½ tablespoons white vinegar, 1 gallon water, 2 lemons.

Wash and cut up rhubarb, place in basin. Squeeze juice from lemons, cut up the rind finely, put in basin with rhubarb and all other ingredients. Allow to stand 48 hours; strain 3 times. Bottle and cork down well because after a few days the corks will pop if not secured properly. Leave from 1 to 2 weeks before using. To serve, chill well and pour into champagne glasses.

GINGER BEER

Ginger-beer plant: Mix together 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon ground ginger, juice of 2 lemons, and 1 quart water. Keep covered, allow to stand 3 days. Then pour off all but one pint liquid and feed the plant daily for 7 days with 2 teaspoons sugar and 1 teaspoon ground ginger. It can be used after 4 days.

To make ginger beer: Put 5 cups of sugar and 5 cups boiling water into vessel large enough to hold the ingredients (china or earthern vessel is best). Stir with wooden spoon until sugar has dissolved, then add 1 large cup strained lemon juice and scant pint of ginger plant. After thoroughly stirring, add 1 dessertspoon of ginger and 10 quarts water (cold). Stir well, cover, and in 2 hours stir well again. Stand 24 hours without moving. Strain all the clear liquid through muslin, bottle, and cork. Use after 3 days. Put the sediment back into jug, cover, and feed daily as directed above. Keep covered.

Continued overleaf

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925911

FRUITY YEAST BUN, freshly baked and topped with cherries and cachous, makes a very acceptable gift. Recipe on this page.

CAKES AND BUNS

CHRISTMAS MINCEMEAT RING

Two cups flour, 2½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup sugar, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 1 egg (slightly beaten), ½ cup milk, ¾ cup fruit mincemeat (see recipe on previous page), warm icing, glace cherries and nuts to decorate.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in the butter until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Combine egg, milk, and mincemeat, add to dry ingredients, mixing only until flour is moistened. Turn into greased 8in. ring-tin and bake 40 to 45 minutes in moderate oven. When cool, ice with warm icing and decorate with glace cherries and nuts.

COUNTRY WATERMELON SQUARES

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup watermelon pickles (see recipe previous page).

Sift dry ingredients. Cream butter or substitute, gradually add brown sugar, beat until sugar dissolves. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Stir in dry ingredients alternately with the sour cream, then add finely chopped watermelon pickles. Pour into greased and floured shallow cake-tin, bake 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven. Cut into squares when cold. This cake can be served plain for afternoon tea or topped with whipped cream and served as dessert.

PETIT FOURS

Eight ounces butter, 8oz. sugar, 4 eggs, 8oz. flour, 4 extra tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, vanilla.

Beat butter to a cream, gradually add the sifted flour. Continue beating until creamy. Whip eggs until thick, add sugar and vanilla. Gradually add this mixture to the creamed shortening and flour. Lastly add the extra flour which has been sifted with the baking-powder. Place in well-greased slab-tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

To Ice and Decorate Cakes: Cut the cake, with as little waste as possible, into fancy shapes. Place it on cake-cooler over plate or basin to catch excess icing as each cake is covered. Spoon the glace icing over cakes, varying colors and flavors of icing. Decorate with piping, flowers moulded from fondant icing, crystallised flowers, marzipan fruits or glace fruits.

Marzipan Fruits: Mould small pieces of almond paste into apple, pear, or banana shapes. With small paintbrush and diluted food coloring, tint fruits to their natural colors.

Glace Fruits: Use strawberries, mandarin segments, grapes, or cherries. Place 2 tablespoons of sugar in saucepan, add sufficient water to dissolve sugar, and simmer until it turns very light honey color. Cool slightly, dip fruits in one at a time. Place on greased plate, dust with crystal sugar.

Note: These fruits will not keep long and should be prepared as required for decorating.

Crystallised Flowers: Lightly brush small flowers or single petals with egg-white (unbeaten), then dredge with fine crystal sugar. Dry carefully on waxed paper in warm place.

PRESENTATION ROLLS

Three-quarter cup dates, 1 tablespoon flour, extra 2-3rd cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, ½ cup walnuts, 20 maraschino cherries, 1 tablespoon icing-sugar, butter frosting, extra cup finely chopped walnuts.

Chop dates finely, toss in the tablespoon flour. Sift the extra flour with baking-powder, salt. Beat eggs until foamy, gradually add sugar and vanilla, beating until mixture is thick and lemon-colored. Carefully fold in dry ingredients, walnuts, dates. Spread mixture into swiss-roll tin lined with greased paper and lightly dusted with flour. Drain cherries, arrange 10 along each end of mixture about ½in. from edge of tin. Bake 30 to 35 minutes in slow oven. Turn cake on to greaseproof paper which has been sprinkled with the sifted icing-sugar. Remove paper, trim edges of roll, and cut in halves crosswise. Roll each piece tightly, beginning at cherry end. Wrap in paper, chill. Spread rolls with prepared frosting, roll in the extra nuts.

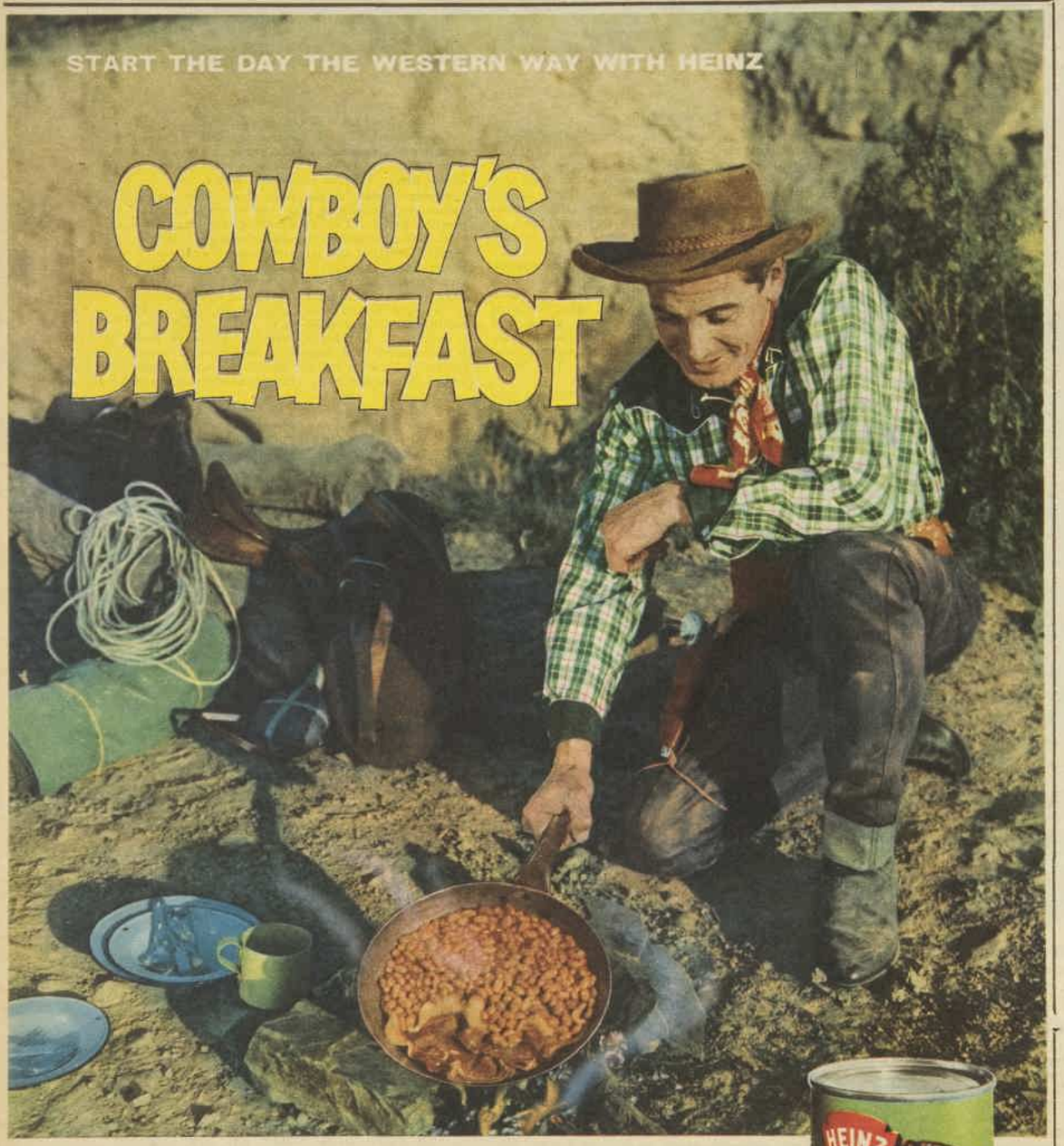
Butter Frosting: Cream 2 tablespoons butter. Gradually add 1½ cups sifted icing-sugar alternately with 3 to 4 teaspoons milk, cream, sherry, or fruit juice. Flavor with vanilla essence, if desired. Beat until smooth and creamy.

FRUITY YEAST BUN

One cake compressed yeast, 2 tablespoons water, 1 cup milk (scalded), 3 teaspoons sugar, 4 cups flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 cup mixed fruit (sultanas, currants, etc.), warm icing, red food coloring, glace cherries, colored cachous.

Soften yeast in warm water. Add to the lukewarm scalded milk, stir in the sugar and 1½ cups of the flour, beating until smooth. Let rise in warm place until light and bubbly (about 30 minutes). Cream butter and icing-sugar, add the eggs, salt. Combine with yeast mixture, blend in remaining flour and fruit, beat 2 minutes. Let rise until doubled in bulk (about 1 hour). Punch down, let rise further 30 minutes. Divide dough into 3 parts. Shape each into 18in. strip. Seal edges, plait the 3 pieces of dough. Place on greased scone-tray, let rise until light (about 30 minutes). Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool, ice with warm icing tinted with little food coloring. Decorate with chopped red and green glace cherries and colored cachous.

NEXT WEEK, IN COLOR: The Sophisticated Sandwich



HEINZ BAKED BEANS

SERVED WITH CRISP, SIZZLING BACON

No need to go out West to enjoy the traditional Cowboy's Breakfast.
Just fry bacon – add Heinz Baked Beans – serve pronto! Makes mighty fine eating for all the folks.

GIFT OFFER! Full colour, 2-in-1 JIGSAW PUZZLE of the famous Cowboy's Breakfast, size 10" x 8", with second puzzle on reverse side. To get yours, send Postal Note for 2/- plus two 16 oz. or 8 oz. Heinz Baked Beans Labels together with your name, age, address (including State) to "Cowboy's Breakfast", H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., Box 57, Dandenong, Victoria. (Labels not required where this contravenes State Laws).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925912

PRIZE RECIPES

● Budget-wise homemakers will find this week's main prize recipe, Yuletide Fruit Cake, ideal to make for the coming Christmas season.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for a simple Christmas pudding and biscuit slice recipes.

All spoon measurements are level.

YULETIDE FRUIT CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cold water, 12oz. mixed fruit, ½lb. dates (chopped), ½lb. stoned prunes, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, pinch nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt, juice and rind 1 orange, juice ½ lemon, 1 tablespoon brandy or rum, 2oz. chopped walnuts or peanuts, 1 dessertspoon chopped crystallised ginger, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 well-beaten eggs.

Combine in saucepan the butter, sugar, water, mixed fruit, dates, prunes, soda, spice, ginger, nutmeg, and salt. Stir until boiling, simmer 10 minutes. Remove from stove, allow to cool slightly; add in fruit juices and rind, brandy, chopped walnuts, and ginger. Mix in sifted flours and beaten eggs. (Mixture will appear wet because of the hot contents, but it turns out a really nice moist cake.) Turn into 7in. cake-tin lined with 2 thicknesses of paper, bake in moderate oven about 1½ hours or until cooked through. Allow to cool, wrap, and store until required.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Knight, 11 Rodway Street, Zillmere N5, Qld.

CHRISTMAS SHERRY SLICES

Half pound semi-sweet biscuits, 1 cup mixed fruit, 2 tablespoons cocoa, ½ cup castor-sugar, 1 egg, ¼lb. melted butter, 2 tablespoons sherry, extra 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, extra sherry, pink coloring, cherries and nuts to decorate.

Crush biscuits finely and place in bowl, add mixed chopped fruit, cocoa, and sugar; mix lightly together. Beat egg, add to mixture with the melted butter and sherry. Press mixture into well-greased shallow tin, allow to set in refrigerator. Prepare icing: Blend softened butter with icing-sugar, add enough sherry to form smooth cream. Leave white or color pink if desired. Spread over biscuit, decorate with cherries and nuts. Serve well chilled, cut into finger lengths.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Maquire, "Rosedale," Dangarsleigh, Armidale, N.S.W.

UNCOOKED CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One cup raisins, 1 cup currants, ½ cup candied peel, 1 medium-sized cooking apple, ½ cup glace cherries, 2 pieces preserved ginger, grated rind and juice 1 orange, 1 cup very finely grated carrot, pinch nutmeg, ½ cup ground almonds, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup wholemeal breadcrumbs.

Put fruits, peeled apple, cherries, and ginger through mincer and mix with orange rind and juice, carrot, nutmeg, almonds, sugar, and crumbs. Press mixture firmly into buttered basin, cover with plate and add a weight to press it down. Leave overnight in refrigerator. Next day turn out and serve with cream or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss R. Walker, 7 Penang Street, Point Clare, N.S.W.

TRANSFER

VARIED FLORALS to decorate household linens, aprons, and scarves are from, our Embroidery Transfer No. 203. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price of transfer is 2/-.

Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers a reader's query about an antique coffee-pot, shown at right.

This coffee-pot was bought about 40 years ago in an antique shop in Perth. It stands 8in. high, but has no markings. Could you give me some information about it, please?

Mrs. W. N. Shand, Drummoyne, N.S.W.

The coffee-pot (shown at right) was made during the last century, about 1860. It looks as though it could be of French origin, but it is impossible to tell without inspecting the pot. The handle is a typical 19th-century shape and has, of course, been copied right up to the present time.

Uncle Toby's FRUIT SALAD breakfast

All the goodness of Uncle Toby's, plus the added vitamins and minerals of fruits . . . in a cool, cool breakfast that keeps you full of energy right through hot summer days.

TAKE YOUR MORNING UNCLE TOBY'S this cool, refreshing summer way. All the energy-building natural protein of the whole grain, with the added goodness of milk and your favourite fruits — fresh, stewed, tinned or dried. Looks marvellous, tastes marvellous, does marvels for summer vitality. A treat for everyone, children and grown-ups

SPECIAL SUMMER PACK

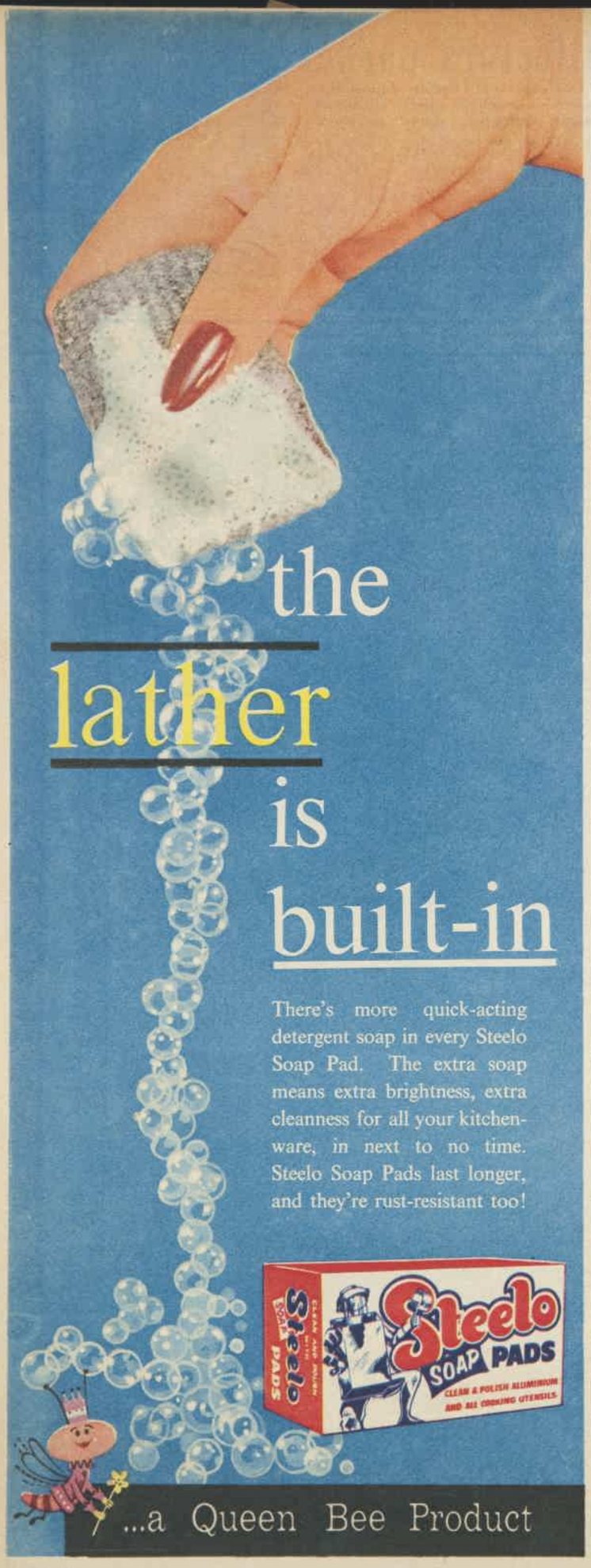
Inner foil seal and replaceable airtight lid ensure constant freshness. Contains same full 2 lb. net.

Get all the natural protein in the nicest tasting way!

Do it easy! Put two heaped dessertspoons of Uncle Toby's straight from the pack into a plate, slice up any combination of fresh, dried or tinned fruit, pour on a small quantity of milk. Let it stand for a few minutes until the oats are soft and creamy. Add more milk if you wish.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL BREAKFAST OF ALL

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925913



BE READY FOR CHRISTMAS

Candy Hardy Frock Service: PRETTY SHIRTDRESS TO BUY

● **This dress with its graceful shape can be bought ready to wear and cut out ready to sew.**

THE dress—we call it "Karen"—is a perfect fashion-wise shirtwaister with a lace trim for extra glamor. It is ideal to wear when you want to look "special," but not too formal; a budget-priced essential for any smart summer wardrobe.

"Karen" is photographed in blue drip-dry faille-poplin. If blue is not your dish there's a choice of six other fashion shades in the same fabric.

The color range includes blue with blue lace (above), pale pink with white lace, magnetic-blue with natural lace, white with white lace, natural with natural lace, lemon with white lace, and caramel with natural lace.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/11/5; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/15/6. Postage 5/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/16/9; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/18/3. Postage 5/6 extra.

Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Orders received on and before December 15 will be delivered for Christmas. Orders received after December 15 will be delivered early in the New Year.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925914

BE READY FOR CHRISTMAS

GARDENING apron has a built-in knee-pad stuffed with plastic foam. Apron is made from an old sugar bag and trimmed with webbing.

Gifts you can make

● Two quickly made gifts that your friends will use again and again are a gardening apron with kneeling-pad and cotton shoe covers.

Gardening apron

A KNEELING-PAD is a convenience to gardeners. The apron above has an 8in. hem encasing a plastic foam pad ¾in. thick.

The length of the apron depends on the height of the person who will wear it, because the pad must reach below the knees. If you have insufficient material the pad can be backed with an odd piece of cloth.

Materials: Length of hessian or heavy linen about 36in. long (or required length) and 27in. wide, or a sugar bag opened out and cut evenly all round, scraps of bright material and carpet webbing for pockets and trimming, waistband and tie-ends in contrasting material 56in. by 3in. wide or length of furniture webbing, one or two pieces plastic foam 24in. by 7½in. for padding, thread to match apron.

To Make: Using a selvedge for the top, make ⅜in. hem down both sides by folding under raw edge and stitching down hem on right side of work. Turn under 8in. hem at bottom for padding.

Make 3 small pleats at each side of centre top.

To make waistband, mark centre of 56in. by 3in. strip of contrasting material. Mark 10in. each side of this point and with right sides of material facing sew apron to this area (loose ends will become ties).

If using furniture webbing, turn under ¾in. hem at tie ends, fold hem across to one side of webbing, and stitch down, thus forming a pointed end.

If using strip of material, double over to back of apron, turn under raw edge, and sew neatly over the join of band and apron. Hem raw edges of ties.

Make a pocket of one piece (or joined scraps) of bright material to measure about 19in. across by about 8in. deep, allow for ½in. turnings all round.

Slant outer corners (see picture above) by turning under 4in. of the corner. Trim with length of furniture webbing. Sew pocket to apron 6in. below waistband. Divide pocket into three compartments by making two rows of stitching, leaving a small pocket at each side.

Insert plastic foam into hem and stitch two vertical lines at intervals of 8½in. through all thicknesses.

Stitch a length of carpet braid across the apron and directly above the pad.

Cotton shoe covers

THESE covers were designed originally to pack shoes into when travelling. Hooks were added to hang them up. At home, they can be used to hold shoes and hung up on hooks on a cupboard door for easy access, or a vertical row of hooks in a corner of the wardrobe provides good storage and protection for special shoes.

Soft, lightweight material is advisable to allow shoes to be packed closely for travelling, and roominess is essential.

If you make more than one pair, a different coloured edging and loops on each pair help to identify matching shoes.

A set of several pairs of these shoe covers would make a most useful gift for a friend who is planning a trip overseas.

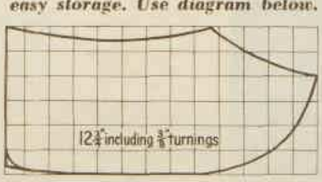
Another way of distinguishing each pair is to make the covers in a different pattern.

Gaily striped cottons, spotted designs, and floral prints on white grounds are all attractive fabrics to use for a set of four or six covers.

Materials: Three-eighth yard plain or patterned soft cotton material (36in. wide), 14yds. braid or bias binding, matching thread.

To Make: Draw a pattern from the diagram—each square equals 1in. This is suitable for average-size shoes (sizes 5 and 6). Add ½in. all round for larger size and subtract ½in. all round for smaller size.

SHOE COVERS for travelling or easy storage. Use diagram below.



EACH SQUARE equals one inch. Pattern is for average-size shoes.

Fold material in half lengthways and place pattern on the doubled material with heel end on the selvedge.

Leaving the top end open, sew together two sides of each cover, making a french seam or a single row of stitching on the wrong side. Neaten raw seam edges with pinking shears.

Turn cover right side out and turn the raw edge of opening at top under a row of braid or bind with cotton bias. Extend trim into 2in. loop at back.

PX. 19/NPC

Cook and serve in exciting, colourful

English PYREX

OVEN TO TABLE WARE

Guaranteed for one year against oven heat breakage

Gaiety casserole in Snowflake design

An exciting possession . . . a WONDERFUL gift! You'll love to give and to receive any one of the new wonderful *English Pyrex* selection. Hygienic—easy to clean—decorative and functional.

MAKE THE WISE CHOICE—ORIGINAL ENGLISH PYREX.

A few gems from the English Pyrex range.

1. Serving bowl on candle-warmer stand.

2. Divided Vegetable dish with/without candle-warmer stand.

3. Space-saver casserole set.

4. Coffee/Tea jug with candle-warmer stand.

FREE—For a coloured folder showing the full English Pyrex range, complete coupon and mail to:

John Shorter Pty. Ltd., Box 469, G.P.O., Sydney.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

W.W.2

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925915

Discover

Never needs defrosting! Fabulous Foodarama made by Kelvinator — the exciting new refrigerator-home freezer with Cyclic *Fully* Automatic Defrost. Has a capacity of 14.2 cubic feet with a 68 lbs. Freezer that's just like a supermarket in your kitchen. Foodarama is priced *from* 238 *guineas*. See the complete Kelvinator range of refrigerators at your Kelvinator retailer. It includes 3 models, all with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Push-Button Defrost *from a new low of* 150 *guineas*.

Your life will be more enjoyable with a Kelvinator Freezer. It holds 210 lbs. of frozen foods — 6 cubic feet of storage space. Saves you money, too! You buy food in quantity when prices are low . . . store it safely for future use. Discover this exciting new way to live and enjoy food at its best with a compact Kelvinator Freezer. *Kelvinator Freezers are priced from* 169 *guineas*.

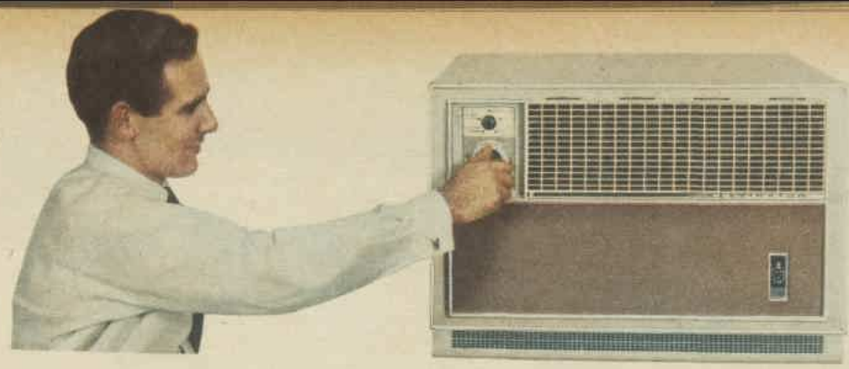
Choose

Kelvin

REFRIGERATORS • FREEZERS • WASHERS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925916

You turn a dial once! *After that the Kelvinator Refrigerated Air Conditioner takes over, and actually "senses" the ideal temperature you require. It warms in winter, cools in summer. And the slimmer, smarter styling blends with any room decor.*



this push-button world of better living...

Bliss! The world of *tomorrow* here *today* to make your life easier! Here's Australia's most *automatic* range of appliances — made by Kelvinator. Your every wish is granted . . . every need fulfilled when you choose Kelvinator for Better Living.

Just dial and disappear! Washdays cease to exist with the Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer. It does everything but the ironing! It's the only machine with the *1-speed, all fabric washing action* that enables you to safely wash everything from the kiddies denims to your daintiest nylons. And, the exclusive "Magic Cycle" Pump saves you thousands of gallons of hot sudsy water each year. See your Kelvinator retailer now — and ask for a *free home trial.* Prices: **Model W89** (*illustrated*) with "Magic Cycle" Pump — 211 guineas. **Model W69** — 193 guineas.

Discover this push-button world of better living soon! See your Kelvinator retailer. He'll show you how easy it is to own any of the wonderful automatic Kelvinator appliances.

ator

for Better Living

AIR CONDITIONERS • TELEVISION • RADIO

KL147

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925917

Enjoy the best, choose *Penfolds* for perfect wine

Penfolds Mantilla Cream Sherry
Light, sweet and deliciously smooth.

Penfolds Mantillo Flor Sherry
Full, soft wine with medium dry flavour.

Penfolds Royal Reserve Sherry
Outstanding quality either sweet or dry.

Penfolds Royal Reserve Port
An excellent, full-bodied tawny port.

Penfolds Pale Dry Fino Sherry
Pale gold, very dry. Spanish Solera type.

Penfolds Club Port
Vintage 1945.

Dalwood Hermitage
Really fine claret. Australia's classic red table wine.

Eden Valley Moselle
Delightfully refreshing white wine of subtle flavour.

Minchinbury Champagne
Famous for its superb quality.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925918

AUSTRALIAN NATURE

Mister and Missus

● A pair of Splendid Wrens *(Malurus splendens)* are pictured at their nest. The male bird, colored blue and black and much more showy than the female, is standing guard while the female takes her turn to feed the chicks (a chore he nevertheless takes his part in). Like other wrens of the genus *Malurus*, the Splendid Wrens have short, roundish bodies and long, stiff tails, giving a pert, appealing appearance. They are found in the south-west areas of the Australian continent.

Picture by Mr. M. Morcombe, Armadale, W.A.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925919

"My 11 year old gave me the best advice I've ever had about vitamins!"

One day, she asked me to buy Fortagen. She told me it was a chocolate drink with eight vitamins in it, and she'd much rather have Fortagen than vitamin tablets. So I asked the chemist about Fortagen and this is what he told me: "Fortagen is a high potency vitamin food, made from malt, milk and eggs. It provides valuable protein, carbohydrate and minerals. As well, it is fortified with EIGHT ESSENTIAL VITAMINS. Fortagen is the ideal, easy-to-make energy food."

FORTAGEN

The energy food for modern families

ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST — HE KNOWS

AWF16.61

LESSON 37: By Leila C. Howard

Cookery Course

FLAVORING WITH SPICES

— for interesting foods

SPICES have little or no food value, but the volatile oils which give them their aromatic odor and distinctive flavor help to make simple foods appetising and interesting.

Most spices are imported and therefore are relatively expensive. For home use buy in small quantities and retain maximum freshness and flavor by storing in airtight containers in a dark, dry, cool place.

GUIDE TO SPICES

Allspice: So named because flavor is similar to several spices, chiefly cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg; is sold whole or ground. It is berry of small tree; also called pimento. Use for stews, savory dishes, pickles.

● Try a small amount in fruit mince.

Caraway: Dried seeds of plant similar to parsley. Use for flavoring cakes, breads (especially rye bread); with soft cheese spreads, sauerkraut.

● Try adding a few to stewed kidneys.

Cardamon: Seeds of plant of ginger family. Use dried whole seeds in mixed pickles, ground dried seeds in Danish pastries.

● Try a pinch in after-dinner coffee.

Cinnamon: Inner bark of tropical tree. Can be bought powdered or in sticks. Use in cakes, drinks, sweets, and curries.

● Try mixing a little into your next crumb crust.

Cloves: Dried flower buds of evergreen shrub. Can be bought whole or ground. Use in pickles, chutneys, confectionery.

● Try cooking a few whole cloves with sweet potatoes.

Coriander: Dried seeds of annual plant. Use ground seeds in meat dishes, in breads with cheese.

● Try a pinch in the pastry for peach or apple pie.

Cumin: Ground dried seeds of the caraway plant. Use in curry powder and chilli powder for Mexican food.

● Try adding a pinch with coriander to melted butter used to baste grilled fish, chicken.

Ginger: Underground stem of ginger plant. Can be bought ground, preserved, whole in syrup, crystallised or as root ginger for use in pickling or jam-making. Use in sweet or savory dishes.

● Try chopped crystallised ginger in ice-cream or fruit salad.

Mace: Outer leafy network of nutmeg. Can be bought whole or ground and is excellent basis for other and more delicate flavorings. Use sparingly because too much is apt to produce a somewhat sickly effect. Use in cakes, pies, sweets, and fruit dishes.

● Try a little in sauces for fish.

Nutmeg: Shelled nut, thick and hard, of tree. Can be bought as nuts or powdered. Use grated or powdered in all cakes, puddings, and drinks.

● Try sprinkling grated nutmeg on milk for a delicate flavor.

Paprika: Mild-flavored, orange-red powder made from red capsicum pods. Do not confuse with cayenne pepper. Use to color and flavor poultry, fish dishes, some meat stews, cream soups and sauces, salad dressings.

● Try a little sprinkled over cooked corn-on-the-cob.

Poppy seeds: From poppy plant. Greeks and Romans made a delicate confection using poppy seeds, honey, and rich pastry dough. Use as a topping for breads, rolls, and cookies.

● Try adding to bland foods such as noodles or cottage or cream cheese to give a spicy flavor.

Saffron: Tiny stigma of crocus flower which must be hand-picked, thus making saffron expensive. Use to color or flavor rice, fish, sauces, stews, chicken dishes.

● Try infusing saffron in the hot liquid to be used in the recipe to produce the best color and flavor.

Turmeric: From perennial plant grown in southern Asia. Use for coloring and flavoring mustard pickles and curry powder.

● Try using turmeric in conjunction with mustard and curry powder for extra flavor and color in choko pickles.

Vanilla: Obtainable as a long dark thin bean or as pure vanilla extract. Use to flavor desserts, ice-creams, cakes, icings, cookies, and pastries.

● Try keeping a piece of vanilla bean in a jar of sugar to be used in desserts, ice-creams, etc.

SWEET AND SAVORY SPICED DISHES

CARDAMON FRUIT MEDLEY

Six ounces dried apricots, ½lb. dessert prunes, red wine, 4 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon ground cardamon, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, whipped cream.

Soak washed apricots overnight in sufficient red wine to cover. Place in pan with prunes (add extra wine if necessary to barely cover fruit), sugar, cardamon, and lemon rind. Cover, simmer gently until fruit is tender. Remove fruit from liquid, continue cooking until thick and syrupy. Pour over fruit, cool, then chill. Serve with whipped cream.

CARAWAY COCKTAIL STICKS

Two ounces good shortening, 1¼ cups plain flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 3oz. grated cheese, 1 egg-yolk, squeeze lemon juice, caraway seeds.

Rub shortening into flour sifted with salt and cayenne pepper, add cheese. Mix to firm dough with egg-yolk and lemon juice, reserving a little liquid for glazing. Roll out to ¼in. thickness on lightly floured board. Brush with reserved egg-yolk mixed with little water, sprinkle with caraway seeds. Cut into strips barely ¼in. wide and 3½in. long. Place on greased ovenslide, bake in moderate oven 6 to 8 minutes. Leave on tray until cold, store in airtight tin.

SPICED TEA-CAKE

Two eggs, pinch salt, ½ cup castor sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1¼ cups self-raising flour, 3 dessertspoons melted good shortening.

Topping: One dessertspoon peanut butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon brown sugar.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add egg-yolks beaten with sugar and mixed with milk and vanilla. Fold in sifted flour, then melted shortening. Pour into greased 8in. sandwich tin, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from tin and while still hot brush top with peanut butter and sprinkle with cinnamon and nutmeg mixed with brown sugar.

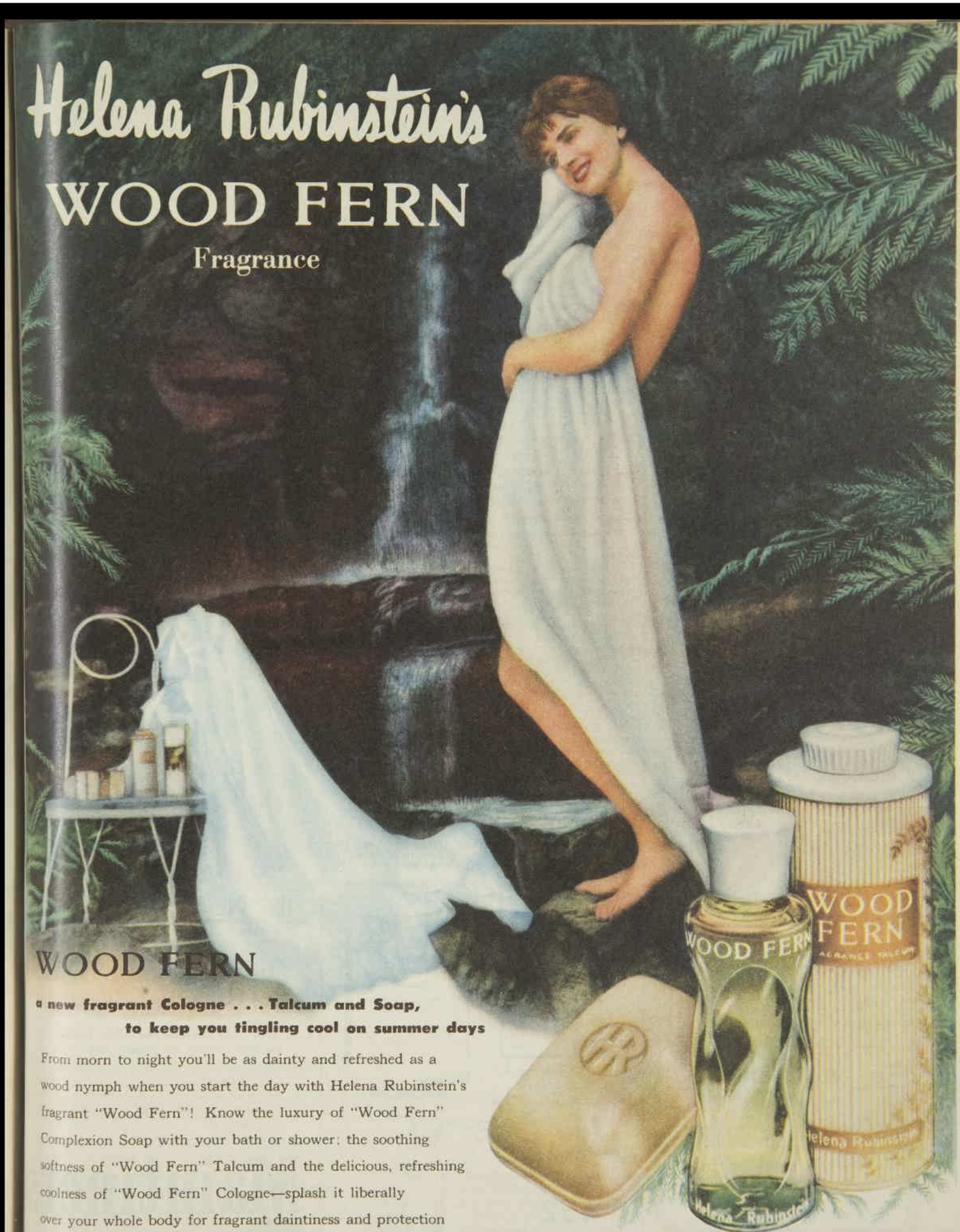
SAFFRON RICE

One chopped onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 small green pepper, 1 tablespoon good shortening, 1 cup chopped skinned tomatoes, 2 cups stock (or water with soup cubes), 1½ teaspoons salt, few pieces saffron, 1 cup rice, ½ cup cooked green peas.

Saute onion, finely chopped garlic, and chopped green pepper in shortening 5 minutes. Heat stock, add saffron, then salt. Fold into onion mixture with rice and tomatoes. Simmer 25 to 30 minutes, remove lid and allow mixture to dry out over gentle heat. Fold in cooked peas, serve hot.

NEXT WEEK: Cooking with cereals.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925920



a new fragrant Cologne . . . Talcum and Soap, to keep you tingling cool on summer days

From morn to night you'll be as dainty and refreshed as a wood nymph when you start the day with Helena Rubinstein's fragrant "Wood Fern"! Know the luxury of "Wood Fern" Complexion Soap with your bath or shower; the soothing softness of "Wood Fern" Talcum and the delicious, refreshing coolness of "Wood Fern" Cologne—splash it liberally over your whole body for fragrant daintiness and protection on the sultriest summer day.

Complexion Soap, 5/5 Fragrance Cologne, 13/6 Fragrance Talcum, 11/6

"Wood Fern" is available at Helena Rubinstein's Salons, all leading city stores and authorised agents throughout the Commonwealth.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925921

Your teeth need a NEW

Tek

ANTI-GERM*

TOOTHBRUSH

* The tufts of Tek Anti-germ toothbrushes are specially treated to fight germs . . . not only germs that cling to the tufts after cleaning, but also germs that collect on the brush between uses.

For Dentures! *ask for*

Tek Denture Brush

with anti-germ

Scientifically designed to clean more quickly, more thoroughly.

Johnson & Johnson

T. 303

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● *Striking home of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wotherspoon, Bulleen, Vic., which has just been completed. Split-level was achieved by raising the back section on stumps.*

● Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wotherspoon are very pleased with their split-level home in Bulleen, Melbourne.

THE Wotherspoons went to our Home Planning Centre at Myers and chose Plan No. 452, but it was two years before they started building.

"We worked on it during that time," Mr. Wotherspoon explained, "and changed everything round a dozen times. But we finally came back almost to the original just because it suited us so well.

By including the third bedroom, illustrated in the plan, as a possible future room and increasing the size of other rooms, Mr. and Mrs. Wotherspoon have added almost three squares to the just on 11 squares of the original.

And in rainy weather the three-feet-wide eaves mean that the Wotherspoons can walk under shelter right round the house.

Inside the house there is a 3ft. 6in. difference in the two levels, with the living area—lounge, dining-room, and kitchen—on the lower level and the three bedrooms, bathroom, toilet, and laundry on the higher level at the back.

We offer the choice of thousands of different designs based on our basic plans. Secure our series of booklets and choose the house which most nearly fits your needs. Our architects will alter the selected plan to fit in with your wishes and to suit your site. The full plans and specifications can cost as little as £10/10/-.

Make cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service."

If you contemplate building a home, this service can save you a lot of money. **THIS IS A COMPLETE ARCHITECT-DIRECTED HOME-DESIGN SERVICE FOR YOUR USE,** and all normal architect services are available.

COUPON

Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... **STATE** .....

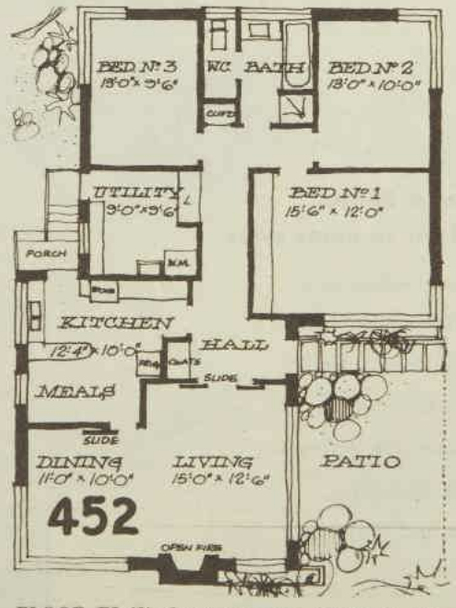
☐ **Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)**

☐ **Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)**

As an interesting touch of their own, the Wotherspoons have a walk-through broom cupboard two feet wide leading from the hall to the laundry. The entrance to this cupboard is concealed in the timber-panelled wall.

Phone or call your local Centre at—

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney), B0951, ext. 220.
MELBOURNE: Myers (32044).
HOBART: FitzGeralds (27221).
ADELAIDE: The Building Centre, 47 South Terrace (51-1798).
BRISBANE: McWhirters (50121).
GEELONG: Myers (X6111).
TOOWOOMBA: Pigotts (7733).
OR FILL IN COUPON ABOVE AND POST IT TO YOUR NEAREST CENTRE.



***FLOOR PLAN** shows compact design of this three-bedroom split-level home.*

The NEW fruit flavoured

CHEWABLE MULTI VITAMIN TABLET

for the whole family!

Now! You can give the whole family their essential vitamins the pleasant way.

Maintinets — multi-vitamin tablets — *chewable* and *fruit flavoured*, are so easy to take yet so important to general good health that mothers everywhere are solving the problem of keeping the family fit.

Available at all chemists — start today.

Maintinets

32 Tablets for 15/-

GOOD HEALTH FOR LESS THAN SIXPENCE A DAY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925922

From the Mediterranean the most magnificent ice cream of all...

Cassata!

On Italy's isle of Sicily, islanders have long guarded their recipe-secrets for magnificent ice cream. Most prized of all is Cassata: rich-flavoured and flecked with fruit and nuts. Now Sunshine brings *you* the recipe! Be one of the first in Australia to serve this marvellous ice cream—your own magnificent Cassata!

SUNSHINE

full cream powdered milk

makes the deep-flavoured difference... the fabulously rich, creamy difference that is the success-secret of true Italian Cassata ice cream

*Registered Trade Mark

'SUNSHINE' CASSATA ICE CREAM

8 tablespoonfuls SUNSHINE Full Cream Powdered Milk; ½ tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk; 4 level teaspoonfuls gelatine; 3½ teaspoonfuls vanilla; 1 pint hot water; 4 tablespoonfuls castor sugar; 2 teaspoonfuls almond essence (optional); 1 oz. chopped glacé cherries; 1 oz. chopped almonds; 2 tablespoonfuls strawberry jam; ½ pkt. Nestlé's Choc-Bits; 1 dessertspoonful butter.

Mix 6 tablespoonfuls Sunshine and castor sugar to a smooth paste with warm water. Dissolve 2 tablespoonfuls Sunshine in 1 pint hot water, add to paste gradually. Add Condensed Milk. Add gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup hot water, then 3 teaspoonfuls vanilla. Freeze till set (approx. 2 hours) then beat till volume approx. doubled. Divide into 3 bowls. In first bowl mix almond essence, cherries and almonds; pour into foil-lined loaf tin. In second bowl, mix jam (and cochineal if desired) and spoon onto first layer in tin. Melt butter and chocolate over hot water and beat into contents of third bowl; add ½ teaspoonful vanilla. Spoon onto strawberry layer. Cover with foil and freeze. Makes 2 pints—10 slices. If loaf tin will not fit into freezer, freeze layers in ice cream trays. When ready to serve, press layers together, then slice. *(Spoon measures rounded unless otherwise stated.) Clip out this recipe and paste it in your Sunshine "Selected Recipes" Cookbook.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925923

TWIN-TUB HOOVERMATIC WASHER

Regd. Trade Mark

washes cleanest in half the time

Here's why the Hoovermatic out-performs all other washers

Boiling-action. Hoover's unique pulsator sends sudsy water through and through clothes. Washes cleaner than boiling.

Double-rinse and spin-dry. Every load is rinsed twice, leaving clothes suds-free. Then they're spin-dried in seconds.

Safety lid for spin tub. Automatically brings spinning to a stop the moment it's opened. So safe for curious little fingers.

Automatic timer. Switches off the washing action at just the right moment. Never any needless over-washing.

No installation. Needs no bolting down. Runs freely on castors. Suitable for use in kitchen, bathroom or laundry.

HW.91.WWPP

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925924

The "age-old" question (when you're fortyish)

Would YOU marry a man 12 years younger than yourself?

● To wed or not to wed, that was my problem.

IT'S a dilemma that may-be many other "forty-ish" women have had to face, and perhaps my story can help them come to a decision.

The trouble was, you see, that I was 12 years older than the man who wanted to make me his wife.

Having been married before and being the mother of two girls aged 19 and 13, I not only faced their incredulous horror, but the politely raised eyebrows of friends of my own age group (many unhappily married).

He was very handsome and I was what might be termed a "career" woman with just a good salary but NO money in the bank and no well-furnished home.

It wasn't a question of infatuation.

Even at my advanced stage of old age (in the eyes of my children) I loved him so much that I continually refused to marry him.

In fact, I ought to have received an Academy Award for the way I repeated to him all the usual good reasons so carefully thought out by the many who would have preferred to see me qualifying for a wheelchair and a pension than another walk up the aisle.

"When you're ten years older, mark my words, he'll meet a young woman and THEN where will you be?"

"Have you gone completely out of your head? You just can't contemplate marriage with a man practically young enough to be your son."

(That last crack, of course, came from my own sex.)

"He's just carried away by your sophistication at the present time, but time marches on, and you'll be sorry."

Etc., etc., etc., ad infinitum.

A mother's story

Cradle-snatching

For six months I battled with the problem, spending sleepless nights, refusing to see him, telling him to go away and stop me cradle-snatching, trying to be patient with my girls, who continually hinted that they were ashamed to introduce me to their pals.

But for all my arguments and will to be strong, he had his counter-arguments.

His main argument was that genuine love knows no age and that companionship and understanding meant far more to a man than the irresponsible misunderstandings of youth.

To heck with them!

So eventually I thought to myself: "To heck with all the good advice.

"It's my life. Only I can live it, and if I make a mistake I have only myself to blame."

We got married in the face of all the opposition.

That was TEN YEARS AGO TODAY and life meanders on so happily I wish it would last for ever.

As these years have gone by, his hair has started to grey and my love for him has kept me young in spirit and looking, so I'm told, no older than ten years ago.

Everyone envies us

We are radiantly happy and the envy of all our friends. My daughters adore him and, both married now themselves, laugh constantly about how they tried to prevent us getting married.

What did he bring to the marriage?

● He gave me, and has constantly given me through the years, the wonderful knowledge, to a woman, that despite her age she is genuinely loved and respected.

● He brought me home all his problems and we thrashed them out together.

● He has constantly shown all my doubting and envious friends how much he loves me.

● He has given great affection and a father's genuine love to my children.

What did I bring to the marriage?

● A mature woman's understanding that a man is, above all, a child that needs babying, comforting, and the constant assurance that he is nine feet tall.

● No silly arguments or petulance and fits of the sulks if one doesn't get one's own way. (It is so easier to get it anyway when you are older, and still let him think he is the one who won the battle.)

● No curling-pins or dressing-gowns at breakfast. (You dressed up to get him, so dress up to keep him.)

Happy ever after

That's all to this story of a really happy marriage. I have had it proved to me finally and conclusively that there really is NO AGE in love.

I guess I'm a very lucky woman.

● The sunny-natured writer, who says she wishes to remain anonymous "for obvious reasons," wins a £20 prize for her article on how she coped with her unusual "Home and Family" problem — and coped successfully.

Soft, shining lovely hair

Made first for baby, Johnson's is a gentle shampoo for children . . . wonderful for your own hair, too. It leaves the hair soft, shining, lovely . . . so easy to manage.

BEST FOR BABY . . . BEST FOR YOU

Now available— Money-saving Family Size.

Johnson's WON'T BURN EYES SHAMPOO

TRUST ITS GENTLENESS

make dinners delicious with

PAXO

The complete ready-prepared seasoning

CONTAINING SHREDDED BEEF SUET

Here it is, complete and ready-prepared with all the ingredients of good, old-fashioned seasoning — bread crumbs, onions, sage, parsley, thyme and finely shredded beef suet. Paxo makes roasts and poultry taste better than ever. Wonderful sprinkled on steak. And Paxo makes dishes like stuffed tomatoes and savoury mince as easy as pie.

Buy PAXO today. Try PAXO today PAXO . . . the pleasoning seasoning

MADE BY CEREBOS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. 4875

De Witt's Pills

An auxiliary treatment for

Rheumatism

(when faulty kidney elimination is a contributory cause)

Rheumatism is a general term characterised by inflammatory and painful affections of the fibrous textures of joints, muscles and limbs. Hence you can suffer rheumatism in the joints, muscles, back, arms and legs.

De Witt's Pills are recommended as an auxiliary treatment when faulty elimination through inactive kidneys is a contributory cause of your rheumatism.

De Witt's Pills are a diuretic and mild antiseptic for the kidneys and bladder. They also relieve irritating and annoying frequency and simple bladder infections.

Soon after taking the first dose you will have visual evidence that De Witt's Pills are working on your kidneys. Start a course today.

De Witt's PILLS

Economy Size 8/- (100 Pills) Regular Size 5/- (40 Pills)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925925

● *Sometimes he finds it hard to say just what he means, and this can make him quite miserable.*

Help him say what he means

● ***Although children may seem to understand what is said to them, their grasp of the words may well be incomplete; and when replying, they may not be able to express themselves.***

THE other day a furiously angry little four-year-old stood at the dining-room door through which the rest of the family had gone into breakfast and flatly refused to enter.

Vainly her mother asked her what was wrong; all she would do was to glare at her older sister and mutter, "Won't tell you."

Happily this particular mother was used to interpreting storm signals and she suddenly realised the new frock the older child was wearing was so like one belonging to the four-year-old that the latter thought her most prized garment had been taken from her without her knowledge—hence her speechless fury.

A still older sister was hastily sent off to produce the frock in question, as proof that it was still there, and peace reigned once more.

Yet the unhappy little girl had never actually said what was making her angry.

The fact is that children have not always the ability to tell in so many words just what is the matter.

So it takes time and patience for a mother to understand what is going on in a child's angry mind.

Yet this inability of the young to communicate what they are thinking is a factor of serious importance and, if neglected, can lead to a great deal of unnecessary annoyance for parents and much unhappiness for children.

Many adults take it for granted that the words they use really convey the same meaning to the child as they do to themselves.

But this is not so — it takes a long time for a child to become acquainted with its world and understand all the adults say to it.

For most children under four it is the tone of voice, backed up by the familiar words which are heard every day, that are understood and acted upon.

It is only by hearing words and sentences constantly and pleasantly repeated that children gradually become familiar with their native language and so eventually learn to express themselves coherently.

The point to bear in mind is that the relationship between parents and

By ANNE CUTHBERT

children is easy and friendly, questions can be asked and doubts cleared up.

Sometimes it is only by chance that one discovers how far an explanation has been misunderstood, as was the case when a 10-year-old boy was told that his authoress aunt always wrote under a *nom de plume*. Having thought the matter over, he asked if it kept the rain off her.

Soon it became clear that he had supposed a *nom de plume* was a kind of feathered umbrella under which she was obliged to sit.

Parents who do best in getting their children to understand what is going on are usually those who make their explanation with the minimum of words when they want definite action, but are prepared to talk lovingly and at length during a walk or at playtime.

The greatest difficulty of all is putting thoughts into words.

Any child can, if given the opportunity, learn the names of a wide variety of objects and will usually be able to express simple likes and dislikes.

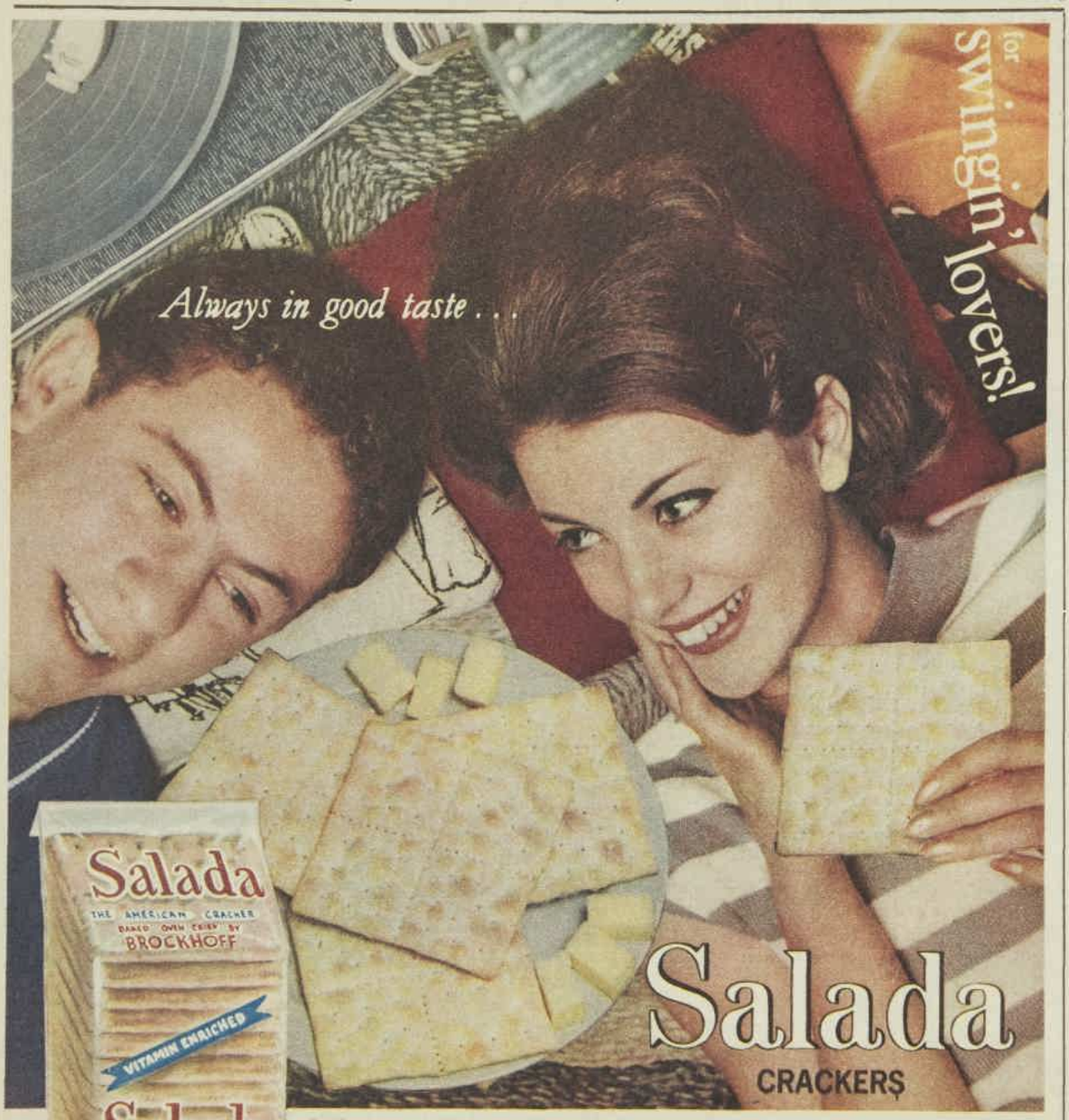
But this does not mean that ideas can be expressed with any clarity.

If you ask a four-year-old why he likes his old grey check shirt better than his new blue one, he won't be able to tell you—though the chances are some older person said how nice and clean he looked in the blue, and the flattery was unwelcome. Or some one he dislikes has a blue shirt.

In any case, the four-year-old wouldn't have the fluency of speech or the practice, to explain his dislike of the shirt.

He acquires these abilities only with time and experience.

Parents who not only love their children but, by patient, unobtrusive observation, learn to understand how their minds work, can, as it were, "tune in" to them and thus be able to make an intelligent guess at what, if anything, is pleasing or troubling them.



baked oven-crisp by **BROCKHOFF**

Loose from the tin at your grocer, or in stay-fresh ½ lb. packets.

For the young at heart — a snappy, happy biscuit that's always right! Anytime — fun-time or snack-time, you'll enjoy the crisp, tasty flavour of Brockhoff Salada Crackers. Vitamin-enriched, and low in calories, Salada are perfect with cheese, spreads or toppings. They're a welcome, versatile cracker at parties and get-togethers. For a satisfying snack at any time, be sure to stock up with Brockhoff Salada Crackers . . . always in good taste.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925926

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● How grim to find that the examination season is almost upon us again.

I SOMETIMES wonder whether we don't make a great deal too much of the children's examinations nowadays, and let them make too much of them, too.

I'm quite sure that in my examination days the average family didn't take half so much notice of the children's examination agonies — there was none of this feeling that it wasn't fair to fill the house with noisy adult visitors, or to ask the children to run messages after school, or help in the weekends with family do-it-yourself projects.

Examinations were something we were supposed to be able to take pretty much in our stride, cutting down on our recreations, perhaps, so that we could do a bit more work, but not cutting down on "duties" around the house.

We did live in an easier, not-so-competitive world, though, I think.

For girls, anyway, it seemed a good idea to pass the Intermediate and the Leaving if you could, but not a major disaster if you couldn't.

Now examinations have to be passed as an entrance to almost every sort of career.

And mothers all over the country at this time of year start running their own errands and roping in unwilling husbands to help with the washing-up so that the children can get on with work for their exams.

Kat gets "exam jitters"

EACH of our three has a totally different approach to end-of-year troubles.

Katherine works hard and systematically and tends to fly off the handle most unexpectedly about trifles.

The first sign of examination strain with Kat is extreme sensitivity to any sort of criticism.

If I say, **"I don't think I'd wear those shoes with that particular frock," Kat will say, "You think I'm hopeless, don't you—you don't think I've got any taste at all."**

And if someone draws her attention to the fact that she's leaving lights burning all over the house or that she has promised to turn off the hose and forgotten to do it, she is cast into the deepest gloom and says tiredly:

"Everybody's always nagging at me — nothing I ever do is right."

As Kat is normally pretty easy to get on with, this is something we have to bear at examination time as patiently as we can.

"The old Kat's got her tongue," Mike says, and then spoils his joke by carefully explaining it to everyone.

It's fun to have a good "moan"

DIANA'S approach to examinations is a highly dramatic one.

She is completely exhausted by the amount of work she has done; she thinks she will have to ease off or she'll be completely stale by the time her exams begin; everything is absolutely hopeless and completely beyond her.

She says, to save us later disappointment, that Hugh and I should face up to the fact now that she's not nearly as bright as we think she is (perhaps just a little bit subnormal, not quite all there?); and that she's a nervous and sensitive type temperamentally unfitted for the colossal nervous strain of any sort of school work.

"You are the most heartlessly unsympathetic woman I've ever met in my life," she told me yesterday, when I pointed out that the mental energy used in an hour of this dramatic moaning would have been enough to allow her to learn four geometry theorems by heart.

"Anyway, I like moaning and I hate working," she said. "I've got to get SOME fun out of life, haven't I?"

Mike blames his teachers

MIKE'S attitude to examinations could be summed up in Josh Billings' classic phrase, "It's better to know nothing than to know what ain't so."

It's all part of Mike's curious view that the things that happen to him are always someone else's fault. Tests, in Mike's view, are tests of his teachers' abilities.

If he gets 36 per cent. for algebra, "It only goes to show that old Snoodger is a hopeless teacher."

Nought out of ten in a section of his history paper (because he hasn't taken the time and trouble to understand the question) is explained on the grounds that "Old Scotty's such a fog he can't ask a straight question so that anyone knows what he's supposed to be getting at."

Something will have to be done about Mike in the next year or two. I wish I knew what.

A figure like 3 out of 20 (English)) doesn't interest him a bit. The only sort of figure that can hold his attention is the sort that reads 3 for 20 (cricket).

Time for the TV set

DO you remember the days when every house had a clock in every room?

Some of them ticked softly and fast, some ticked slowly and heavily, and some of them marked the passing of the hours with chimes.

Somebody had to remember which were daily and which were eight-day clocks, and there was endless scope for argument over whether the grandfather clock in the hall or the gold travelling clock in the dining-room or the ormolu in the sitting-room kept the best time.

Then suddenly everybody had radios, correct time was always on tap, and the unwound clocks began gathering dust.

Most households managed with one clock—usually an efficient and silent electric one with no cheerful tick.

Now that radios are being silenced in their turn and many households are depending for their entertainment on what Mike persists in referring to as "the goggle-box," clocks are beginning to make a bit of a comeback.

The first television manufacturer who thinks of building a truly reliable little clock into the casing of his television sets will be one up on his competitors.

We have no sitting-room clock and we find it maddening to have to track out to look at the electric clock in the kitchen to see the time — or else switch on early and sit through ten minutes of Western corpses before the session we want.

Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Every woman is different. One of the most apparent differences is the appearance of her hair. To keep your hair looking its best use a shampoo for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo for normal hair. When you are buying a shampoo, select the one Breck Shampoo that is right for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, shining and beautiful. Hair you can keep beautifully in place with Breck Hair Set Mist.

4 oz. bottle 8/6
Breck Trial Sachet 1/6

BRECK HAIR SET MIST A soft, fine spray that is good to your hair. Holds curls beautifully in place for hours. Breck Hair Set Mist is a gentle spray that leaves your hair soft and shining, never stiff or sticky. It is good to your hair. Breck Hair Set Mist holds curls beautifully in place. This fragrant mist, with lanolin, brings out the natural beauty of your hair. Use after combing, to hold hair in place. Use before combing — style as you comb. Use for pincurling.

Breck Hair Set Mist 17/9

NOW MADE IN AUSTRALIA FOR JOHN H. BRECK INCORPORATED, U.S.A. BY

Potter & Moore

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925927

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 32

The waves rolled in, a star flashed unseen through the sky. Her lips were dry and warm, the innocence of her kiss, in its ardor and passion, moved him as never before.

"Oh, Davie, darling," she whispered, her cheek against him. "I'm so happy I could die. I love you so much it's like as if my breast would break."

. . . . . .

The graduation ceremony took place a few days later. Immediately he had turned in his hired cap and gown, Moray set about finding a suitable job. At least two house appointments were his for the asking in the Infirmary. But here, not only was the salary a pittance, he had long ago wisely decided against the long toiling road of academic promotion. Again, several assistantships were available, mainly from country practitioners, but these he dismissed on sight.

For his own sake and Mary's he must find something better. Intently he scanned the columns of the "Lancet" and the "Medical Journal," pored over the advertisements of the local newspapers. He found nothing that would do. He was worried stiff. Then at last he came on an unobtrusive panel in the appointments column of the "Winton Herald."

"Wanted for Glenburn Hospital, Cranstoun, Resident Physician. Salary £500 per annum and unfurnished cottage. Engagement to commence January 1. Apply the Secretary to the Board, Wintonshire Public Health Department."

He drew a long, deep breath. It was right, exactly right, except perhaps for the date of the appointment—but that, balanced against the other advantages, was a detail, immaterial. He knew the hospital and had often admired it on his weekend excursions from the city. Situated in pleasant rolling country, within a long tram ride of Winton, it was known locally as the "Fever Hospital," having at one time been devoted exclusively to infectious diseases. Now, however, it was mainly given over to the treatment of tubercular children. The salary was generous, a house was available, obviously they wanted a married man, and the laboratory would afford him facilities for research. He knew, of course, that competition would be severe, cut-throat, in fact, and as he got up from the reading-room bench he had the look of one going into battle.

The campaign which he forthwith conducted was indeed, in its resourcefulness, subtlety, and consummate adroitness, fit to be honored and recorded as the classic example of job-getting. From his university professors he got testimonials and letters of recommendation, and from Drummond an introduction to the Wintonshire Medical Officer of Health.

A week later his name appeared on the "short list" of ten candidates, and at the meeting of the board on August twenty-first he was unanimously appointed.

Beyond indicating non-continuing that he had a possibility in view, Mo[illegible] had said nothing at Ardfillan of the marvellous prospects offered by Glenburn. Because he had lived so much alone it was his nature to keep [illegible] to himself—besides, he had been horribly afraid of missing the job. Now, however, with a thrill of anticipation, he prepared for the joys of triumphant revelation.

He made his plans with characteristic thoroughness. He went, in the first place, to Gilhouse, the University bookseller, at the foot of Fenner Hill, and sold all his textbooks, also his microscope. With the tidy sum in his pocket he crossed Elderglove Park to a less salubrious neighbourhood and entered the pawnshop at the corner of Blairhill Street, where, over the past five years, he had occasionally been an unwilling client.

Now the position was reversed. Taking his time and wisely rejecting the dubious diamond pressed upon him, he selected from the unredeemed pledges a thick gold ring mounted with a nice large aquamarine. Set in velvet in a red leather case it looked extremely handsome, and it was genuine. With this in his pocket he borrowed Bryce's bike and set off for Craigdoran. He arrived at eleven.

"Mary," he exclaimed, walking straight into the refreshment-room and putting his arm round her waist, "shut up shop. Now. At once."

"But, Davie . . . I still have two more trains . . ."

"Hang the trains . . . You're coming with me, this very minute. And while you're about it, put a few buns and sandwiches in a bag."

She gazed at him, half doubtful, half smiling, yet conscious of something compelling behind the lightness of his tone.

"Well," she conceded finally, "I don't suppose it'll ruin the company, or Father, this once."

Ten minutes later they were off together on the bike. He took the Stirling road, turned east at Reston, and about one o'clock, swinging round the outskirts of Cranstoun, came to rest a quarter of a mile along the Glenburn lane.

"This is where we take a stroll, Mary."

SHE was confused, vaguely disturbed, did not understand why they should be here, but she accompanied him obediently down the lane. Presently they reached the sweep of ornamental railings which enclosed the hospital. He halted, wise enough to know that at this stage they must penetrate no farther. They both peered through the neat, painted railings. The sun was shining on the enclosure, some children in red jackets were seated with a nurse on a bench beside the green stretch of lawn, a blackbird sang in a nearby forsythia bush.

"Listen, Mary," he said, drawing a deep breath. "This is Glenburn Hospital. Those four buildings among the trees are the wards. That's the administrative block in front of them. And over there, with the garden at the back, is the medical superintendent's residence. Not a bad house, is it?"

"It's a sweet wee house," she answered wonderingly. "And such a nice garden. Do you know someone there?"

Ignoring her question, he went on, pale now and breathing rather fast.

"The medical superintendent has sole and complete charge of the hospital. He has full facilities for research in the hospital laboratory. His salary is five hundred pounds per annum, plus the produce of the garden and a free house, that house over there, Mary, in which he is lawfully entitled to keep his own lawful wife." His voice was cracking with excitement. "Mary . . . as from the first of January they've appointed a new medical superintendent. You're . . . you're looking at him now."

. . . . . .

He took the return journey slowly, making a wide detour at Overton that would bring them through the Carse of Louden, along the south shore of Loch Lomond and up across the moors of Glen Fruin. This was a noted route, one of the prettiest in the West, but Mary saw nothing of it . . . nothing . . . not even the majestic crest of Ben Lomond towering above the shimmering loch. Dazed with happiness, still stricken by all the thrilling wonder of the miracle he had worked for her, she closed her eyes and hugged him to her with all the grateful love of her overflowing heart.

And he was happy, too—how could it be otherwise?—excited by the effect he had so carefully planned and so successfully produced. Yet to his credit he had regained calm, he did not seek praise, he

To page 58

Nothing beats Rinso's richer, softer suds

FOR EXTRA WHITENESS...EXTRA BRIGHTNESS!

Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all washing machines

"It takes the richer, softer suds you get with Rinso to show results like this!"

Fishing boats are fascinating, but for Mummy the thrill's in this demonstration of her washday skill. "No mistaking a Rinso wash," she says. "Shirts, little undies and dresses—everything you wash in Rinso has that **extra** look that makes you proud."

Richer, softer suds for extra cleaning action. No other suds like Rinso's for getting clothes really clean. They keep working long after other suds give up, putting extra whiteness, extra brightness into everything you wash.

NOTHING BEATS RINSO'S RICHER, SOFTER SUDS FOR EXTRA WHITENESS—EXTRA BRIGHTNESS

Z.163.W.N.3PC.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925928

VRIESIA carinata, whose flowers or bracts are like a many-fingered hand painted two colors.

Colorful indoor plants

WITH the development of the indoor plant vogue, bromeliads, which once were little grown in Australia, have become popular because many are hardy and some will thrive in deep shade where other plants would die.

Most of this family from the American tropics (the pineapple is a member) have stiff, channelled leaves in rosettes, with bright flowers in dense heads. Many, though not all, were originally epiphytes, growing on trees in the jungle and "living on air."

Among the bromeliads are the group of billbergias, or parrot-flowers, with their extraordinary color combinations, and the guzmanias, vriesias, nidulariums, aechmeas, and cryptanthus, which all make popular house plants when well grown.

Some are far from hardy. The nidulariums are stove plants, requiring warm conditions under glass or in carefully heated rooms. They have green-and-red bracts.

Aechmeas need heat and humidity, and are among the most attractive of the bromeliads. There are about 20 varieties, all of which flower well.

Practically all the bromeliads require a well-mixed soil consisting of rich loam, containing ample fibrous matter (leafmould or old turf), and some sand. Don't water them excessively, and give good drainage.

AECHMEA (variety fulgens discolor). The leaves are stiff and usually rosetted. Grows best in old fern roots or similar fibrous material.

AECHMEA fasciata is attractive. Needs abundant water in summer, the growing season. Don't wet the tops during flowering.

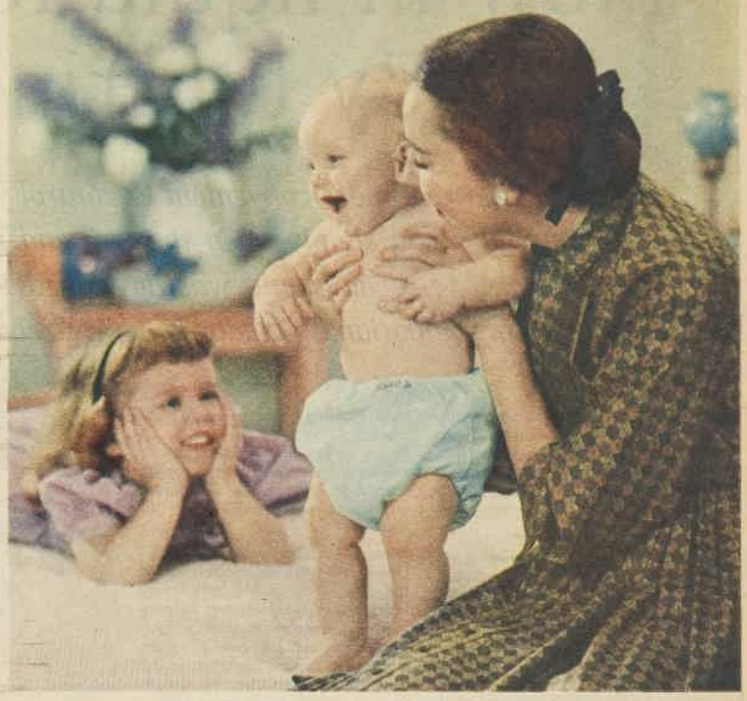
GARDENING

BILLBERGIA pyramidalis, right, has fine-toothed leaves up to 3ft. long and erect clusters of red flowers tipped with violet.

NIDULARIUM innocentii lineatum, left, has 12in. leaves and white flowers surrounded by scarlet bracts. Makes a fine pot plant when it's well grown.

BECAUSE YOU KNOW

your baby's early diet is so important



Baby foods...every meal...every day

It's a good feeling knowing that **you** alone are responsible for your baby's healthy development. Wisely you realise that loving care also means starting early with nourishing, body-building Heinz Baby Foods. Only Heinz provide complete daily menus to help your baby to grow sturdy and strong. Over 80 varieties of Strained and Junior Foods, each meeting a specific need in baby's diet. Yes, growing takes a lot of what Heinz is famous for. There are over a million happy, healthy young Australians to prove it. So, give your baby quick, convenient, satisfying Heinz Baby Foods . . . every meal . . . every day.

HEINZ

BABY FOODS 57

THE GOOD THEY DO YOUR BABY NOW — LASTS A LIFETIME

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925929

Metrecal

the pleasant new way to lose weight and avoid regaining it

Now in liquid form, ready to drink

Now it's easier and more convenient to control your weight with Metrecal. You simply open the can and pour a 225 calorie meal. Metrecal Liquid was developed to meet the same exacting nutritional standards as Metrecal Powder.

Metrecal was introduced in the United States more than two years ago and has since been successfully introduced to countries all over the world. Metrecal has been available in Australia since December, 1960. Its aim:

To provide a judicious method of weight control, incorporating sound nutrition, appetite satisfaction, and convenience.

Metrecal is a scientifically balanced food that makes possible accurate control of calorie intake while providing all the known essential nutrients required for a sound reducing programme: and Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

Metrecal has the flexibility to meet the needs of the individual user. For rapid weight control, Metrecal may be used as the total 900-calorie daily diet. On this complete programme, the average weight adjustment is ½ lb. a day. To control weight more gradually and to maintain a desired weight, Metrecal may be used for only one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days of the week.

Why Metrecal is distinctive
Many factors set Metrecal apart. These include: the new concept — the measured calories of Metrecal provide for the first time in one product the means to achieve your desired weight through accurate control of calorie intake.

PROVEN BY EXPERIENCE — Metrecal has been used successfully by millions of people throughout the world to control weight.

QUALITY OF PRODUCT — The ingredients of Metrecal are meticulously chosen and manufactured to the most exacting pharmaceutical standards.

RANGE OF CHOICE — Metrecal is available nationally from your chemist in both powder and liquid form, in a selection of sizes and flavours.

What Metrecal can do
Overweight persons control weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. Most important: they control weight safely; they quickly look better, feel better, without resorting to complicated schedules or complex calorie counting. The Diet is easy to follow since little if any hunger is felt after the first day or so.

How Metrecal is available
Metrecal is available nationally in both liquid and powder. The liquid is in handy 8 *fl. oz.* cans, ready to drink. Each can contains an individual 225-calorie meal. Available in Chocolate, Vanilla and Butterscotch flavours.

The powder is in ½ lb. cans and economy size 3½ lb. cans. One half-pound of powder, mixed with water, provides the total daily diet in the 900-calorie programme. Available in Plain, Chocolate, Butterscotch and Orange flavours.

The importance of the physician in problems of weight control
Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, and persons with medical disturbances should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight control programme. **Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.**

The most convenient way to control weight. Simply open, pour and drink, at home or at work.

Metrecal Liquid in 8 fl. oz. cans costs only 3/9. Metrecal Powder in ½ lb. cans costs 12/6 (enough for 4 beverage meals). Metrecal Powder in 3½ lb. Economy size costs 77/- and saves you 10/6.

Edward Dalton Company
(A DIVISION OF CHARLES McDONALD-MEAD JOHNSON PTY. LTD.)
Quality products from nutritional research
120-126 ROTHSCHILD AVENUE, ROSEBERY, N.S.W. TELEPHONE 67-4330

ED161

Continuing . . .

THE JUDAS TREE

from page 56

natural air of modesty remained unchanged. He was in love and had wished to impress less from a sense of self-importance than from the desire to make her suddenly rejoice.

As they topped the long hill which led from the loch to Glen Fruin he checked the machine and turned off the road into one of the grassy sheep tracks which crisscrossed the moor. Following the path for about a quarter of a mile, he drew up at the river beside a bank, deep in heather and bracken, sheltered by a clump of silver birches. Beneath them the moor fell away in a great sweep of purple and gold. Now she could see the mountain and the loch, a shimmering landscape that seemed to her of heaven and which she interpreted in her own fashion.

"What a braw spot, Davie."

"Braw enough for us to get our grub." He teased her. "All this chasing around should have given you an appetite."

"I'm too carried away to eat."

But when they seated themselves and spread out their lunch upon the checked tablecloth she had brought, he made her eat her share.

"Oh, Davie," she murmured, between bites. "That bonnie wee house . . . I can't get it out of my head. Just wait till ye see how I'll look after you there."

"We have to furnish it," he warned. "But we have time before January. Now we're all settled I'll take a locum or something over the next four months, which should give us enough cash for a start, anyway."

"Dearest Davie . . . you think of everything."

"There's one thing I nearly forgot." Offhandedly, he dived into his jacket pocket. "Here it is, lass. Better late than never."

Watching her as she opened the little red box, he had never been so deeply moved. Completely still, she looked at the ring, which, like her, was simple yet beautiful.

She did not praise the ring, she did not thank him for it . . . but, turning, she looked into his eyes just as she had done after that day at Gairsay and, in a trembling voice, that he was to remember all his life, she whispered:

"Put it on for me, dear." Then with a little sigh she reached out her arms toward him.

They lay close together on the soft bracken under the hot afternoon sun. From far off came the whirr of a risen grouse, then again stillness, but for the quiet ripple of the stream.

Her lips were parted, slightly swollen from the sun, and almost purple against the soft pallor of her face. Her eyelids, masking her doe-soft eyes, had a fainter, bluish tinge. Warm in his arms, she trembled.

His heart was thudding against his side so hard, the sound of it made a rushing in his ears. He longed for her, but was afraid. Then, close to him, she breathed:

"If you want . . . take me, dear."

The sun passed behind a cloud, the bees ceased their hum, a circling curlew uttered its mournful cry.

When at last they stirred and gathered up the picnic things, he drove off slowly, a trifle sad and sorry, touched by a rueful sense of regret. Had he not been premature, crushing so much joy into so short a time, snatching so early at the first fruits of happiness? She was so young, so innocent — a fresh surge of tenderness swept over him — should he not have shown restraint and waited? Indeed, from the beginning, had he not rushed on too fast and heedlessly? No, a thousand times no . . . he banished the thought.

"I'm all yours now, Davie."

SHE snuggled against him, laughing softly in his ear. No mournful, injured wistfulness for her! She was renewed, confident, more than ever alive. Half turning, he saw that her eyes were fresh and dewy, he had never known her so radiant. She seemed to sense instinctively his vague depression, and gaily, tenderly, possessive as a mother, she lifted him up.

They had reached the summit above Ardfillan when suddenly the heavy cloud that obscured the sun broke upon them in a drenching shower. Hurriedly he slipped the gear lever into neutral and coasted rapidly down hill. He was at the shop in no time, but not before he was unpleasantly damp — Mary, behind him, had escaped the worst of the rain.

Upstairs she insisted that he change into a suit of his father's, but he passed the matter off. He was not really wet, he said, there was a good fire in the room, he would soon dry off. In the end they compromised: he put on the baker's carpet slippers and an old tweed jacket Mary found in a cupboard.

Presently the shop was shut and Aunt Minnie appeared, followed a few minutes later by Douglas. The four sat down to the evening meal—Willie, it appeared, was away spending the weekend at the Boys' Brigade Camp at Whistlefield. At

To page 59

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925930

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 58

Moray was painfully embarrassed, asking himself if some intangible evidence of guilt, a lingering aura of those delirious moments of consummation on the moor, was not observable in Mary and himself.

But when Mary ended the silence, the general tension relaxed.

Moray had promised to let her break the news of his appointment in her own way, and she did so with a sense of drama which far surpassed his own effort of the morning.

First she displayed her ring, which was admired—though grudgingly—by the aunt, who remarked aside: "I hope it's paid for."

"I don't think we need worry about that, Auntie dear," Mary answered kindly, with just a hint of patronage. She began forthwith to describe the hospital at Glenburn, painting it in colors rather more glowing than reality, and working without haste toward the climax, which was tremendous.

A long pause followed, then Douglas said, deeply pleased:

"Five hundred pounds and a house . . . and the bit garden for your vegetables . . . it's fine . . . man, it's downright handsome."

"Not to mention the laboratory and the chances of research," Mary put in quickly.

"This," the aunt drew in her lips with a hiss of satisfaction, "will be gall and vinegar to the Stoddarts."

"Hush, Minnie." The baker offered his hand to Moray. "I congratulate you, David. If ever I had a doubt about you and this whole affair, it's gone now, and I can only ask your pardon. Ye're a fine lad. I'm proper glad my daughter is marrying you, and proud to have you as my son-in-law. Now, Minnie, don't you think this calls for a celebration?"

"Without a doubt!" Minnie was won at last.

The toddy made his head hot, but his feet were leaden cold. He was relieved when they persuaded him to stay overnight, but when he went to bed he was shivering—he took his temperature, 101 degrees—and knew he had caught a chill.

Moray spent a restless, fevered night, and when he awoke from the snatch of sleep into which he had fallen toward morning he had no difficulty in diagnosing his own case—he was in for a bout of acute bronchitis. A few minutes later, Mary came into his room.

"Oh, dear . . . you're ill," she exclaimed at once in dismay. "Half the night I was worrying you'd caught cold."

"It's nothing much. But I'll be laid up for a bit and I can't make a nuisance of myself here. You'd better ring the hospital."

"I'll do no such thing." She had taken his hand, which felt so hot to the touch that her heart contracted with concern. "You'll stop with us in this very room. And I'll look after you. Who else indeed!"

"Are you sure, Mary?" Suddenly he wanted her to care for him. "I'll only be a few days. If it's not too much trouble I'd far rather stay . . ."

"And so you shall," she said firmly. "Now . . . should I send for the doctor?"

"No, no, of course not . . . I'll prescribe for myself."

He raised himself on his elbow and wrote a couple of prescriptions. The effort made him cough.

"That's all I need, Mary. And occasional hot fluids . . ." He forced a smile. "And you."

He was worse than he made out. For ten days he was quite ill, with a high fever and a racking cough. She nursed him devotedly and, for an untrained, with surprising talent. When, at the end of the second week, he was able to be up and sit in a long chair by the window, he apologised shamefacedly to Douglas for the trouble he had given them all.

"Not another word, Davie," the little baker interrupted him. "Ye're one of the family now."

When her father had gone out of the room Mary came over and knelt beside his chair. She gripped his knee tightly.

"Don't ever say you were a bother, Davie. What do you think would have happened to me if I hadn't got you well?"

"What a perfect wife you'll make me, Mary. Don't think I haven't noticed every single thing you've done."

Presently he was out, walking with her on the Esplanade, slowly at first, then at a faster pace. Finally he pronounced himself recovered, and ready to look out for a locum tenens that would carry him through the next few months. He still had a stitch in his side that worried him, but he did not speak of it.

To complain now would be a poor way to reward their united efforts on his behalf. However, on the following Monday when he travelled by train to Winton to leave his name at the Medical Employment Agency, he had a sharp bout of pain and decided it might be wise to look in at his old ward and have his chest gone over by Drummond.

It was unexpectedly late when he arrived back at Ardfillan, and Mary, who was serving a woman customer in the shop, read at once the dejection in his expression. The moment she was free she came toward him, looking up into his face.

"No luck, Davie?"

"It's hard to explain, Mary . . ." he said feebly. "I'll tell you upstairs."

It was just closing time. Hurriedly she drew the blinds and turned off the lights, then followed him to the upper room. Her father and Aunt Minnie were there with him. He did not know how to begin; there was nothing for it, he had to reveal the

Bending forward with elbows on his knees, he kept looking at the floor . . .

"So when I got there Professor Drummond screened me . . . X-ray, that is . . . and apparently I have a patch of pleurisy on my left lung."

"Pleurisy!"

"It's very localised," he said, refraining from mentioning Drummond's insistence that neglect would induce tuberculosis.

Striving to keep the despondency from his voice, he added: "But apparently it knocks out any possibility of a locum."

"What's to be done, then?" Douglas said, looking rather blue. "Surely the doctor . . . the professor ordered something definite for ye?"

There was a pause. Moray raised his head.

To page 60

FROM THE BIBLE

- ***"Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ."***

(Authorised Version)

- ***"You must therefore be like men stripped for action, perfectly self-controlled. Fix your hopes on the gift of grace which is to be yours when Jesus Christ is revealed."***

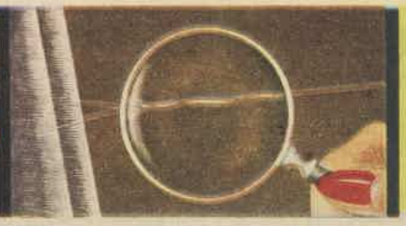
(New English Bible)

—I Peter 1.13.

Why do such fine sheers wear so long?
BECAUSE . . . these seamless sheers are different from any you've ever worn. The unique 2-ply knit is an exclusive Holeproof development — never before possible in such fine stockings. Two gossamer-sheer threads are woven together in an entirely new technique that's been proven in thousands of actual wear tests to give a genuine 50% longer wear.

HOLEPROOF
new 2-ply super sheers *Seamless*

2-PLY KNIT ON FINEST 474-NEEDLE MACHINES MAKES HOSIERY FINER, RESISTANT TO STRAIN
Now you can stretch, climb, bend, without stocking strain. 474-needle construction gives more stitches, more 'give' to the stocking. Holeproof 2-ply Seamless cling to your legs in perfect fit, flatter them as never before. You'll love them.



LOVELY HOLEPROOF UNIQUE 2-PLY CONSTRUCTION GIVES BEAUTIFUL SHEER LOOK — 50% MORE WEAR
Exhaustive wear tests prove that new 2-ply construction gives you 50% more wear. Twin-thread construction is actually more beautiful, too, imparting a lovely sheer dull finish. . . . . Here at last is a super sheer that really wears.

CHOOSE YOUR NEW 2-PLY SEAMLESS SHEERS IN 'NINON' Micromesh . . . OR 'FIBS' Plainknit
Holeproof are first with this new seamless hosiery. If supply is short it is only because demand is so great. See the full range of colours, including the sensational new shades 'Rave', 'Mink', 'Smoke Haze'.

12/11

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925931

make this delicious new junket dessert

MARSHMALLOW TOPPER.

- Cut 12 marshmallows into quarters, add to 2 cups of milk.
- Heat to luke warm, as for junket.
- Add 1 Hansen's Plain Junket Tablet dissolved in a little water and 3-4 drops vanilla.
- Pour into individual dessert glasses, allow to set in warm place, then chill.
- When very cold and before serving, sprinkle with toasted coconut.

Serves 4.

Full of the good, substantial nourishment of pure milk in junket form . . . plus that 'something exciting and special' everybody will look forward to at dessert time. Simple to make—made in minutes!

- plain
- pineapple
- strawberry
- raspberry
- cherry
- almond

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

Continuing . . .

THE JUDAS TREE

from page 59

"If you must know . . . Drummond did say that I need a sea voyage . . . as a ship's doctor, of course . . . in fact, he insisted on ringing up the Kinnaird Line . . . he knows someone there . . ."

Now there was a prolonged silence. Finally the baker said:

"That sounds like sense at last. And if it's a question of your health, lad . . . that's all important. We would keep you here gladly. But would you get better, with the winter coming on? Ne no. Your professor's advice is sound. Did he manage to find ye something?"

Moray nodded, unwillingly.

"There's a boat . . . the Pindari, leaving next week for Calcutta . . . a seven weeks' round trip. The pay is good, ninety pounds in all. We could furnish our house with it, Mary."

On the following Tuesday he crossed to Greenock with Mary. It was a wet, stormy afternoon. He looked and felt ill, and the misery of the coming separation lay upon him. And upon her, too, yet she was brave, resolved not to give way. Under her windblown tweed hat, raincoat buttoned to her chin, her face was set in a mould of resolute cheerfulness.

The wind swept in staggering gusts across the docks, but she insisted on coming to the pier end to see him off, her hand beside his, under the handle of his old leather suitcase, sharing its weight. Rain, like tears, ran down her cold cheeks, but her lips and breath were warm. Sick at heart, he could not bear to part from her.

"I'll take a chance and stay, Mary."

"But you must, dear, for both our sakes. I'll write to you . . . and count every minute till you're back to me." Just before she broke away and ran back along the jetty she took a small package from her raincoat pocket and pressed it into his hand. "Just so you'll mind me, Davie."

In the cabin of the heaving tender, on the way out to the ship, he undid the wrappings and looked at what she had given him.

It was an old thin gold locket, smaller than a florin piece, that had belonged to her mother. Inside she had placed a little snapshot of herself, and in the back, carefully pressed, a single flower of the bluebells he had picked for her at Gairsay.

He clambered up the swaying gangway and came aboard. He stood on deck, striving to penetrate the mist that shrouded the vague line of the shore where Mary would be standing, watching the departure of this special ship. His heart was filled with sadness and love. The deep, despondent sounding of the foghorn gave him a strange sense of foreboding. As the mist closed down, obliterating the shore, he turned and went below to find his quarters.

His cabin was aft, on the starboard side, next to the chief engineer's, furnished in polished teakwood with red curtains to the ports, a fitted locker and book rack, and a red-shaded bunk lamp, all particularly snug. His consulting room and the dispensary, conveniently situated across the

To page 61

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words, short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Gives you energy without inches

Start on the Vita-Weat plan and you'll discover how easy it is to "eat and keep slim". Vita-Weat "sandwiches" are crisp and satisfying . . . keep vitality high the whole day long. Yet, with only 23 calories per biscuit, you never have a worry about your waistline!

AUSTRALIAN MADE

P.S. *Write today to Peek Frean (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Dept. 1, Box 113, Ashfield, N.S.W., for your free Vita-Weat "eat and keep slim" diet chart.* V9

Seeing Norma Jackson put me in a spin! She looked so young!

Why, Norma Jackson!
Joan! Well, fancy seeing you. It must be ten years. Have you time for coffee?

Norma, I must ask you, you have such a lovely complexion. How do you do it?
Simple! Palmolive soap facials. They can help almost any girl to be younger looking.

Palmolive Beauty Plan gives New Life to your complexion

Doctors prove that Palmolive Beauty care can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days. From the very first day you use it you'll discover that Palmolive soap beautifies as it cleans. Palmolive soap with gentle olive oil is so mild, so pure, its rich, creamy lather cleans so thoroughly that it gives new life to your complexion. Start your Palmolive Beauty Plan today—because only Palmolive with gentle olive oil gives your skin the care of a real beauty treatment.

Look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- Fresher, brighter complexion
- Complexion clearer, more radiant.
- Less oiliness
- Added softness and smoothness
- Fewer tiny blemishes and incipient blackheads

PALMOLIVE CONTAINS gentle olive oil

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925932

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 60

way, were both equally well pped.

When Moray had unpacked his suit-, containing his own few things, washed and ironed by Mary, and the stock uniforms provided by the com-y's head office in Winton, he felt pletely done—his side was hurting.

He had difficulty in carrying out first duty, a medical examination of native crew, and at night his cough so troublesome he got little sleep. Concerned not only for himself but for engineer neighbor, an elderly Scot ed Macrae, whom he must have ed, he dosed himself with codeine.

However, at Tilbury, where they spent days at the docks, a letter from put fresh heart into him, and they cleared the Nore and were ally on their way he began to feel e himself.

In the dining saloon each officer took place at the head of his own table. ray, at his, was allotted only five engers, all somewhat elderly and, he to admit, dull: two well-seasoned tea planters, Henderson and mmon, returning to Assam, a Mr. A. G. Mahratta, the Hindu manager cotton mill in Cawnpore, and an S. official and his jaundiced, severe-ing wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt-ter.

Except for the planters, who particu-y after a session at the bar, were in-ed to jocularity, and Mahratta, a hypochondriacal little man with a stomach who was sometimes unin-ionally funny, the general tone of conversation was restrained and ned to be difficult.

Not now they were through the grey ence of the Bay, sunshine sud-y blazed, sky and sea were blue as passed through the Straits and ed up the southeast coast of Spain ard Marseilles. Deck games were set out and Moray was advised the first officer, a long, lean, good-ured Irishman named O'Neil, that of the doctor's duty was to organ-them.

So Moray, taking paper and pencil, ached the task of rounding up the engers, at first with a sense of his iness for large-scale social inter-e yet, after some preliminary self-ousness, with success.

AT Marseilles a long, -page letter from Mary awaited him. in cabin he read it eagerly, smiling her little bits of news, touched by the que record of all she had been doing, rough which there breathed a constant itude for his health. In the surgery, ueezing up to his desk, he wrote his ly, telling of all his activities, and as able to catch the outgoing mail be-e the sack was closed. Loading com-ed, the hatches were battened down, e, almost at the last moment—the ht train from Paris was late—three w passengers came on board. Since of the tables in the saloon were ly occupied they were seated with e doctor and their names added to e passenger list: Mr. and Mrs. Arnold lbrook, Miss Doris Holbrook. Surrep-ously, Moray examined them as they down to lunch.

Holbrook was a man of about sixty, tall, but so heavily thickset as to be rt of breath, with a red, porous, ended face partly covered by a short trimmed beard, and small, bloodshot, ually knowing eyes. His wife wore so ch jewellery that Moray erroneously med it to be paste. The daughter peared to be not more than twenty. She was tallish, of a pale, dull com-rium, with a good figure, dark hair, d brown eyes, which, though sitting ner and silent, she kept lowered ly during most of the meal.

Not to Holbrook. In the accents of Manchester—genially, expansively, with air of experience, he broke the intro-ductory ice, tactfully set conversation going, jollied the Tamil table boy until he had him grinning, started Mahratta off on a diverting account of his recent gastronomic difficulties in London that brought a smile even to the meagre lips of Mrs. Hunt-Hunter. When he had awakened the table to life, he casually revealed that his son was in Calcutta opening a branch of his business, that Dorrie—he looked toward his daughter, who ignored the affectionate glance — had just left Miss Wainwright's Finishing School in Blackpool, and that their voyage to India was pleasure and business combined. It was only when he proposed ordering champagne all round that a reproving glance from his wife drew him up.

"Ah, well, Mother," he deferred humorously, "we'll have it at dinner tonight. That suit you, Dorrie?"

Doris gave him a pettish glance.

"You stop it, Dad. The story of your life will keep."

"That's my girl." He laughed indulgently, with a note of pride. "I like to have you keep me right."

"And about time."

"Now, Doris," her mother warned gently, then, looking round the table, she added, as though in extenuation: "Our daughter hasn't been too well lately. And the night journey was real tiring for her."

That same afternoon as Moray came along the companionway toward his surgery he found Holbrook standing before the notice board with his hands in his pockets studying the sports lists.

"It looks as though you've got everyone pretty well booked up, Doctor."

"I've gone through the passenger list fairly thoroughly, sir."

"Our Dorrie likes a game," said the other in a reflective tone. "And she's a dab at most of them. Surely you could find her a partner, Doctor." He paused. "How about yourself? You're an active young fellow."

Moray hesitated.

"I'd be glad to, sir," he said, adding quickly: "If it's permitted. I'll . . . I'll speak to the first officer."

"Do that, lad, I'd appreciate it."

Moray's impressions of Holbrook's daughter had not been favorable; he had no wish to be let in for this job. Besides, as a ship's officer, he doubted if he could participate in the competitions. However, when he had finished his consultations he found O'Neil on the bridge and explained the situation — the big Irishman had already been friendly and helpful, casually tipping him off on his more important duties.

"Sure ye can play, Doc," said O'Neil. "It'll do ye no harm and may do ye some good. The old boy's rolling. Holbrook's Pharmaceutical. Began in a back street chemist's shop in Bootle. Made a fortune out of pills."

Moray remained on the bridge for

To page 63

All you do is drop in the bread ...

Sunbeam TOASTERMATIC DOES THE REST

TOASTER

INCREDIBLE! You'll say when you see the Sunbeam Toastermatic—it makes all the others completely out of date. Here's why—all you have to do is place the bread in the toasting carriage. The Toastermatic will lower it automatically, brown it to the exact colour you want and then raise it automatically. No matter what type of bread you use—fresh or frozen, roll loaves or fancy breads, the Sunbeam Toastermatic will make toast exactly to your liking. It even reheats without over-cooking.

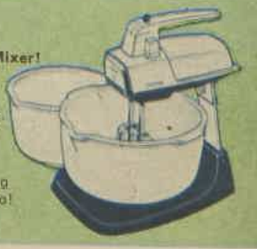
How the 'MAGIC EYE' delivers toast exactly to your taste. The Darker-Lighter knob automatically selects the colour and sets the exclusive Sunbeam 'Magic Eye'. Heat radiates from the bread on to the 'Magic Eye' until the pre-selected temperature — and therefore colour — is reached, the power cuts off and the toast is gently raised — cooked to perfection.

YOU'LL WANT THESE OTHER FINE SUNBEAM APPLIANCES TOO!

Lightest fastest Iron made: That's the Sunbeam Ironmaster. You can lift it with your little finger yet speed through the heaviest ironing chore in half the usual time—and finish fresher!

New smart Electric Kettle: Incorporates all the usual advantages of electric kettles but has some special Sunbeam exclusives of the type that make Sunbeam electrical appliances the best for you.

You must have a Mixer! Every modern home needs a food mixer. This beauty—the Sunbeam Beatermix is a powerful stand or portable mixer for every mixing job. Budget priced too!



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925933

KODAK RETINETTE CAMERA OUTFIT £22.10.0

"WELL I'LL BE!"

"... it's just what I've always wanted"! The greatest joys of giving and receiving come in the box that says "Open me first" — a camera by Kodak that will capture all the Christmas fun and give enjoyment long after the tinsel is forgotten. Your chemist or photo store has a wonderful range of Kodak Gift Suggestions. Take a look at these, for example:

KODAK RETINETTE 1A CAMERA
Easily today's best 35mm. camera buy. Features f/3.5 Schneider lens, 'bright-line' viewfinder, synchronised shutter. With case. **£17.5.0.**

BROWNIE STARFLASH OUTFIT
Takes perfect pictures indoors by flash or outdoors by daylight. Contains Brownie Starflash Camera, flashbulbs, batteries and Kodak film. **£5.17.6.**

RETINA AUTOMATIC 1 CAMERA
You can't make a mistake ... built-in exposure meter **automatically** gives you perfect 35mm. colour slides. **£55.0.0.**

BROWNIE STARLET CAMERA
Has large, eye-level viewfinder, double-exposure prevention. Flash synchronised, takes black-and-white or colour snaps. **£2.17.6.**

BROWNIE FLASH II OUTFIT
Takes 8 super-size pictures by daylight or flash. Comprises Camera, Flasholder, flashbulbs, batteries, Kodak film and instructions. **£5.10.0.**

Kodak gifts say *"Open me first"* and picture your Christmas fun.

KODAK (Australasia) PTY. LTD. Branches in all States.

Kodak

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925934

Positive relief from RHEUMATISM

is within your grasp, too! People unable to lead normal lives, because of Rheumatic pain, find A.R. TABS soon have them walking and working easily. Quickly and efficiently A.R. TABS spread relief to all parts of the body stricken with Rheumatism. Buy today the positive Rheumatism relief — 8/6 and 13/- at all Chemists.

A.R. TABS

made specially for and YOU

Ingola

lambswool & cotton fabric. Shrinkproof, colourfast, in Cream, Baby Pink, Baby Lemon, and Baby Blue.

only 16/11

At all good stores.

ARE YOU BUILDING A HOME?

Our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home.

See our Home Plan this week.

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 61

another half-hour, pacing up and down with the first officer, watching the French coastline slip away, his cheeks whipped by the invigorating wind, which was always keener up top. Drummond had been right — there was health in the tang of the open sea. How much better he was feeling now, and how agreeable life was on board. He had forgotten his promise to Holbrook, but when he went below it came to mind —and, with a shrug, he entered Miss Holbrook's name and his own in the doubles events.

The weather continued fine, the sea calm, the sky brilliant by day, shading through violet sunsets into velvet and luminous nights through which the Pindari traced its phosphorescent wake. At dawn the ship seemed suspended between sky and water, timeless and unreal, except that there, on the starboard bow, was Sardinia, the healthy fragrance of the island borne on a soft and fitful breeze.

Drawing deep, free breaths of this aromatic air without pain or hindrance, Moray knew that his pleurisy had gone. His skin was tanned, he had never felt better. After those years of prolonged grind the present conditions of his life seemed altogether too good to be true.

On the following Monday the tournaments began and just before eight bells, recollecting his engagement, Moray closed the surgery and went up to the sports deck for the first round of the deck-tennis doubles. His partner was already there, wearing a short white skirt and a blouse, standing beside her parents, who, rather to his embarrassment, had taken deck chairs close to the court so that they might miss nothing of the game. As he apologised for keeping her waiting, although actually he was not late, she did not speak and barely glanced at him. He scarcely knew whether she was nervous or, as he had suspected at table, merely perverse.

Their opponents arrived — a newly married Dutch couple, the Hendricks, who were on their way out to Chittagong, and the match began. At first Doris was carelessly erratic, but, although he had never played the game before, he had a quick eye and managed to cover her mistakes, which he made light of with his usual good humor. At this, she began to try and to play brilliantly. She had a straight yet well-developed figure and long, well-shaped legs revealed in motion by her short skirt. The Hendricks, a plump and heavy-footed pair, were no match for them. They won handsomely by six games to two.

As he congratulated her saying: "Your father told me you were good at games, and you are," she gave him one of her rare direct looks, fleeting and unsmiling.

"Yes," she said. "I've been taught a few tricks . . . and picked up some on my own. But aren't you going to buy me a drink? Let's have it up here."

When the deck steward brought two tall lemon squashes filled with ice she lay back in her deck chair with half-closed

To page 64

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Order Nature Book Now

● Order our 68-page "Australian Nature" book now for posting to relatives and friends in Britain for Christmas. Mails close November 18.

THE book, price 10/-, is on sale in bookstalls and our offices in capital cities.

To order it, fill in the coupon below. For 10/- it will be sent post-free to any address in the world.

Post filled-in order forms and address labels together to "Australian Nature," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, or order through your newsagent. You can order any number of copies.

ORDER FORM

"AUSTRALIAN NATURE," Box 7052. G.P.O., Sydney.

Please DISPATCH ..... copies of "Australian Nature," price 10/- a copy (post free). I enclose £ / / cheque/postal note.

Name of sender .....

Address .....

..... *State* .....

If more than one copy is ordered, attach list giving full name, address, State, and, if overseas, country.

ADDRESS LABEL

"AUSTRALIAN NATURE"

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

POSTAGE PAID SYDNEY

Name .....

Address .....

.....

..... *State* .....

Sender .....

If undelivered, please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

What's the wattage of a glow-worm?

One glow-worm only makes a very tiny light —but millions of them gleaming in the tremendous silence of an underground river in the Waitomo Caves is the most magnificent sight you have ever seen. Come on over in Autumn to see this and another thousand wonders in New Zealand— your *inexpensive* overseas holiday. New Zealand has fine modern hotels to welcome you warmly, up-to-the-minute services to transport you comfortably. See your travel agent now, or the N.Z. Govt. Tourist Bureau, Sydney or Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND this autumn

Come on over

Blueprint for peace of mind . .

A man and his family can enjoy life when there is peace of mind. There cannot be peace of mind for family men unless there is security. Security, in the financial sense, is guaranteed by the right kind of A.M.P. policy, tailored to fit in with family requirements and family spending patterns.

Any A.M.P. Office or Agent will be glad to give you "Blueprint for Peace of Mind" if you write or ask for it. →

AMP AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: 87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY *Offices in cities and towns throughout Australia and New Zealand, and in the United Kingdom*

A.M.P. MEMBERS ENJOY THE UNQUESTIONED SECURITY AFFORDED BY FUNDS EXCEEDING £500,000,000 WHICH THE SOCIETY SEEKS TO INVEST TO THE GREATEST BENEFIT TO MEMBERS

V.164

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925935

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 63

eyes, sipping her drink through the straw. He glanced at her awkwardly, at a loss as to what to say—a strange predicament for one who could invariably find the right word in the right place. She's an attractive girl, thought Moray almost angrily, but what the devil is the matter with her?

"I'm glad we won," she said. "I'd like to win all the tournaments. If only to spite our delightful fellow passengers. What a crowd they are . . . I hate them all, don't you? Frankly, you're the one faint gleam on the horizon. Didn't you notice me taking you in that first day at lunch? I either take to a person or I don't. I can tell at a glance. To be quite frank, I asked Father to get you as my partner. He's not a bad old bird, though he is a bit of a soak. And Mother is passable, if she'd only stop clucking over me. I'm talking an awful lot. Sometimes I talk all the time, sometimes I say nothing, absolutely nothing. I like to treat people that way. I'm proud."

On the following afternoon Doris and the doctor successfully played two rounds at bull board and one at deck quoits, and Doris' parents were again spectators. Moray quite enjoyed the games. He'd never met anyone like her before, so amusing, prejudiced, and intolerant, so sure of her own privileged position and yet underneath with a streak of commonness, of vulgarity almost, that redeemed her intentions. The fact that she liked him was flattering. It was now apparent that the Holbrooks doted upon their daughter, unresponsive though she might be, and he was less surprised than he might have been when they rose and came toward him, quite unusually pleased by the triple victory—Mrs. Holbrook gave him a noticeably kind smile.

"You brought our Dorrie out, Doctor," she remarked. "And did very well yourself, too."

Doris had begun to interest Moray, as a study. At times she seemed far more mature than her years, at others almost backward. One day she would be moodily taciturn, the next full of amusing and provocative talk. What he rather admired in her was her complete indifference to what people thought of her. She never sought popularity and, unlike those who were already first-naming each other in tight little groups, seemed actually to enjoy being an outsider. She had a particular gift for taking off people and could be offensively rude to anyone who tried to flatter or make up to her. Her careless attitude extended even to her personal belongings, of which she had an endless variety. These complexities in her character aroused his curiosity. When at lunch and dinner she would look toward him with her concealed and puzzling smile, he was more at a loss than ever. Oddly enough, he was inclined to feel sorry for her.

All this gave an added spice of interest to what the mother had so inaptly phrased as "bringing [illegible] out" in the tournaments. There was, in fact, much competition in the [illegible] since many of the passengers [illegible] elderly. Only one pair seemed to [illegible] serious oppostion, the Kindersleys, [illegible] couple with two young children [illegible] were returning to Kadur, in [illegible] after three months' leave. They [illegible] the first officer's table. As the [illegible] drew near the Suez Canal, Moray [illegible] his partner, playing well together [illegible] in all three semifinals. So also [illegible] the Kindersleys.

On the eve of their arrival at [illegible] Said, Mrs. Holbrook, reclining [illegible] promenade deck, beckoned the [illegible] indicating the vacant chair beside [illegible]

"We're going ashore tomorrow [illegible] the sights, and do some shopping [illegible] expect you to come with us."

"I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Holbrook, [illegible] have to stay on board. I've all the [illegible] papers to attend to with the [illegible] authorities. And a sick man in the [illegible] who may have to go to hospital."

"Well," she said at length, "we [illegible] counting on you. Dorrie will be [illegible] disappointed."

A short pause followed, then in [illegible] intimate manner she began to [illegible] about her daughter. Dorrie was [illegible] dear girl, just the apple of her [illegible] eye, but she had been, well, [illegible] a bit of a worry to them. But [illegible] such a highly strung girl, not [illegible] difficult but, well, kind of moody [illegible] though mind you she could be [illegible] lively and outspoken at times, [illegible] occasionally to get depressed — [illegible] the opposite of her brother Bert, [illegible] day in and day out was the [illegible] chap in the world. Mrs. Holbrook [illegible] her eyes lighting up at the thought [illegible] her son.

Well, she concluded, she would [illegible] no more except that she was really [illegible] truly grateful, and Father was too [illegible] the way he had taken an interest [illegible] Dorrie, and done her so much [illegible] really, as one might say, wakened [illegible]

MORAY was to [illegible] He liked this homely little woman [illegible] weighted by the expensive trinkets [illegible] unbecoming clothes heaped on her [illegible] her husband, made no bones about [illegible] origin, and was, despite Holbrook's [illegible] wealth, entirely devoid of social [illegible] tions, yet was so eagerly and [illegible] anxiously solicitous for her daughter [illegible] he hardly knew what to say and [illegible] compelled to fall back on mere [illegible] ness.

"Doris is a fine girl. And I'm [illegible] she'll grow out of her little difficulties. Just look how she's doing in the tournaments. And, of course, if there's anything I can do to help . . ."

"You are good, Doctor." She [illegible] his hand maternally. "I needn't tell you we're all real taken to you."

On the following day at ten o'clock they were off Port Said, passed the breakwater with the great de Lesseps [illegible] and, after an hour's wait in midstream till the yellow quarantine flag was [illegible] down, drew into the dock and began to take on oil and water. All the passengers who intended going ashore had left the ship by noon—the Holbrooks were [illegible] Moray as they went down the gangway and he regretted not being with them.

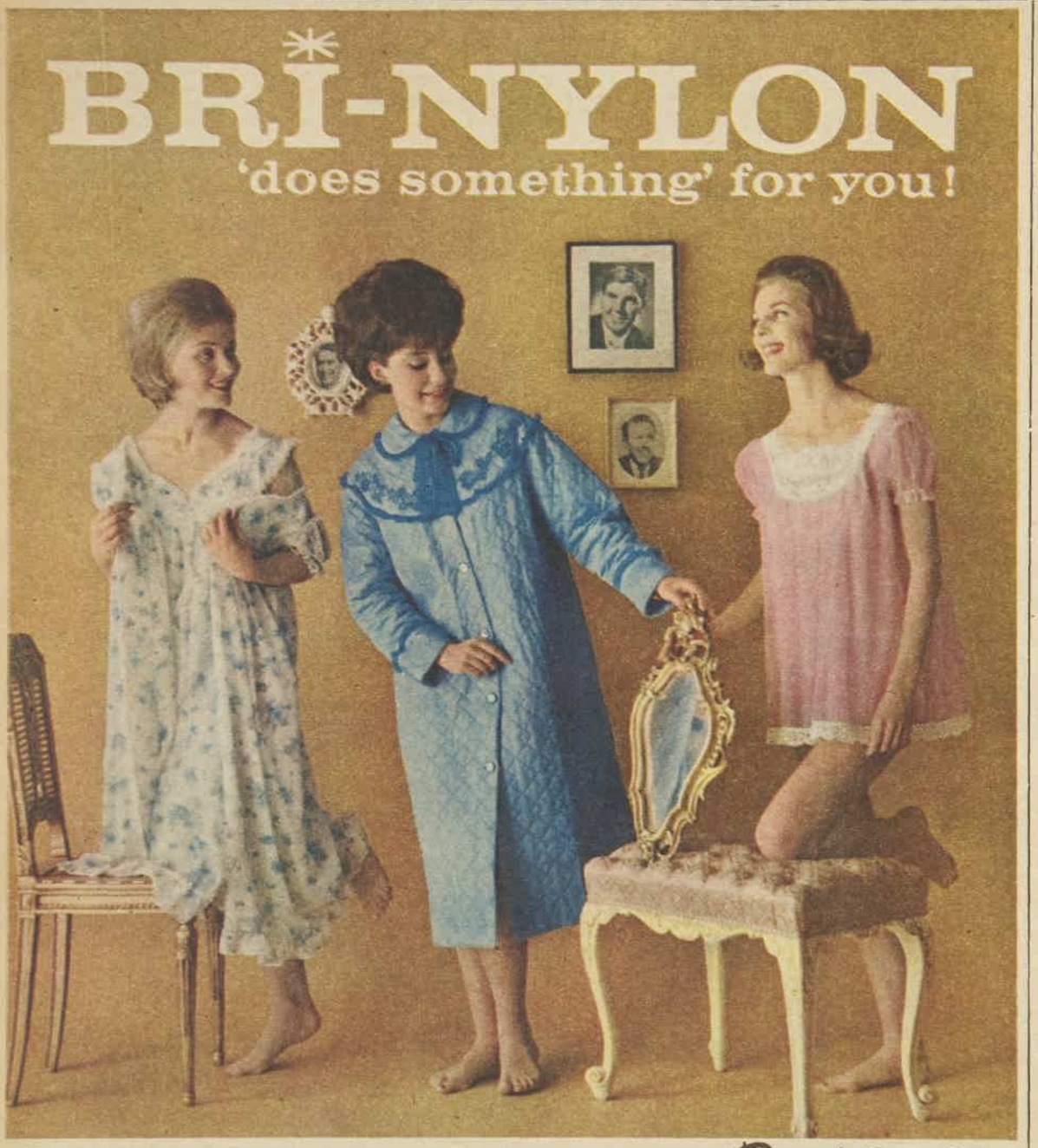
However, he had much to occupy him and even had to hurry to meet [illegible] promised in the smoke room for a drink before dinner.

The Holbrooks had returned early and were there, all three, when he [illegible] through the glass swing doors—[illegible] mother, and Doris, surrounded by a score of packages. Holbrook, in [illegible] good humor, ordered the drinks: [illegible] scotch for himself, champagne cocktails for the others. Mrs. Holbrook, who [illegible] "indulged" and usually tried to restrain her husband, allowed herself to be persuaded on the plea of a special occasion. Then they began to speak [illegible] of their expedition. It had been a [illegible] success. They had taken a car and [illegible] out along the shore of Lake [illegible] visited the great Mohammedan [illegible] watched the performance of a [illegible] charmer, inspected a collection of [illegible] in the museum, lunched in the [illegible] of the Pera Palace Hotel, where they had been given a wonderful fish curry [illegible] with sunflower seeds and green [illegible] and finally, on the way back [illegible] ship, they had discovered a marvellous store.

"Not a trashy place like the bazaar," said Mrs. Holbrook. "It's owned by a man called Simon Artz. We had a [illegible] time, shopping with him."

"Artz is a man of parts."

To page 65



GARMENTS BY Dominant Givoni Bestknit

These three smart girls know that BRÎ-NYLON lingerie 'does something for you'! Something deliciously feminine! Something positively flattering! Something decidedly satisfying! You can prove it for yourself. Slip into glamorous, easy-to-care-for BRÎ-NYLON sleepwear. You'll find it in the shops and stores now.

British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. — a new and vital Australian industry

BRÎ-NYLON—trade mark of British Nylon Spinners Ltd.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925936

ELASTOPLAST

. . the modern antiseptic first aid dressing

Elastoplast is easy to apply, stretches for comfort, is highly antiseptic, handily packed, sensibly priced. Each medicated strip adheres firmly, heals quickly. It's economical.

Another fine S&N product
Smith & Nephew
Available at Chemists, Stores and Chain Stores.

SN2EA

Fashion FROCKS

● *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"AILSA."—Smart sheath frock in faille poplin. Colors are mid-blue, black, caramel, white, polar-ice, and champagne.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/16/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/18/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/1/6. Postage on both cut-out and ready-to-wear styles 5/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 73. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Continuing . . .

THE JUDAS TREE

from page 64

laughed. "He keeps everything from everywhere." Holding up the mirror from her bag, she was putting on lipstick. Either from the sun or from excitement, her cheeks were faintly flushed, making her eyes brighter. She had never looked more alive.

"We bought ever so many things for our friends," Mrs. Holbrook resumed. "And we didn't forget you, Doctor. Working hard for us here while we were off enjoying ourselves." With an affectionate smile she handed him a small oblong package.

He opened the case, expecting to find some trivial souvenir. Instead it was a red gold wristlet watch, with a delicately plaited gold strap, the best and most expensive handmade Swiss movement. It must have cost the earth. He was speechless.

"You are quite the kindest and most generous people . . ." he stammered at last. "It's the very thing I want and need . . ."

"Say no more about it, lad," Holbrook broke in. "Our Dorrie happened to notice you didn't wear one. 'Twas her that chose it for you."

Looking suddenly toward her, Moray caught her gaze fixed directly upon him, that challenging, intimate look which somehow bound them together in a kind of conspiracy.

"Don't make a song about it, Dad. Let it pass. Or I'll tell how you asked about the belly dancers."

Holbrook laughed, drained his glass, and stood up.

"I'm famished. Let's have the steward move this stuff to the cabin and we'll all go right down to dinner."

When the ship was in port, dinner became an elastic meal served at almost any hour, and they were the first to arrive at their table. The sense of intimacy begun in the smoke room was thus maintained and they made a lively party, of which Doris was the liveliest.

Meanwhile the engines had started to vibrate and the ship was now clear of the dock. As it began the slow passage through the canal, Mrs. Holbrook, obviously pleased by the resurgence of family harmony, suggested that they take their coffee on the upper deck and watch the sun set over the desert. A word from Holbrook to the head steward was enough to overcome every difficulty, and presently, sheltered by an awning on the starboard side, they were sipping hot coffee at a round table set out with a dessert of fresh fruit. In the

To page 66

CORNS never trouble me now

No more corn pain, not even a twinge, since I tried Dr. Scholl's Zino Pads. They lift shoe pressure, stop friction, remove corns so easily, so safely. They're wonderful! 3/3 etc. at Chemists, Stores, Schuh depots.

Dr Scholl's ZINO PADS

BUNION TROUBLE ?

You, too, can get quick relief with Dr. W. Thomsen's original (patented)

HALLUX-VALGUS NIGHT BANDAGE

which works while you rest. Scientific device made of new sensational flesherweight elastic ROMADUR material. DOUBLE ACTION lever pulls toe gently into position. A snugly fitting appliance that helps where it hurts. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SINGLE 59/6. PAIR 99/6.

Send cheque or M.O. Specify shoe size, pair, or left or right foot, man, woman, or child. J. S. UNGER Surgical Appliances (Dept. W1), 70 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

FREE SERVICE!
hair advisory bureau

Decore have the services of leading hair specialists, who can give you professional advice on any hair problem. So whatever your worry . . . if your hair has faded after illness or pregnancy . . . if it's hard to manage . . . or the ends are splitting . . . if you want to change from a brunette to platinum blonde, or just lighten your hair a shade or two . . . our hairdressers can give you expert personal advice. Or perhaps you want to banish grey hair, and feel uncertain as to the correct colour to choose? Here's all you do. Send a sample of your hair with your name, address and problem to the Decore Advisory Bureau, Dept. WP2 Decore House, 389 Sussex Street, Sydney. Our Hair Specialist will scientifically examine your hair and prescribe the correct treatment.

Vitamins check Dandruff!

Medical research has discovered that vitamins have a direct and curative effect on scalp health. Men and women can get real protection from dandruff and falling hair by a daily application of Vitamins A, D & E. Decore Vitamised Hair Tonic is the only formula to contain these essential vitamins. Wonderful for men as a daily hairdressing! Keeps hair well groomed all day long! Ask chemists for Decore Vitamised Hair Tonic.

WRITE IN TODAY!

good news for BLONDES

PLATINUM BLONDING CREAM LEAVES HAIR PURE SILVER!

Here at last, is a blonding cream that leaves your hair true platinum . . . a soft shining halo of silver. No brassiness! No yellow streaks! And every pack of Decore Platinum Blonding Cream contains a bubble of the exciting new Paris-born platinum toner-rinse . . . a foaming silver rinse specially designed for blondes. You can buy separate bottles of Decore Platinum Toner Rinse.

Decoré

Be a cool, white-fire blonde! Remember you can buy separate bottles of Decore PLATINUM Toner-rinse to use after your weekly shampoo. One 10/- bottle lasts for months.

12/6 FROM ALL CHEMISTS & SELECTED STORES

LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR JUST A SHADE OR TWO—

Use super gentle Decore Blonding Cream. It's Lanolised . . . lightens any shade of hair SAFELY slowly.

7/11 FROM CHEMISTS AND SELECTED DEPARTMENT STORES.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925937

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 65

main lounge beneath them the ship's orchestra began softly to play a medley of the popular tunes of the day. Moray, who was sitting next to Doris, heard her take a restless breath. Lying back in the deck chair with her arms behind her head, she moved about as though unable to find a relaxed position.

"Aren't you comfortable?" he said. "Let me get a cushion."

"A cushion! Pardon me if I smile. I'll be all right . . . just a bit worked up tonight."

"Who wouldn't be? You can feel we're in the East. What a sky."

"And with music." She hummed a few bars of "My Heart Stood Still," stopped, hummed again, then exclaimed: "If this goes on I'll get drunk on moonlight."

He laughed at her gaiety.

"Before you do, let me thank you for choosing such a beautiful watch."

"I know what I like. I liked the watch and, quite frankly, I like you. D'you mind?"

"Not at all. I'm pleased and grateful."

Neither spoke for a minute, then she broke out again.

"Doesn't it do something to you up here? Like bathing in warm milk. Not that I ever have, though it's an idea. The milky way. But you'd keep losing the soap. I wish we were going swimming. Not in the sickening little pool. On a deserted beach, where we'd have it to ourselves, no need to bother about bathing-suits."

She stretched at full length, hummed. "Want to dance? Come on and take a turn."

There was an awkward pause, then he said:

"I'm afraid I wouldn't be much good to you. I don't dance. I was too busy shoving myself through college to learn any parlor tricks."

"Well, now's your big chance. It's dead easy if you have a good teacher. And that's just what I am."

He rose and rather gingerly placed his arm round her waist. They started off.

It was surprisingly easy. The tune was so catchy, she was such a good dancer, so responsive, with such an easy laxness of posture, that he found himself instinctively following the beat of the rhythm, improvising steps, letting himself go. When the band below came to the end of the number she gave him a meaning, condescending nod.

"Didn't I tell you?"

"It's tremendous," he admitted. "I'd no idea. And good exercise, too."

She gave a short, odd laugh."

"That's one way to look at it."

"Of course, you're an expert . . . wonderful, in fact."

"It's one of the things I'm really gone on. Now get me a cigarette, and bring the lighter. They're in my bag beside the chairs."

She leaned against him while he flicked her gold lighter."

"You don't use these?" He shook his head when she offered a cigarette. "What a lot of things you seem to have done without."

"I'll get them all one day."

"Don't put it off too long. I always go straight for what I want."

They stood with their backs to the raffrail until the band struck up again, then she threw away her half-smoked cigarette and turned to him.

They danced the next three dances and with each he could feel his improvement. This was a new experience, and exciting, that he could pick the steps up so quickly. But with an eye to the proprieties he felt that it must not be overdone. As they approached her mother he drew up.

"Thank you so much, Doris. It's been simply grand, and now"—he looked at his new watch—"I must say good-night."

"Good night nothing, it's quite early and we're only beginning to have fun."

"No, really, Doris, I have to go below."

She stared at him, her brown eyes clouding with anger and disappointment.

"How stupid can you be? Wasting everything, with this moon and when we're just getting in the mood. We'll sit out for a bit if you're tired."

"I'm not tired. But I do think it's time we both turned in."

Mrs. Holbrook, who, awakened from her nap, had been watching them indulgently, seemed to think so, too. She rose and came toward them.

"Time for bed," she announced. "We've all had a busy day."

"You've certainly made mine a pleasant one," Moray said gracefully.

"You'll be sorry you let me down like this," Doris said in his ear, not moving her lips, as he passed her. "You just wait!"

She's joking, he thought — can't really mean it. Good nights were exchanged — Doris' a violently sulky one — she looked really put out — then, with the last bars of "Desiree" still ringing in his ears, he went below toward his cabin, switched on the light, and there, on his locker, confronting him like a reproach, were the letters from home.

Instantly his mood changed. Shocked at his own forgetfulness, he undressed quickly, climbed into his bunk, and

● Save time by keeping a box with thread, needles, and buttons near the ironing-board so you can do small repairs as you find them.

swept by compunction, settled himself to read. There were in all half a dozen sheets to Mary's letter, filled with her large, round careful handwriting. She began by acknowledging his letter from Marseilles, expressing her joy at his improved health. Yet she begged him to be careful still, especially of the night air, and she hoped that his duties were not proving too severe.

As for herself, she was well, though missing him badly, marking off the days on her calendar until he would be back. But she was keeping herself busy with lots of sewing and crochet work. She had bought material for curtains for their house and also remnants with which she had begun a patchwork quilt.

Unfortunately her father had been somewhat poorly lately, but she had been able to help by doing a bit with Donald Jackson, the foreman, in the bakery. She signed herself simply: your own Mary.

He finished reading with a worried frown and an odd constriction of the heart. Did he detect a note of anxiety, an undercurrent of despondency even, in her own words? She wrote naively, always from an open heart, yet it could be that she had not told all. Hastily, he turned to Willie's letter.

Dear Davie,

I hope you are well and having a good voyage. I wish I was with you. I would like to see all these foreign countries, especially Africa. Things have not been doing too well here since you left. The weather has been cold and wet and Father had a bad turn with his heart, it was after a man came to see him one day. I heard Aunt Minnie say that the Stoddarts have fairly got the knife in us. Mary is doing the work now in the bakehouse. I am sure she is missing you an awful lot. I am, too. So tell the captain to get a move on and hurry back.

Affectionately yours,
Willie.

He put down the letter in contrition

To page 67

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited, the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

good things come in glass

Cool glass containers add pleasure to drinking, protect their contents and never change the taste. Manufacturers proud of their products bring them to you in glass.

AUSTRALIAN GLASS MANUFACTURERS COMPANY PROPRIETARY LIMITED

A subsidiary of ACI *Australian Consolidated Industries Limited*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925938

recognising from the brief and boyish phrases that Mary was having her troubles at home . . . and missing him, too, so badly. His heart melted anew with love and longing, and with contrition, too, when he thought of the comfort, yes, the luxury, of his own pleasant life here. He wished suddenly that he had never taken this voyage. If only he could be beside her now to console her. He must do something . . . something.

The need of swift response, of immediate action, grew upon him. He thought for a few moments with knitted brow, then took up the officers' intercommunication phone. He asked for the wireless room. Saving though he was for the future, he must mortgage a little of his pay to reach Mary at once.

"Sparks, I want to send this radiogram." He gave the address. "Letters not received Port Said. Don't worry. Everything all right when I return. All my love, David."

When Sparks had repeated this, word by word, he thanked him and hung up, smiling faintly. How thrilled and delighted she would be to get his message coming to her across the ocean, and how comforted, too! His mind now more at ease, filled with loving thoughts, he switched off the light and settled himself to sleep.

For three days it had been hot, a hard, insufferable heat. In the Red Sea the sun blazed down upon the Pinnaris, the rocks of Aden, grilled to a torrid ochre, cracked, and fissured by the heat, were truly barren, and the port itself looked so uninviting that few passengers went ashore. The Holbrooks were among those who remained on board. Doris, indeed, since the night of the expedition at Suez, had not appeared on deck, being confined to her cabin with a slight indisposition, Mrs. Holbrook explained to Moray.

The weather had suddenly made him extremely busy. Apart from a rush of surgery patients suffering from the usual complaints of dhobie itch, prickly heat, and overzealous endeavors to acquire a tan, he had several quite serious cases. He was particularly worried over the two Kindersley children, who had both gone down with acute colitis.

BUT, after being in almost constant attendance for forty-eight hours, there was a sharp improvement just before dawn on the third day, and, with an inward sigh of relief, he was able to relieve the distracted mother. Red-eyed from weariness, collar undone, hair dishevelled, he straightened stiffly, read his clinical thermometer at the light.

"They'll be up and around . . . making a nuisance of themselves"—he smiled and put his arm around her shoulders — "the beginning of next week."

She broke down. She was a reserved, self-contained woman, but, like Moray, she had barely slept for two nights.

"You've been so completely wonderful, Doctor. How can I ever thank you?"

"By turning in and getting some rest. You've got to get fit for our tournament track."

"Yes." She dried her eyes, trying to answer his smile. "I should like that nice tea service for our bungalow. But isn't your partner ill?"

"Oh, nothing much, I imagine."

She had come with him to the cabin door. Now she hesitated, looking at him intently, then she made up her mind.

"Bill and I think a lot of you, Doctor . . . especially after this . . . We've often wondered if you were, well, beginning to get . . . mixed up with Miss Holbrook?"

"Mixed up?" he repeated blankly; then, with a sudden flush, realising her meaning: "Of course not."

"I'm glad." She pressed his hand. "She's attractive, and she's obviously completely gone on you. But there's something odd about that girl, something I could never like — Bill says she's a split personality, she gives him the creeps. Now, you do forgive me for having spoken?"

"Quite all right." He tried to speak gravely, although he was both embarrassed and offended. "Now take that triple bromide I gave you and off you go to your bunk."

Uncomfortably, he went back to his cabin, shaved and showered, drank two cups of coffee, and set out on his round of visits. He had begun to realise that Doris was not popular on the ship. She was often rude, kept a great deal to herself, and doubtless, since she wore an expensive new dress every other night, provoked feminine envy with her nice

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 66

clothes. Moreover, it seemed to him that their continued success in all the competitions was arousing unfavorable comment. Was this the reason of Mrs. Kindersley's dislike?

All morning Moray brooded, and his train of thought, rather than turning him against Doris, swung him in her favor. Admittedly she was not an ordinary, run-of-the-mill type, but was she any the worse for that? There was something to her. Instinctively he rose to her defence. Still, he decided, it might be wiser to cut down their efforts in the tournaments.

At the end of the week it suddenly turned cooler, his work and the weather became less hectic. He had time to write a long, loving letter to Mary, with an enclosure specially for Willie.

On the following day, when it was even cooler, Doris appeared on deck. He came on her reclining in a sheltered spot, her hair bound with a silk scarf, a light cashmere rug over her knees, looking dull and with dark lines beneath her eyes. She did not move, merely flickered her lashes toward him.

"Hello, stranger, where have you been hiding?" He took the chair beside her. "Feeling better?"

Injured by his brightness, she did not reply.

"Quite a few people have been laid out by the heat," he continued. "But now it's really lovely."

They were in the Indian Ocean, where the soft monsoon made songs in the rigging and a school of young whales, disporting gaily, blew temperate fountains about the ship.

"You've seen our escort," he went on. "I thought whales were only found in the Arctic, but O'Neil tells me they're a regular feature of this run."

She took no notice of the remark, making it sound fatuous. Head pillowed sideways on the chair, she watched him with flat eyes as if she were drugged.

"You're a nice one," she said.

"Why . . . Doris, what's the matter?"

"Don't pretend, after what you did. It was an insult. I haven't forgiven you yet. Who have you been dancing with while I was away?"

"No one. I've been waiting on my own special teacher."

Her expression lightened faintly. She gave him a languid smile.

"Why didn't you come to see me? Oh, well, there wasn't any need. And I can't bear anyone when I have these turns. I don't get them often, mind you, not more than once in six months. But they're not exactly fun. Even when the headache goes, they leave me so blasted low."

"That's not like you, Dorrie."

"Don't give me that . . . like Mother. When I'm this way I keep

To page 69

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925939

For energy to enjoy summer fun

it's marvellous what a difference ICED MILO makes!

When you've oceans of energy, everything seems twice the fun, and Milo is loaded with energy. 'Frig-cold Milo is a delicious, instantly refreshing drink — and the perfect summer tonic. Milo relaxes the nerves, replaces used up energy, helps you and your family enjoy summer. So serve chocolatey Milo today—and see what a marvellous difference Milo makes to everyone.

HERE'S WHY MILO IS SO GOOD FOR YOU

MILO CONTAINS:	WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU:
Malted cereal ...	Provides energy food with tonic properties.
Vitamin A	Helps prevent infection, promotes growth, maintains vigour.
Vitamin B_1	Promotes appetite and digestion.
Vitamin D	Helps the body to utilize the minerals calcium, magnesium and phosphorus.
Iron	Helps keep blood healthy.
Calcium, Magnesium, Phosphorus ...	Helps develop strong bones and teeth. Magnesium also helps strengthen nerve cells.

NE96/61

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925940

thinking what's the good of anything, why go on, what's the use? I feel I'm a terrible person, different from other girls, all so full of sweet ideas." She laughed suddenly.

"Well, it's good to be a little different from the ordinary."

"Glad you think so. I used to try to work it all out, that time I was off school for a bit, wanting to be respected, to have everything just right. But I couldn't do anything about it. So now I just do as I feel, you know — what I feel like doing. I can't fight it. Don't you agree? You kill everything that's in you if you don't give way to your feelings."

"Well . . ." He stared at her perplexedly. Why was she going on like this? He didn't follow her at all.

"You know the motto, be yourself. It's a challenge. I'm glad I'm feminine, made for love, so I just want to be myself. Did you miss me? But you wouldn't, you beastly rotter; you make friends so easily and get on with everybody. I've never made any real friends; I just don't seem to get on with people, except you." She paused, said in a low voice: "Can't you see I've a frightful crush on you?"

He was touched by the admission. Her pathetic voice and unusual depression went to his heart. And, of course, he was flattered, too.

"Come on, Dorrie, you mustn't give way." He reached out and pressed her hand. "If you want to know, I did miss you."

Inclining her head a little more to one side, she looked at him intently; then, retaining his hand as he made to withdraw: "I missed you so much."

"Please . . . someone is sure to come along."

"You can say you're feeling my pulse." She gave him a malicious, caressing look. "Oh, you're doing me so much good. I feel less of a washout already."

At last with a laugh she released him, but not before a wave of heat brought the blood to his cheeks. Quickly he countered it, forced a reposing smile.

"You mustn't try these sort of tricks, my girl, or you'll come to a sticky end. In the first place, you're too damned attractive, and in the second you might pick the wrong man."

"But I've picked you."

"Now listen and be serious." He turned the conversation determinedly. "There's something I've been thinking. It's this. As you're not quite up to the mark, I feel we ought to scratch from the tournaments."

"What!" she exclaimed, losing her air of indolence. "Pack up? After we've come all the way to the finals and are practically sure to win? If I start something I have to finish it."

Saturday came, they did play — in the afternoon — and, as Moray had anticipated, won all three events. Mrs. Kinderley and her husband fought hard at the deck tennis match, but as Doris, quite herself again, played a fast, aggressive game, they were scarcely good enough.

When Moray came off the court Holbrook took his arm and drew him into the smoke room.

"I thought you and me ought to have a chat, Doctor," he remarked, with an approving smile, when they had found two armchairs in a quiet corner. "And the better the opportunity the better the deal. Will you have a spot of something? No? You'll not refuse a lime-juice then. And I'll just take a scotch and soda."

When the drinks were brought he raised his glass.

"Good health! You know, lad, you remind me of my own young days. I was ambitious, too — a chemist's assistant in Bootle, making up prescriptions for ignorant G.P.s who didn't know an

"Hold it — I just thought of something. That's our house. We were at home — they are supposed to leave!"

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 67

acid from an alkali. Many's the time I had to ring up and say: 'Doctor, you've prescribed soda bicarb and hydrochloric acid in the same stomach mixture, if I make up it'll blow the bottle to bits.' Maybe 'twas that sort of thing first gave me the idea that there was money in pharmaceuticals that actually worked.

"When I'd saved a bit and married the wife and opened my own bit of a shop in Parkin Street, I started off with a few of my own prescriptions: Holbrook's Headache Powders, Holbrook's Senna Paste, Holbrook's Anti-Sprain Liniment . . . I remember that liniment, it cost me three farthings a bottle, and I sold it for one and six. Damn good stuff, too; all the Rugby League teams used it; it's still one of our lines today. Well, that was the beginning, lad."

He took a slow swallow of his drink, then resumed, explaining the growth and expansion of his business, not boastfully but with the quiet North Country assurance of a man who has built up an immensely successful enterprise and amassed a fortune from it. Holbrook's were now one of the biggest manufacturers of chemists' supplies in the United Kingdom, but the bulk of their profits came from the marketing of a large number of highly profitable proprietary medicines ranging from cough cures to anti-bilious pills.

"And don't despise them, Doctor, they're all first-rate prescriptions, I can show you testimonials by the thousands. I've kept a personal file of grateful letters that would warm your heart." Holbrook nodded confidingly and warmed his own cockles with another swallow.

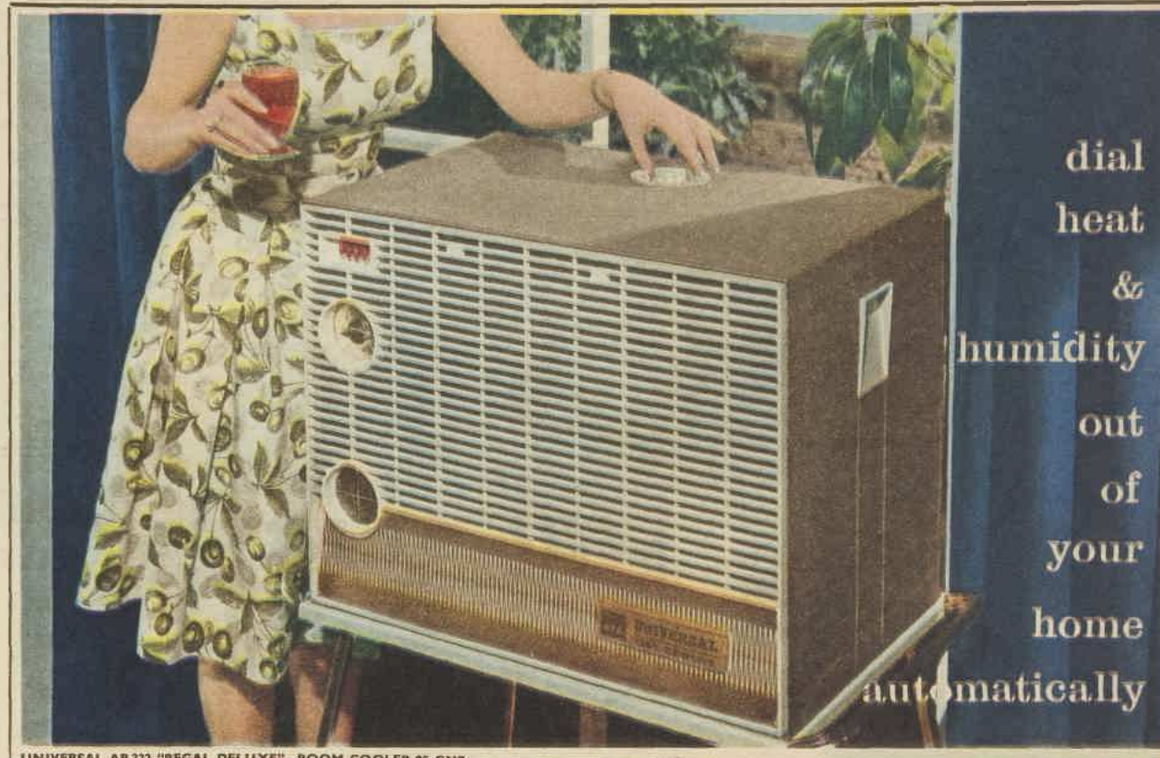
"So as we stand now we have the main factory in Bootle, a secondary unit in Cardiff, and big distributing warehouses in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast. We do a tremendous export trade with the East and that's why my son Bert is out opening up new offices and larger stockrooms in Calcutta. But that's not all, lad," Holbrook continued, knowingly prodding Moray with a forefinger.

"We have plans . . . big plans . . . for extending to America. Once Bert gets through with Calcutta I'm sending him to New York. He's already spied out a good factory site there. Mind you, it'll be a different kind of trade in the States. Times are changing and we'll go in for high-class stuff, vitamins and suchlike. We might even have a go at some of the new barbiturates. But, believe me, whatever we do we'll make a slap-up success of it."

He sat back, pulled out a cigar, and lit up, wheezed a little, then, his twinkling eyes still holding Moray, he smiled.

"These are my prospects, young fellow me lad . . . now what about yours?"

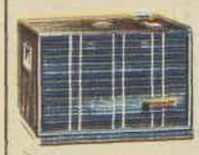
To be continued



UNIVERSAL AP.222 "REGAL DELUXE"—ROOM COOLER 85 GNS.

M C H UNIVERSAL "watermatic" SUMMER AIR CONDITIONING

COMPLETE WITH EXCLUSIVE ACTIVATED CHARCOAL AIR PURIFIER



UNIVERSAL 187
"Family" Cooler 57 Gns.
UNIVERSAL AP. 188
"Family De Luxe" 65 Gns.

UNIVERSAL 125
"Personal" Cooler 36 Gns.
UNIVERSAL 130
"Personal De Luxe" 39 Gns.

Accessory Tables and Stands :
Accessory Table Pt. 22 10 Gns.
Accessory Table Pt. 18 9 Gns.
Stand Pt. 13 5 Gns.

Exclusive Aquadial Control. Provides fingertip conversion of unit from air cooler to air circulator. Permits visual selection of water flow desired for maximum cooling comfort.

Adjustable Automatic Thermostat. Temperature changes operate ON-OFF switch automatically to turn cooler on and off when pre-selected coolness is reached.

FREE Activated Charcoal Air Purifier. Removes odours, smoke and irritating dust from the air. Cleans and deodorises the air all year round.

Germ-Gard Cooling Filters. Cooling filters are impregnated with germ killing germicide HY-35. Summer germs are trapped and killed in the filter BEFORE they reach the air you breathe.

Furniture-Styled Vinyl Clad Cabinets. Beautifully textured vinyl is burnproof, scratchproof, stainproof. Simply wipe over with a damp cloth. Convenient recessed carrying handles enable you to take Universal from room to room.

Convenient Top Filling. Water reservoir is easily and quickly filled through recessed Aquadial opening — No more mess or spilling. No cover to lift — no doors to open.

Now, live in cool comfort with Universal's exclusive Aquadial cooling ventilating control — you actually dial the amount of humidity you desire. Adjustable Automatic Thermostat control lets you set the temperature you like and Universal does the rest — quietly, efficiently, economically. 1962 Universal gives a hushed flow of cool, filtered air to make summer cooler, more comfortable than you'd ever imagined possible. Have the best, have the latest, have Universal in your home.

FROM LEADING ELECTRICAL AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Please send me free literature and name of my nearest retailer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DISTRIBUTORS:
SOUTH AUSTRALIA - Mackay Convair Heaters (Sales) Ltd. 30 Ormond St. Hindmarsh S.A. 46 3481 - **NEW SOUTH WALES** - Mackay Convair Heaters (Aust) Ltd. 74 Planthurst Rd. Carlton 54 3356 - **VICTORIA** - Mackay Hynes Distributors Pty. Ltd. 491 Nicholson St. Carlton 34 2643 34 6123 - **TASMANIA** - Mackay Convair Heaters (Aust.) Ltd. 285 Argyle St. Hobart 2 6182

ANOTHER QUALITY PRODUCT FROM MACKAY CONVAIR HEATERS (AUST.) LTD.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925941

Continuing . . . DAY OF FEAR

from page 25

strongroom. There's more than one lock and the keys are distributed."

"That's right. There are two, aren't there? You've got one and the cashier has the other."

"Which he is not permitted to give me. Whenever the strongroom is opened we must be there together."

The man was grinning at him behind the goggles. "We know all about that. You just wander round to Allbright's, you'll find he's out. Gone fishing. So you ask his missus for his key. O.K.?"

"But she wouldn't give it to me," Weston said.

"Ah, well now," the man said, standing up, "you'll just have to try, won't you? You'd be surprised how rough some of our blokes could be. They're not what you might call family men," he said. "I'll be back here at four."

Weston sat trembling.

He got up presently and found himself walking to Allbright's home with no idea in his head save that he must do nothing to endanger Sally.

He stood in a daze before Allbright's door confronting Allbright's wife. "Oh, Mr. Weston, I didn't expect . . . Please come in," she said.

"I'm sorry to bother you. I need your husband's strongroom key."

"I'm afraid he's out."

"Yes. I know. I wouldn't have troubled you," Weston said, swaying. "But it needs immediate attention."

"I'll get it right away. I mean, it's all right, is it?" she said, smiling uncertainly. "I won't be a minute."

Weston left the house in a state of mild jubilation, key in hand, and went home.

"But you'll give them the keys?" Grace said when he had told her everything. "You're to do whatever they want, do you understand? Give them everything. When have you got to see them again?"

Four o'clock, Weston was about to say, but stopped himself. He had to think. He knew he could not do so in this house. "Soon after three," he said, and left the house shortly afterwards.

But he felt so awful, walking down the street, that he knew he couldn't remain long on his feet. He decided to go to his office.

NOW think, he told himself desperately. Presently he made his way toward the strongroom.

The vacant house abutted directly on the bank. They would be coming in through the basement, the man had said. Just the other side of the wall . . .

There was nothing he could do, he thought; and the instant the idea occurred to him, he went scrambling back up the stairs. Third drawer, right-hand side; duplicate keys of all the bank freeholds. He looked swiftly at the agents' list and saw that the vacant house was number eight.

Three minutes later he let himself in, very quietly. He waited for a few minutes listening. Complete silence. He moved cautiously forward. There were four rooms upstairs and three down. Empty beer bottles and old sandwiches indicated recent visitors in the kitchen.

The cellar door was directly opposite. He lifted the latch and opened the door and went softly down. He struck a match.

A part of the wall had been hacked away, he saw. A single layer of brick now divided it from the bank.

Hadn't he expected to find something else in the cellar? Yes, by heaven, yes, he thought, and struck a match to find it.

. . . . . .

The street was showing a tendency to corkscrew when he left some minutes later. But he was feeling rather brighter. He was a few minutes late in keeping his appointment in North Park.

"You're late, chum."

"I'm sorry. I'm ill," Weston said. "Is that what you wanted?"

The man took the keys, looking at him curiously. "Not been having any silly ideas?" he asked. "I mean, telling anyone. It couldn't help."

"I understand you," Weston said. "When can I see my little girl?"

"Tonight, I dare say. Keep your nose clean, chum."

The moment the black-jacketed figure had cleared the gates Weston was on his way. He went to the public library.

"You were looking out a book for me. I was here a few minutes ago."

"Oh, yes. Something about engineering, wasn't it?"

"Sort of," Weston said, and gave the full title again.

At five o'clock, with the early darkness coming on, he got into his overcoat once more. At the last moment he couldn't bring himself to look into his wife's terrified eyes. But there was something he had to say and he took her arms. "Grace, dear, we've not been seeing eye to eye lately. But you know that I love you and you've got to trust me."

She said: "Oh, Malcolm," and he saw her face sagging.

He said harshly: "But remember also that one false move could cost Sally her life. If you try to get in touch with anybody while I'm out, you'll be murdering her yourself."

He couldn't meet her eye after that. It was a terrible thing to say. So he held her once, tightly, and kissed her, and left.

He had bought himself a torch on the way back from the library, and he arranged a hiding place behind the packing cases in its light, and went to work.

He had been sneezing badly and his throat was harsh with coughing; he had got himself some pastilles, and a powerful tube of inhalant. He could not recall ever feeling worse in his life. He waited, hoping desperately that he would not doze off.

But when the door opened, shortly after nine, his heart gave a single enormous bound, and he found himself instantly alert.

To page 71

Your HEART-THROB colours by CUTEX

Cutex is playing Cupid . . . with the gayest array of harmonizing lipstick and polish shades ever to spark a summer romance. Light, bright, fashion-fresh colours made for sun and fun. Have gleaming new fingertips, tempting new lips, with long-lasting Cutex polishes and sheer lanolin lipsticks by Cutex. In heart-throb colours to make his heart . . . and yours . . . beat faster!

S'LIPSTICK de luxe case 6/11
Standard lipstick 5/3

PEARL POLISH Long-lasting, chip resistant 6/3
Nail Brilliance 4/9
Standard Polish 3/3

Remember, *if you have brittle nails, Cutex Nail Polish strengthens as it beautifies.*

AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting Nov. 20

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thurs.

★ Those who have been working hard now come into their own. There could be a slightly fatter pay envelope or promotion. If you have given time to a social project, you may get a vote of thanks.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ Certain associates have a tendency to squabble over trifles. This can interfere with efficiency and destroy morale if unchecked. Your task is likely to be one of conciliation, suggesting compromise.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, white. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

★ Your sign is ruled by Mercury. Your greatest charm lies in your quick changes of mood. Now is the moment to emphasise this. That new hat or hairdo will make you feel a new person.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, lt. blue. Lucky days, Monday, Friday.

★ If quite young, romance beckons, perhaps for the first time. If slightly older, you may soon receive an offer of marriage. If a parent, a son or daughter may announce an engagement.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ You may be asked to do or agree with something you consider unsound. This can be a financial move or a personal matter. If you are in doubt there is safety in saying "no."

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

★ Impulsiveness can be a betrayer. You do not foresee the problems or hazards that may be connected with hasty action. At present you'll probably find greater opportunities by staying put.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

★ It's not so much what you have as the use you make of it. Look around to discover how you can make the most of your possessions. Experiment with new combinations using your artistic talents.

SCORPIO
OCT 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.

★ Create the right atmosphere for moonlight and roses. Be glamorous. Don't become jealous or possessive if you hope to keep his love. Don't play one friend off against another.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Tues., Saturday.

★ Many of you set out—without telling anyone — in pursuit of a plan which warms your heart. You may indulge in a long-wanted luxury, or you may have a wonderful present for your beloved.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, browns. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.

★ Whether you experience an odd set of circumstances or whether you merely see or read an adventure story, your imagination will be stimulated along new lines. This acts as a spur to action.

AQUARIUS
JAN 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ Most of you will be so occupied with outside interests that your home may become just a place to sleep. Whether it's your job or some social enterprise, you'll be off early and home late.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Sat.

★ A letter from the other side of the world may influence your plans. You may prepare to become a traveller. An invitation to visit a place you have not seen before arouses keen anticipation.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

doing fine ...

From weaning age to toddler stage, keep your baby doing fine on Farex.
Containing wheat, maize, oats, calcium, vitamins and mineral salts, Farex is ideal as baby's first "solid" food . . . provides the perfect balanced diet.
Pre-cooked, easy-to-digest Farex is simple to prepare. Mixed into a paste and added to baby's foods, it's the perfect way to give your child the sturdiest start in life.

Always choose Farex blended cereal or Farex rice cereal, and remember to ask your family chemist for the free Farex Weaning and Recipe booklet. Till they're doing fine on Farex, watch them grow on Glaxo.

... on Farex

F2

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925942

The men came quickly down the steps, of them, he thought. He recog- the voice of the motor-cyclist.

They used a pick on the wall, swear- with nervousness. Crouched behind packing cases, Weston followed their efforts.

"Right. That's enough. Jacky, Shiner, come in with me. Charlie, stay Get the clobber together while we're waiting."

Weston did not think they would be long. Once they were inside, the hundred small bundles and six of coin could be swept into a suit- in less than a minute.

He groped delicately in the dark for tools. Ears pricked, Weston heard clink of coin, and moments later rattle of clothing as the men came through the cavity.

He could see them now; big, burly The biggest seemed to be the coin-collecting Charlie, who went last the procession trooped back up the Weston followed silently and hit hard on the head.

The man fell back into Weston's wait- arms without a murmur. In a trice had picked up his own special of equipment and nipped swiftly the steps in time to bring up the of the party.

They went out so quickly that Weston had no time to collect himself before was crowding into the back of a car that waited outside. It started diately.

"A piece of cake!"

"Money for old rope."

"Here, who's got the fags?"

"I shouldn't light anything," Weston

An appalled silence set in.

"What the . . . ."

Weston said: "Weston's the name, and I've got three sticks of gelig- here — all wired up and with both on the plunger. Just pull in to side for a minute."

They pulled in to the side of the road. The motor-cyclist spoke up.

"What's it all about, then?" he asked

"It's about my little girl."

"I said you'd have her back tonight."

"I want her back now. We're going never you've got her. Just put the on."

The man put the light on. He said "You want to take your hands that, chum. It goes off before you

Continuing . . . DAY OF FEAR

from page 70

"I know," Weston said. "I've been reading a book."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Try me," Weston said softly. "Just try me. If anything's happened to Sally, I'd prefer it this way."

The man gazed at him a few moments longer. He said briefly: "Right. Drive on."

They drew up in a street in the old town—outside another vacant house.

"Nobody get out," Weston said.

"How are we going to get her then?" asked the motor-cylist, enraged.

"Sound your horn."

"We'll have the whole street out," the driver protested.

"You'll all be out in the street in pieces, if you don't," Weston said grimly.

The motor-cylist leaned over, tight-lipped, and pressed the horn himself. At the first peep, the door opened and a woman came out. Weston gave his instructions quietly to the motor-cyclist and heard them transmitted. The woman ran back in the house and returned seconds later with Sally. She left the child on the pavement.

Leaving one hand on the plunger, Weston carefully opened the door on his own side and stepped out.

"Don't move!" he said sharply as the man next to him leaned over. He placed the gelignite carefully on the seat and paid out wire. He called over his shoulder: "Sally, darling, it's daddy. Run to the house with the light. Tell them to call the police. Quickly now."

It seemed to Weston that he had been longing for his bed so hard and so long that he had wished himself into it. He had no recollection of the journey home, or his statement to the police, or his talk with Grace; and no wish to remember.

Grace brought him his whisky and hot water, and he sipped while she stroked his head and kissed him.

"Malcolm, I'm so happy."

"Fine."

"And I'm sorry for everything — I mean about nagging you to go in with Frank."

"All right."

"I thought you were getting in a rut. I thought you'd never take a chance again in your life."

"Forget it," Weston said, feeling that here was a converastion that could well be postponed.

But maybe this was part of the trouble, he thought, getting his head squarely down on the pillow. Maybe he had put her off too often when she had wanted to talk.

He'd think about it, he decided; and promptly tried to put it out of his mind; and presently found his goal and steered smoothly into it: a black, beautiful, boundless abyss of perfect peace.

(Copyright)

Live in golden luxury with "STARDUST" by Laminex

Strike gold! International decorators predict a renaissance of gold for rich-living interiors. So we bring the Midas touch to Laminex with "Stardust" . . . generously scattered with inlaid gold in a range of five discreet colours. "Stardust" will bring luxurious elegance to the bedroom or bathroom . . . and make any kitchen sparkle. Look for "Stardust" on fine furniture for every room, or write to us at Laminex Pty. Ltd., 532 Bay Road, Cheltenham, Victoria for an eye-delighting sample.

GREY PINK BEIGE PRIMROSE

and White inlaid with Gold

new "STARDUST" by LAMINEX

LOVELIER FOR A LIFETIME

THE QUALITY OF LAMINEX IS INDISPUTABLY SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SURFACING MATERIALS . . . PROVEN MORE RESISTANT TO HEAT, STAINS AND WEAR BY INTERNATIONAL STANDARDS TESTS.

LAM. 124 w/w

a product of ACI

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925943

problem:
Last year's swimsuit pinching?

delightful answer:

Reach for Ryvita instead of heavier breads. You'll soon lose unwanted inches—and gain fresh vitality. Ryvita is rich in whole rye vitamins, minerals and proteins. Crisp. Sustaining. Delicious—with any meal. Always fresh, because Ryvita is sealed in packets.

Make your daily bread

RYVITA

makes you fit—keeps you slim

YR722

WOES OF THE TOES SWIFTLY ENDED!

Rub away the misery of sore, tired, aching feet, with this highly successful Continental foot ointment. Get rid of painful bunion-type swellings, protesting muscles or nagging sprains.

Baume Dalet penetrates quickly to the trouble source — letting its healing ingredients give full relief.

Ask your family chemist for—
Baume Dalet—6/- a tube

Baume Dalet . . . A FOOT OINTMENT OF GREAT PENETRATING POWER

WBD10-4

IT'S ONLY **1/-**

and there's more to read for the whole family in

Everybody's

The truth about RHEUMATISM

Medical research recognises no single specific for effective treatment of rheumatism in all its forms. For over 60 years, Doan's Back and Kidney Pills have been recognised as an auxiliary treatment when faulty elimination is a factor in rheumatic conditions of back, joints or limbs. Healthy kidneys purify the blood. Doan's are an established diuretic and mild antiseptic for the kidneys and bladder, for relief of irritant conditions, undue frequency and simple infections. Don't put up with discomfort. Get Doan's today!

Continuing . . . THE NIGHT HORSE

from page 30

things he could not break—Constance and The Night Horse.

"Does that offer of breakfast still stand?" he asked.

"Of course."

Brad put his hat back on to his head and thought, with a feeling of anticipation that should have warned him, that the man who was foolish enough to marry Constance Belmont would be storing up a heap of trouble.

Craig Belmont was seated at the kitchen table. He motioned Brad to join him, and the Chinese cook set food on china plates before them.

"Now I have a sort of gentleman's agreement with those who use my land," Belmont said between mouthfuls. "It so happens that the quickest cattle route to The Last Town is right past my front door, so to speak. I ask you, as one sensible man to another, would you allow beef not your own to eat your grass and water themselves on your streams?"

Brad Singleton said, "No, I wouldn't—but the grass and the streams aren't yours."

"I claim them," Belmont said. "I have a gentleman's agreement with all the drovers who pass through."

"You've been lucky in your choice of drovers," Brad said. "I'm no gentleman."

He was aware of Constance standing by the window, and, with one of the sudden flashes of insight which sometimes comes to a stranger about another stranger, knew that she was waiting for him to back down, and that she hoped he wouldn't.

"If you don't agree with me, you'll have to go around me," Craig Belmont said.

Brad ate swiftly, knowing his welcome to dine at Crescent Head was about to be abruptly terminated. "I could go through you," he said.

"You could, and I believe you would," Belmont said, "but not with only ten drovers to back you up and a thousand head to hold you back. It takes five steers to trample a man to death. A few rifle shots into the centre of that thirsty herd and you and your men would be mincemeat."

ON his face was the look of a rich and powerful man who enjoyed riches but felt guilty because he did not regard them as a burdensome responsibility.

"I'll make a bargain with you," he said to Brad. "Ride The Night Horse for me and this herd and any other herd you bring through will be free to cross Crescent Head."

"No," Brad said.

"You afraid?" Belmont asked.

"No," Brad said, and proved the truth of his denial by not hastening to embroider it. He was a man who experienced doubt only about intangible things. He was not afraid of The Night Horse. You mounted a horse and treated him with respect. If he threw you, you remounted him and kept on until the horse knew who was his master. It did not occur to him, as it had occurred to Belmont, that there might be a horse or a woman no man could break.

"When I was a little girl," Constance said suddenly, "I used to dream of The Night Horse. He was death galloping toward me."

"Her mother was a Highland Scot," Belmont said to Brad. "Like all Scots, she was hard-headed, until the Highland blood took over. Then there was no talking sense into her."

Brad looked at Constance Belmont, offspring of the king of Crescent Head and the Highland Scot and, in the moment of self-knowledge that can change a man's life, decided to postpone the pleasures of The Last Town and the city on the coast.

He knew he would return to Crescent Head to ride The Night Horse, not to please Belmont, but to prove something to himself and to force a look of awareness into the disinterested grey eyes of Belmont's daughter.

Craig Belmont stood beside his daughter at the window of Crescent Head's kitchen and watched the man called Brad Singleton ride swiftly down the drive. He had the uneasy feeling that his victory was no victory at all.

"How do you know he will come back?" Constance said.

"Because he said he would," Belmont answered shortly. "He is an honest man. I can always tell. Perhaps he even has principles."

He frowned. One of his favorite maxims was to beware of men with principles. He had never read Shakespeare, but if he had he would have applied the description of Cassius as "a man who thinks — such men are dangerous" to Singleton.

Belmont's daughter was thinking of the long measuring look the man called Singleton had given her before he left. He is too high and mighty, thought Constance, who was high and mighty herself, and resented it in others.

"Because he can push a thousand head through the interior doesn't mean he can break a horse," she said perversely.

"I know he can. I can always tell," Belmont repeated. "I looked at his hands and into his eyes. It was enough."

. . . . . .

"It is not my place to say, Mr. Singleton," said the short, bitter man, "but it would be better if you were not returning to Crescent Head."

They were camped outside The Last Town, that straggling village destined to be premier city of the plains. The herd was watered and restful. The men were in good spirits as they drank tea and ate damper, anticipating their patronage of The Last Town's one hotel.

"I made a bargain with Belmont," Brad said. "He is a man who likes his own way and his daughter is not much better."

The bitter man allowed himself the luxury of a sour chuckle. So that's it, he thought, but was canny enough not to voice his thoughts.

He had seen men like Singleton before. They could not pass by a horse or a woman or a situation that threatened to beat them. In their own way, the bitter man thought, they were worse than men like Belmont. They convinced themselves that the taming of the horse or the woman or the situation was for the good of those concerned, while in reality it was only because they could not bear to lower their own standards of superiority.

"She is a likely looking female, Miss Constance Belmont," the bitter man ventured. "She does not know her place."

He looked at Brad's expressionless face, and ventured further. "When a man is ready to forsake the pleasures of The Last Town for a black devil of a horse and a woman who does not know her place as a female, he is ready for marriage."

Brad stirred the flames of the fire. "You should know," he said politely to the bitter man.

"It is all a trap," the man assured him. "You can't live with them and you can't live without them, and one day the loneliness and the drink and the scarcity of women get the better of you. You get married."

He could almost have [illegible] for the hopelessness of it [illegible]

Brad looked back toward [illegible] west, where the sun was [illegible] appearing behind the buildings of Crescent Head. The [illegible] man was not sure whether [illegible] boss was looking at Crescent Head or the skyline, but [illegible] knew his advice, even [illegible] it was good, would not [illegible] taken. The best of men, [illegible] thought morosely, could [illegible] escape the trap.

"Sundown," Brad said. "Time to go. Get 'em up."

The call passed down the line of drovers, and cattle men moved forward toward the stockyards of The Last Town, which marked the end of a long drive from the north.

. . . . . .

The Night Horse, roped [illegible]

To page 74

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By R[illegible]

Marveer did it!

• Ever see such a shine? Marveer [illegible] make your furniture shine glorious[illegible] remove scratches and stains too!

Your furniture will shine as it hasn't in years when you change to Magic Marveer! Marveer cleans and polishes in one simple operation, makes scratches and stains completely disappear. Marveer nourishes the wood, gives it a brilliant finish, at the same time preserving it to ensure years longer life. Think of the countless things that need polishing in your home — and remember that Marveer will polish them brighter, in half the time, at lowest cost and least effort. Use Marveer once, and you'll never use another polish. Marveer is that good.

Remember too, that Marveer will also bring back the sparkle and shine to all baked enamel and plastic surfaces including your refrigerator, stove front, electric mixer, telephone, [illegible] less cabinet, leatherette [illegible] holstery and plastic [illegible] It's easy to see that no[illegible] polish can do anyt[illegible] near as much for you [illegible] through the home! Buy a bottle of Ma[illegible] today and prove jus[illegible] much Marveer will do [illegible] your furniture.

Obtainable from all [illegible] Furniture, Hardwa[illegible] Grocery stores.

Also in 1-Gal. cans and 5-Gal. drums for Institutional and Com[illegible]

MARVEER POLISHES FURNITURE CLEAN

A product of Arthur Brunt Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925944

A sock is sometimes like a good tall story!

You can **ruin a tall story by stretching it too far. And you can do the same with a stretch sock.**

'Stretch' alone is not enough to ensure fit and comfort in a men's nylon sock. A cheap sock may stretch **to fit** — but there's a catch!

If it has to stretch too far, through skimping of the fabric, the sock will tend to 'spring back' on the foot, causing excessive strain, particularly at the toe. This will offset the great natural strength of the original nylon yarn — and before long a repair job will be needed.

What's more, the wearer is going to be seriously worried by 'tired feet'.

Quality tested

Think of it this way. As a man walks, his toes press against the fabric of his socks. If the fabric is already stretched to the limit that it has no more 'give', then the qualities of comfort and long wear for which nylon is famous have actually been eliminated.

But allow enough fabric in making the sock to give it stretch PLUS 'give', and you have the stretch-nylon sock at its best.

These are some of the points that are kept firmly in mind at the Bayswater, Victoria, factory of British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd., where socks are among the range of BRI-NYLON and BRI-LON garments tested by BNS for compliance with quality standards.

National industry

No garment can carry the name BRI-NYLON or BRI-LON unless its manufacturer is authorised by BNS to use the name, and the general quality of the work has been approved by BNS.

In other words, the names BRI-NYLON and BRI-LON are backed by the strength of an entire national industry.

Testing of nylon garments is necessary because, no matter how good the original yarn, it can be ruined by faulty methods in fabric- or garment-manufacture.

So manufacturers work with BNS to ensure that quality is 'built in' to garments carrying the labels BRI-NYLON and BRI-LON.

Modern equipment

At the BNS factory they have some of the most modern equipment in the world to help overcome trade problems.

Keep this in mind next time you're buying a pair of socks. Ask for the name BRI-NYLON. You'll get the colors and patterns you want. But you'll get more. You'll get more wear per pair!

For any further information about nylon or nylon garments, please write to —

Public Relations Officer,
British Nylon Spinners
(Australia) Pty. Ltd.,
234 Queen Street, Melbourne.

A new and vital Australian industry.

BRI-NYLON and BRI-LON are trade marks of British Nylon Spinners Ltd.

(Advertisement)

Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6248, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F7354. — Simple teenage frock, with graceful skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5503. — Little girl's frock, either with puffed sleeves or sleeveless. Sizes two to eight years. Style with sleeves takes 2¼ to 3¼yds. 36in. material, ⅛ to ¼yd. 36in. contrast, and 1½ to 1¾yds. rick-rack braid. Sleeveless style requires 1⅞ to 2⅞yds. 36in. material and 1⅛ to 1¼yds. lace. Price 3/6.

F7256. — Teenage frock with square neck, full skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F5884. — Pretty slip, can be made either as full-length or half. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Full-length slip requires 3¾yds. 36in. material and 1¼yds. 18in. lace. Half-slip takes 1½yds. 36in. material and ⅝yd. 18in. lace. Price 3/9.

F7456. — Child's muu-muu in sizes four to ten years. Requires 1⅝ to 1¾yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F5350. — Playsuit with button-through overskirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. striped material and 2¼yds. 36in. plain material. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

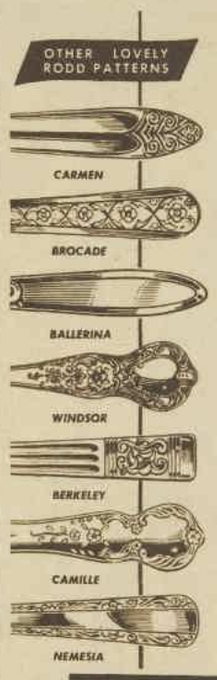
No. 569.—GIRL'S FROCK
Checked frock for a little girl, available cut out ready to sew in red-and-white and navy-and-white houndstooth check cotton. Sizes four and six years, £1/4/6; eight and ten years, £1/7/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 570.—SUPPERCLOTH
Cloth, measuring 36 by 36in., is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on cream and white Irish linen. Price is 18/9, plus 2/6 postage.

No. 571.—MATERNITY SUIT
Smart outfit for the mother-to-be, available cut out ready to sew in printed cotton. Colors are black and aqua, red and black, royal-blue and black, and tan and black, all on a white background. Sizes 32 and 34in., bust, £1/15/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/18/6. Postage 4/- extra.

• **Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.**

OTHER LOVELY RODD PATTERNS



STARDUST Table Silver is in delightful contemporary styling, with clean, flowing lines and elegant pattern. See the complete 44-piece STARDUST Service at all leading stores, priced from as little as £28.18.0. Matching pieces and extra settings are also available. All RODD Table Silver is finest A1 quality, guaranteed for 25 years.

Rodd

Write for a FREE leaflet, showing all RODD patterns, to RODD (AUST.) LTD., P.O. Box 117, St. Kilda, Vic.

1798

AUSTRALIA'S FINEST RANGE OF TABLE SILVER

VARICOSE VEIN SUFFERER?
EXPECTANT MOTHER?
SWOLLEN LEGS?
DO NOT BUY ANY STOCKING
until you have seen the amazing new English Fully-fashioned Nylon
"INVISILON"
Corrective Stockings
(Invisible under sheer nylons)
Prescribed by Doctors
ASK YOUR CHEMIST
Trade Enquiries: COSMAC, Box 314, P.O., Haymarket, Sydney.

STAY AWAKE!
Nō-Dōz
AWAKENERS
prevent and relieve drowsiness and fatigue. No after effects. Not habit forming.
AT YOUR CHEMIST

THE IDEAL GIFT!
A SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rates	½ Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand & Fiji	£2/6/6	£4/13/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/11/6	£5/3/-
Foreign	£3/5/6	£6/11/-

THE IDEAL GIFT!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925945

Continuing . . . THE NIGHT HORSE

from page 72

angry at the indignity, lashed at the fence of his stockade. The stout posts shook under the onslaught.

"When will you ride him?" Constance asked.

"Soon," Brad said.

He had been at Crescent Head a fortnight. He had purposely taken longer to gentle The Night Horse than he had taken to gentle any other horse. He would not admit, even to himself, that his reason for the prolonging of the battle was because he was in no hurry to leave Crescent Head and Constance.

"You can't rush him," he said to Constance and knew that, for the first time in his life, he was explaining to a woman the reason for his actions.

"He's stringing you along," Constance said. "He only wants a chance to dance all over you."

He looked at The Night Horse through narrowed eyes, not believing her, but seeing in the tossing head and uneasy eyes a lack of respect it was time for the animal to have acquired.

"You'll get yourself killed," Constance said, "so that my father can ride into The Last Town on a horse bigger and wilder than anyone else's, boasting that he paid for his mount with a man's life."

"We made a bargain, your father and I."

"Any bargains my father makes are always weighted in his favor. You're like all the others. You can't bear to be beaten."

"If a man takes one beating, it can be the beginning of a habit," Brad told her.

"Tell me about the city," she said abruptly.

He smiled. "You wouldn't like it," he said with certainty. "Houses and people and petticoats."

She tossed her head and he saw on her face the "don't care" look which, he had discovered, meant that she did care but would not admit it.

"All the rooms in the hotels have locks on the doors," Brad said. "A man becomes tired of locking doors."

"Locks on each door," Constance said. "You must think I'm green."

"It is the truth," he assured her gravely, trying not to grin, because she had her father's aversion to being laughed at. She is a contrary, intolerant female, he told himself, and even in silk skirts and petticoats she would be no different.

She looked at him sharply and then, perhaps because of the expression on his face, her eyes softened.

"How old are you, Constance?" he said.

"Twenty," Constance said. "Old enough to know better."

She went to walk past him, but he put a restraining hand on her arm and was both shocked and pleased by the tremor which passed through her body when he touched her.

"Every time you rope that horse," Constance said suddenly, "I feel as if you were putting a halter on me. I wish you would go away, and then I wish you would never go away, you understand?"

"Yes," he said, although he was sure that he did. He looked down her, and her eyes, wide and candid, waiting for him. As he kissed he realised it was the first time he given anything of himself to the w he loved. There was an ease and fection about their being there that surpassed anything he had known.

"Now you won't ride The Horse, will you?" Constance said

He looked at her blankly, full of soft thoughts and foolish pations engendered by their kisses

It was a moment before the pact of her words reached him, he realised that she was a conniving female, and that the men had been right. It was all a

He was wrong in thinking tamed Constance along with The Horse. It was he who had been Constance was no different to the man's version of all women.

As he held her in his arms he rejected the hardest lesson life offer: nothing is ever different. people concerned only think it

He jerked himself loose and toward the stockade. Realising tention, Constance ran after him overtook him.

She was at the gate of the fumbling with the greenhide which held it fast, before he that she intended to free the than let him ride it.

The gate swung wide and The Horse was waiting. He did not for freedom as Brad anticipated stayed, seventeen hands of evil, himself in front of Constance.

Brad ran toward them, known last there were some horses should attempt to break, and women who were better and citing if left unbroken.

He reached Constance as the hoofs came down. He and Con fell together, and the very earth to tremble with the thunder of Night Horse's fury.

He dragged Constance to her pushed her against the stockade shielding her with his body, while in the form of The Night Horse loped toward them.

Death was as dark as night, as as wind, as inevitable as fate. Fire in his eyes and the gloss of his flanks. Destiny rode on his and no man was his master, for be mastered by no man.

CRAIG BELMONT rifle in hand, stood on the of Crescent Head, witnessing the to his first and last defeat. He acknowledged the best shot west mountains. He took careful aim and missed.

A look of incredulous disbelief his face. He charged down the steps, roaring like the great bull man he was.

The Night Horse faltered, his tion distracted. He swung in a arc and approached Craig Belmont had dreamed a dream of riding the admiring main street of The Town on the biggest, wildest horse broken.

The Night Horse reared and and Belmont went down as an ear of corn under the reaper's

His mission accomplished, The Horse galloped past Crescent homestead toward the north, where purple ranges, sanctuary of the horses, were smudges against the

Constance knelt over the body man she had never liked, but because of the terrible loyalty a tie of blood, she had loved.

"I tried to tell you," she said and he wondered if he imagined voice the faint Scots burr, which noticed before. "You wouldn't

"Yes, you tried to tell us," Brad mitted, "and we wouldn't listen."

The men of Crescent Head, hand, approached them, looking stance for orders.

"We'll saddle up and try to him," one of the men said to Con

"No," she said. "Let him be. fools go chasing after death."

They looked at Brad. He and put his hands very gently stance, urging her away from of Belmont in defeat.

"Take down the stockade," Brad to the men of Crescent Head. won't be needing it any more."

(Copyright)

GERANIUM ✻ OLIVE GROVE ✻ MOCHA ✻ GOLD STRIKE ✻

FJORD BLUE in these grand and glorious jumbo stripes

You've never seen such towel colours before! From the throbbing excitement of Gold Strike to the cool elegance of Fjord Blue, these new, deep-fringed Jumbo Stripes are frankly meant to attract glances. What's more (like all Dri-Glo towels) Jumbo Stripes give you beauty that's built in. Colours stay clear and dazzling. Pile stays thick, deep, caressing. Prove it for yourself next time you go to the beach—for more than your fair share of attention, take along a sizzling new Jumbo Stripe—by Dri-Glo!

Dri-Glo

TOWELS ARE THIRSTY!

8959

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925946

It's great to have fun!

...nt to be young, to be gay! To ...re and have fun! To be at ...r best — every day of the ...nth! Great to forget about ...oblem days"! Because you ...se Tampax internal sanitary ...rection!

Tampax helps you feel so *free!* ...e to dance, ride—even swim ...ith perfect protection, com...te security. For Tampax is ...nite, unfelt when in place. ...n't chafe, bind, cause odour. ...by far the most *comfortable* ...rection and, the *daintiest*— ...ecially for changing and dis...al. It's the modern way.

...at all chemists and stores in ...gular and Super absorbencies.

Invented by a doctor— now used by millions of women

FACIAL HAIRS

Effective Home Treatment

Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "VANIX" devitalising treatment. "Vanix" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin.

"VANIX"

...ly 7/11 a bottle from all 37 ...ches of Washington H. Soul, Pat...n & Co. Ltd., throughout Syd...y, Newcastle: Swift's Pharmacy, ...Ltd. Collins St., Melbourne; ...er Emporium, Melbourne, Chad...t, Geelong, Ballarat; Birk's ...mists Ltd., 57, 278 Rundle St., ...delaide; Boans Ltd., Perth.

...Mail Orders V... (including postage) ...ve above, or direct from:

...e VANIX CO. (Dept. W1), ...ox 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

SOLVE YOUR GIFT PROBLEMS WITH SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

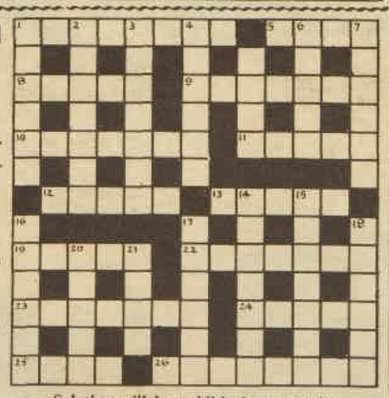
The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rates on application

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE told Magnon of the disappearance of the star. Magnon used his powerful equipment to project himself to the star's previous position. He summons Mandrake and sends out his fleets. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Mat turns in fits of ill-temper (8).
5. Flower girl (4).
8. These enclosed lands are for races (5).
9. Truthful people don't draw it (4, 3).
10. Conjecture by swallowing gin (7).
11. A superior pub (5).
12. Bid me to obscure (5).
13. They are in an hour glass and in a steamer (5).
19. Corollary on horse-back (5).
22. Metal clippings turn less at the end (7).
23. He put the wind in the willows (7).
24. Ward off with trave (5).
25. Rest for birds in an Utopian establishment (4).
26. A pagan who may worship as I do after the usual time (8).

DOWN

1. Calamitous with a scrap in a convulsive twitching (6).
2. To tell with near art (7).
3. He made William Tell a singer (7).
4. Fungoid growth which is first tender (6).
6. Turned down collar made by a brat (5).
7. Her beauty was black (6).
14. A lady's maid (7).
15. Way down with a pleasant odor (7).
16. A monster to perform slowly (6).
17. Popular Belgian resort, where no saint meets his end (6).
18. Family of the click-beetles which can stimulate (6).
20. Distributes cards among players (5).
21. Actually existing Lear (4).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

ELEGANT AND INEXPENSIVE

THERMOS BRAND

Fine Quality Vacuumware

FOR OUTDOORS

Whether it be picnics, holidays, work or school, you can rely on THERMOS vacuum flasks. A new double-seal, leak-proof, screw stopper is only one of the many new features. There are capacities to suit all occasions. No. 16QH is the popular vacuum flask complete with plastic handle.

No. 707 is one of a range of food jars — wonderful for ice cream, salads or stewed fruits.

FOR INDOORS

A most elegant range of vacuumware includes 58Q, suitable for all liquids, hot or cold, fitted with adjustable stopper. No. 931 is a vacuum bowl with a polythene-mesh protective insert, ideal for ice cubes, iced puddings, fruit or salads.

Write for illustrated folder with prices of the THERMOS range to:— DEPT. T7

JOHN SHORTER PTY. LTD.

Box 469, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Sore Aching Feet

You'll get greater comfort for those aching, tired feet if you use Zam-Buk nightly. Just bathe the feet in warm water, dry thoroughly and rub in Zam-Buk. The emollient, antiseptic and healing oils go deep into the skin to bring relief for sore, aching feet.

For promoting the healing of cuts, bruises, burns, for easing chapped hands, chilblains, chafed skin, get Zam-Buk to-day.

ZAM-BUK Medicinal Cream is a non-greasy treatment. Rub in as a massage for tired, aching feet, and muscular pains.

Zam-Buk

NEEDED IN EVERY HOME

Sold by chemists and stores everywhere, 1/6 and 3/6

MAY WE SUGGEST . . .

The ideal gift for everyone is a subscription to The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	AUST.	NEW GUIN.	N.Z. & FIJI	BRIT. DOMS.	FOREIGN
½ YEAR	£1 14 6	£2 3 6	£2 6 6	£2 11 6	£3 5 6
1 YEAR	£3 9 0	£4 7 0	£4 13 0	£5 3 0	£6 11 0

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925947

JIM'S BURSTING WITH HEALTH

His mother is proud of him. She knows how to replace the energy Jim uses. For nourishing refreshment she gives him Arnott's famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits with a glass of milk.

Arnott's
famous
MILK ARROWROOT
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4925948